

PHOTOPLAY

**READ
THE TRUTH
ABOUT ME,
PLEADS
KIM
NOVAK**

**SUSAN
HAYWARD:
TROUBLE
BAIT**

DEBBIE
REYNOLDS

20¢

A DOLL FOR HER GUY

THE INTIMATE STORY OF STEWART GRANGER'S
LOVE FOR JEAN SIMMONS

**MISS TAMBLYN:
TOO YOUNG TO MARRY?**

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PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

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that now safely stops odor 24 hours a day



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PHOTOPLAY

Your March issue will be on sale at your newsstand—February 7

February 1956

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EDITORIAL STAFF

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HOLLYWOOD

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JOAN RADABAUGH—Assistant West Coast Editor

Contributing Editors: MAXINE ARNOLD, JERRY ASHER, RUTH WATERBURY

Photographer: SID AVERY

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GLENN FORD · DONNA REED in **"RANSOM!"**

with **LESLIE NIELSEN · JUANO HERNANDEZ · ROBERT KEITH**
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THE HOLLYWOOD STORY

BY SHIRLEY THOMAS

NBC's Hollywood Correspondent

The sunlight poured through the window of the hospital room and cast a golden glow on the harsh, sanitary white walls. The girl felt its warm touch on her skin, felt herself relax for the first time since the operation. The sun felt good, and she stretched and thought of all the happy afternoons—at the beach, on picnics, on trips—which had been made pleasant by the gift of sunshine. She turned her head toward the sun and let its heat penetrate the bandages that covered her eyes. "I want to see the sun again—even if it's only with one eye," she said, half-aloud. It would mean the end of her career, but she would still have her family, her friends, and the world was a beautiful place. It wouldn't be long now until the doctor would arrive and tell her. . . .

Downstairs, in the staff commissary, the nurse who looked after the beautiful young movie star was telling the other nurses what a thoughtful, brave and considerate person the girl was. And the nurse offered a silent prayer that the girl might keep her eyesight.

At home, the girl's mother thought of her daughter and how many times her beautiful, brave child had been faced with crises like this. There had been the auto accident when she was nine, and that frightening experience when she was only three years old. A sore throat spread infection to her ears, which became abscessed and had to be lanced many times. Hot poultices had to be kept on her ears at all times, and the poor, frightened youngster was not even allowed to lie down. She had to sit up, propped by pillows, and endure excruciating pain for endless weeks. For three weeks, her temperature hov-

Continued



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was my lover...
his rose tattooed
on my chest!"*

**The boldest
story of love
you've ever
been permitted
to see!**

Paramount presents

BURT LANCASTER · ANNA MAGNANI in



*"You are wild and hard
to hold—but if you were
tame—would I want you?"*

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TENNESSEE WILLIAMS'

THE ROSE TATTOO

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Based on the Play, "THE ROSE TATTOO" by Tennessee Williams

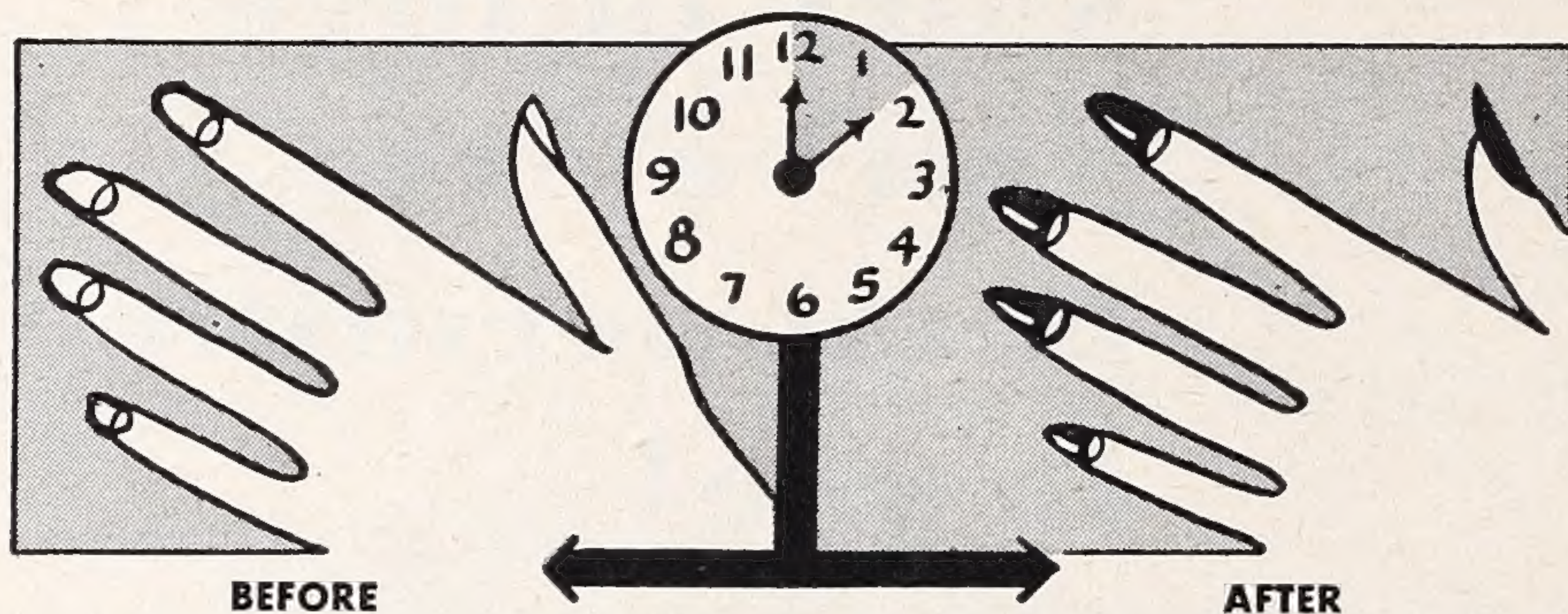


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"Her performance may be 1955's best!"
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Broken or short nails



Place nail form under nail and apply powder with wet brush just like nail polish.



When nail hardens, remove nail-form. Nail is now ready for filing and polishing; looks and feels completely real.

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Send no money. Give NAIL-GRO a thorough free trial in your own home. You'll be delighted with its spectacular results... with the lovely, long, tapering nails it builds. Order today on money-back guarantee. Mail no-risk coupon to NAIL-GRO, 31 West 47th Street, New York City, New York.

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- Creates everlasting nails that look, act and feel like regular nails.
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FOR
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FULL
YEAR'S
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A professional NAIL-GRO treatment in a beauty salon would cost you \$16.50! And the complete NAIL-GRO kit is sold at all leading department stores for \$5. But right now—during this special introductory offer—NAIL-GRO is yours for only \$2.98! You get enough for 50 nails—a full year's supply!

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ered around 103° while doctors and nurses worked feverishly to hasten her recovery. Her parents, exhausted from their vigil and drained by worry, were surprised one night when the girl said "You both must get some rest," and suggested that an old family friend come in to stay with her.

The friend had taken the small child into his arms and had talked of God and understanding and faith, and the girl had listened. The parents went to sleep and, when they awoke, the fever had broken—their daughter was on her way to recovery!

Now, the mother gave thanks that her daughter was still religious, for she would need her faith to sustain her during this period of suspense. And she would need her faith to give her strength if she lost the eye.

The girl's husband, himself a famous star, had walked aimlessly up and down the street and down the next, trying to occupy himself until it was time to hear the news. He alternately despaired over the freak accident that had caused a steel splinter to enter his wife's eye and gave thanks that it had not been rusty. If it had, the doctors had told him, she would have lost the eye right away. This way, there was a chance, a small chance, that the operation would be successful. The tall, thin man checked his watch and headed for the hospital, and his thoughts and prayers went upward.

Back in the hospital room, the doctor slowly and carefully removed the bandages, examined the eyes—and smiled. The eye would be as good as new. The girl smiled, too, then cried and offered a prayer of thanks. That is why if you see a joyous light in her eyes today, a gleam that indicates she is happier than most of us, it is because few of us have ever faced the awful possibility that once confronted ELIZABETH TAYLOR.



For Liz, with Shirley, faith paid

"Helen of Troy"

The spectacular
Spartan siege set off
by Helen and Paris,
history's most famous
runaway lovers!

3 years in the making
at a cost of \$6,000,000!

"HELEN OF TROY" will have its premiere simultaneously in over 50 countries—the first time in entertainment history that a motion picture has been honored in this way!

ROSSANA PODESTA AS HELEN • JACK SERNAS AS PARIS • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE



MUSIC BY
MAX STEINER

BY EDITH GWYNN



Heading for fun: Marisa Pavan with date Perry Lopez

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

I can't remember when there've been so many important, gala premieres right on the heels of each other, to say nothing of the rash of post-preem parties, and other kinds, too.

First came "Cinerama Holiday," where the Clark Gables made their first public appearance since the tragic loss of their expected baby. Rosanna Rory, Warners new Italian import, was Hugh O'Brian's date. Margaret O'Brien, on the arm of director David Butler, looked so grown-up, with her hair in an Italian-boy bob, topped with a little pearl and flower "coronet." Jane Powell and Pat Nerney, Rita Moreno and Jacques Mapes, Ann Miller with Conrad Hilton, the Louis B. Mayers, Jack Warner, Carol Ohmart with Bill Strange were also on hand. This event was preceded by a huge banquet at the Beverly Hilton Hotel, tossed by Cinerama and attended by state and city bigwigs.

At the "Oklahoma!" opening, Shirley Jones arrived in a "surrey with the fringe on top," then raised the Oklahoma State flag. Each guest was given a sprig of mistletoe and made a "member" of the Oklahoma Kissin' Cousins Society. Proudest man there was Harold Williams, uncle of Shirley Jones. Grace Kelly, looking luscious in a champagne lace gown with matching wrap of satin, its shawl collar banded with brown mink, was with



Luscious in lace: Grace Kelly, writer Rupert Allen

Eastern elegance: La Dietrich, producer Mike Todd

writer Rupert Allen. Marlene Dietrich breezed in with producer Mike Todd and furnished a gasp or two in her long, tight-fitting gown of heavy cream-colored brocade, her short full-sleeved coat of the same material—and wearing a turban-type swath of material around her head, with a diamond pin above her forehead. The slam-bang bow of "Guys and Dolls" which jammed the Paramount Theatre with celebs raised close to a hundred thousand dollars for the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital's free bed program. Most of the guys and dolls present agreed that Marlon Brando's smooching with Jean Simmons in the movie will only get him a few million more femme fans.

Susan Hayward dated Johnny Beck for the preem of "Sincerely Yours," and Liberace, who hosted the opening with Art Linkletter, needed "a few thousand" cops to "help" him into the Pantages Theatre, so great was the crowd.

The Gary Coopers threw a dinner dance that was really something! Satin gowns predominated, Rocky Cooper's being pale yellow, Liz Taylor's being white, Mrs. Ray Milland's soft rose, Gracie Allen's light blue. The Jimmy Stewarts, Alec Guinness, Zsa Zsa Gabor with Rubirosa, Phyllis Gates and Rock Hudson—who was mistaken at the door for Dean Martin!—and Dean Martin, who was there stag, were among the guests.

Plenty of night-club shindigs, too: Celeste Holm's café boogie at the Bali Room in the Beverly Hilton Hotel; Kay Thompson's return to Ciro's with a brand-new act; and the fabulous testimonial tossed for Sammy Davis, Jr. by the Friars Club, which had millions of \$\$\$ worth of talent on the dais. Speeches by such as Jack Benny, Pearl Bailey, Jerry Lewis, Humphrey Bogart, George Burns, had guests aching with laughter. Lots of sincere sentimental stuff, too, in tribute to the great little entertainer.



Evening star: Shirley Jones at the "Oklahoma!" preem

LOVELY MISS AMERICA 1956 SAYS: YOUR SKIN WILL LOVE

Camay's Caressing Care!



Her radiant complexion is a glowing tribute to Camay!

It's easy to see why beautiful Sharon Kay Ritchie of Colorado is Miss America 1956! And—one of the loveliest things about her is her exquisite complexion. She's guarded its petal-soft beauty for years with mild, gentle Camay. "Cold cream Camay is just wonderful," says Sharon . . . "really caresses your skin." Try Miss America's beauty soap, the only leading soap with cold cream. Discover the skin-pampering mildness, luxurious lather, and exclusive fragrance that are yours with Camay's Caressing Care!



No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin like Camay!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



If you're a considerate week-end guest, would you —

☐ Take over little sister's room

Tut, tut!—you protest. How could you let young Betsy take the sofa, while you curl up in selfish comfort in her bed? So, Noble You insists on reshuffling the plans. But one glance at your hostess's face should tell you how she feels about her household arrangements: "Do not disturb!" A con-

☐ Insist on sleeping on the sofa

siderate guest accepts them without question. And on certain days, girls in the know never question the safe, sure protection of Kotex*. They've found this napkin gives the complete absorbency they need; it doesn't fail. And there's no worrisome mistake possible, for Kotex can be worn on either side, safely!



He stops the car at Courting Lane?

☐ Count your mad money ☐ Be frank

So here you are—halted at the smoocher's haven your folks have outlawed! Be frank. Tell him Dad says it's either no parking or no drives. Takes a high octane brand of confidence to speak up firmly. And next time you're shopping, be firm about getting the sanitary napkin brand that keeps you confident. Kotex gives chafe-free softness; holds its shape. And buy a new Kotex belt with Kotex for perfect comfort.



How can a towering teen lose altitude?

☐ Teach new togs old tricks ☐ Go barefoot

Weary of hearing "How's the weather up there?" Choosing the right clothes can help de-heighten you. Try these good old, eye-fooling tricks: wear blouses and skirts in contrasting colors; tailored suits; shorter topcoats. Dodge up-and-down stripes. And why be self-conscious — even on "those" days? Choose Kotex, for those flat pressed ends veto telltale outlines. Try all 3 sizes of Kotex: Regular, Junior, Super.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CASTS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

ALISON—RKO. Directed by Guy Green: *Tim Forrester*, Robert Beatty; *Alison Ford*, Terry Moore; *Dave Forrester*, William Sylvester; *Jill Stewart*, Josephine Griffin; *Inspector Colby*, Geoffrey Keen.

ALL THAT HEAVEN ALLOWS—U-I. Directed by Douglas Sirk: *Cary Scott*, Jane Wyman; *Ron Kirby*, Rock Hudson; *Sara Warren*, Agnes Moorehead; *Harvey*, Conrad Nagel; *Alida Anderson*, Virginia Grey; *Kay Scott*, Gloria Talbott; *Ned Scott*, William Reynolds; *Mona Plash*, Jacqueline De Wit; *Mick Anderson*, Charles Drake; *Jo-Ann*, Leigh Snowden; *Mary Ann*, Merry Anders; *Howard Hoffer*, Donald Curtis; *George Warren*, Alex Gerry.

ARTISTS AND MODELS—Wallis, Paramount. Directed by Frank Tashlin: *Rick Todd*, Dean Martin; *Eugene Fullstack*, Jerry Lewis; *Bessie Sparrowbush*, Shirley MacLaine; *Abigail Parker*, Dorothy Malone; *Murdock*, Eddie Mayehoff; *Mrs. Stilton*, Sara Berner; *Richard Stilton*, George Winslow; *Sonia*, Eva Gabor; *Anita*, Anita Ekberg.

DIABOLIQUE—U.M.P.O. Directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot: *Nicole Horner*, Simone Signoret; *Christina Delasalle*, Vera Clouzot; *Michel Delasalle*, Paul Meurisse; *Inspector Fichet*, Charles Vanel.

FLAME OF THE ISLANDS—Republic. Directed by Edward Ludwig: *Rosalind Dee*, Yvonne De Carlo; *Doug Duryea*, Howard Duff; *Wade Evans*, Zachary Scott; *Cyril Mace*, Kurt Kasznar; *Mrs. Duryea*, Barbara O'Neil; *Kelly Rand*, James Arness; *Mrs. Hammond*, Frieda Inescort.

GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE—20th. Directed by Henry Koster: *Miss Dove*, Jennifer Jones; *Tom Baker*, Robert Stack; *Jincey Baker*, Kipp Hamilton; *Mr. Porter*, Robert Douglas; *Billie Jean*, Peggy Knudsen; *Mr. Pendleton*, Marshall Thompson; *Bill Holloway*, Chuck Connors; *Alex Burnham*, Biff Elliot; *Maurice*, Jerry Paris.

HEIDI AND PETER—U.A. Directed by Franz Schnyder: *Alp-Oehi*, Heinrich Gretler; *Heidi*, Elisabeth Sigmund; *Peter*, the Goatherd, Thomas Klammeth; *Teacher*, Emil Hegetschweiler; *Mr. Sesemann*, Willy Birgel; *Grandmother Sesemann*, Traute Carlsen; *Miss Rottenmeier*, Anita Mey; *Sebastian*, Theo Lingen; *Clara Sesemann*, Isa Guenther.

HELL ON THE DOCK—Warners. Directed by Frank Tuttle: *Steve Rollins*, Alan Ladd; *Marcia Rollins*, Joanne Dru; *Police Lt. Dan Biancho*, William Demarest; *Victor Amato*, Edward G. Robinson; *Mario*, Perry Lopez; *Father La Rocca*, George J. Lewis; *Lou Fiaschetti*, Nestor Paiva; *Joe Lye*, Paul Stewart; *Kay Stanley*, Fay Wray; *Aunt Anna*, Renata Vanni; *Hammy*, Stanley Adams; *Detective Connors*, Peter Hanson.

INSIDE DETROIT—Columbia. Directed by Fred F. Sears: *Blair Vickers*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Gus Linden*, Pat O'Brien; *Joni Calvin*, Tina Carver; *Barbara Linden*, Margaret Field; *Gregg Linden*, Mark Damon; *Max Harkness*, Larry Blake.

KISMET—M-G-M. Directed by Vincente Minnelli: *The Poet*, Howard Keel; *Marsinah*, Ann Blyth; *Lalume*, Dolores Gray; *Caliph*, Vic Damone; *Omar*, Monty Woolley; *Wazir*, Sebastian Cabot; *Jawan*, Jay C. Flippen; *Chief Policeman*, Mike Mazurki; *Hassan-Ben*, Jack Elam; *Police Subaltern*, Ted de Corsia.

NIGHT MY NUMBER CAME UP, THE—Rank, Continental. Directed by Leslie Norman: *Air Marshal Hardie*, Michael Redgrave; *Mary Campbell*, Sheila Sim; *Owen Robertson*, Alexander Knox; *Flight Lt. McKenzie*, Denholm Elliott; *Mrs. Robertson*, Ursula Jeans; *Wainright*, Ralph Truman.

PRISONER, THE—Columbia. Directed by Peter Glenville: *The Cardinal*, Alec Guinness; *The Interrogator*, Jack Hawkins; *The Jailer*, Wilfred Lawson; *The Guard*, Ronald Lewis; *The Girl*, Jeannette Sterke.

RANSOM—M-G-M. Directed by Alex Segal: *David Stannard*, Glenn Ford; *Edith Stannard*, Donna Reed; *Charlie*, Leslie Nielsen; *Chapman*, Juano Hernandez; *Chief Horgan*, Robert Keith; *Sheriff Kissinger*, Robert Burton; *Al Stannard*, Ainslie Pryor; *Liz Stannard*, Lori March; *Mrs. Partridge*, Mabel Albertson; *Andy Stannard*, Bobby Clark; *Nurse*, Mary Alan Kokanson.

SPOILERS, THE—U-I. Directed by Jesse Hibbs: *Cherry Malotte*, Anne Baxter; *Roy Glennister*, Jeff Chandler; *Alexander McNamara*, Rory Calhoun; *Bronco*, Ray Danton; *Helen Chester*, Barbara Britton; *Dextery*, John McIntire; *Judge Stillman*, Carl Benton Reid; *Flapjack*, Wallace Ford.

SQUARE JUNGLE, THE—U-I. Directed by Jerry Hopper: *Eddie Quaid*, Tony Curtis; *Julie Walsh*, Pat Crowley; *Bernie Browne*, Ernest Borgnine; *Jim McBride*, Paul Kelly; *Pat Quaid*, Jim Backus; *Lorraine Evans*, Leigh Snowden; *Al Gorski*, John Day; *Joe Louis*, himself.

TARGET ZERO—Warners. Directed by Harmon Jones; *Lt. Flagler*, Richard Conte; *Ann Galloway*, Peggie Castle; *Sgt. Vince Gaspari*, Charles Bronson; *Sgt. David Kensemmit*, Richard Stapley; *Pvt. Felix Zimbalist*, L. Q. Jones; *Pvt. Moose*, Chuck Connors; *Cpl. Devon Enoch*, John Alderson; *Pvt. Harry Fontenoy*, Terence de Marney.

Sheer Miracle!

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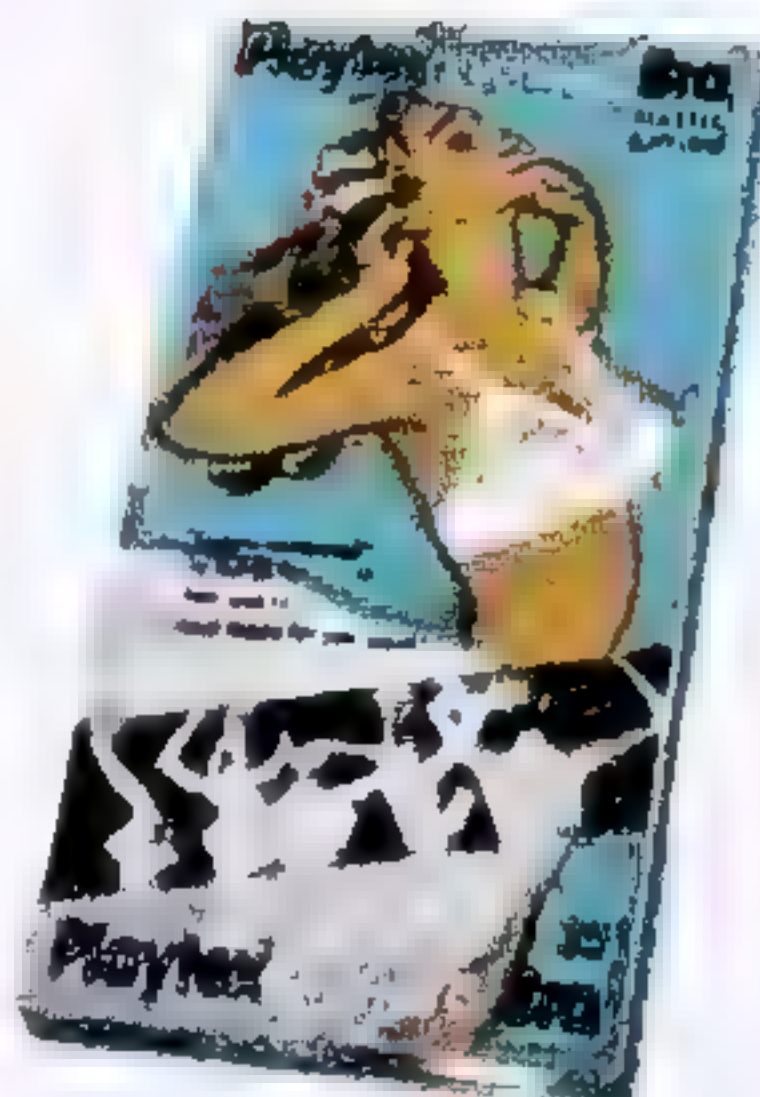
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Announcing the fifty lucky winners of November PHOTOPLAY's exciting Win A Present From A Star Contest. The following will each receive a wonderful gift, courtesy of Paramount studios and each selected by your favorite Paramount stars.

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BETTY DENISON, Decatur, Ill.
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DORIS MCABEE, Miami, Fla.
BETTY LOU MARTIN, Basset, Va.
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MRS. NICHOLAS POTOSKY, Watervliet, N. Y.
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Goodman
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Rag"



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LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES



Tragedy confronting Glenn and Donna means work for Robert Keith and Leslie Nielsen—a crime to be solved, a news story

The Prisoner

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓✓ Two magnificent performances and a deeply thoughtful story make this harrowing British movie a memorable experience. Alec Guinness has a role obviously inspired by Cardinal Mindszenty of Hungary, though his fictional cleric serves in an unnamed Iron Curtain country, and his case has a different ending. Callously arrested as he finishes mass, Guinness is turned over to interrogator Jack Hawkins, skilled at making innocent prisoners confess treachery against the Red state. A former doctor, Hawkins can use his psychiatric training to destroy a mind, as well as heal it. And this duel between two brilliant and dedicated men becomes utterly absorbing. Wise touches of humor are supplied by Wilfred Lawson, as a chillingly cheerful jailer. Jeannette Sterke and Ronald Lewis are lovers caught in the political trap.

ADULT

Ransom!

M-G-M

✓✓✓✓ Based on the highly successful TV play "Fearful Decision," this is a smashing Hollywood attack on moviegoers' sensibilities—also with a strong relationship to reality. Glenn Ford plays a manufacturer, tough-minded but gentle and devoted in his family life with wife Donna Reed and son Bobby Clark. When the little boy is kidnapped, Donna is rendered helpless by shock, and it's up to Glenn to make the decision: Should he pay the half-million-dollar ransom demanded? Consulting with police chief Robert Keith and reporter Leslie Nielsen, Glenn finds that the odds on his son's safe return are exactly the same—whether or not the ransom is paid. Defying furious public opinion and his wife's anguish, he refuses to pay. Emotionally, the movie sometimes goes slightly overboard, but it's splendidly acted.

ADULT



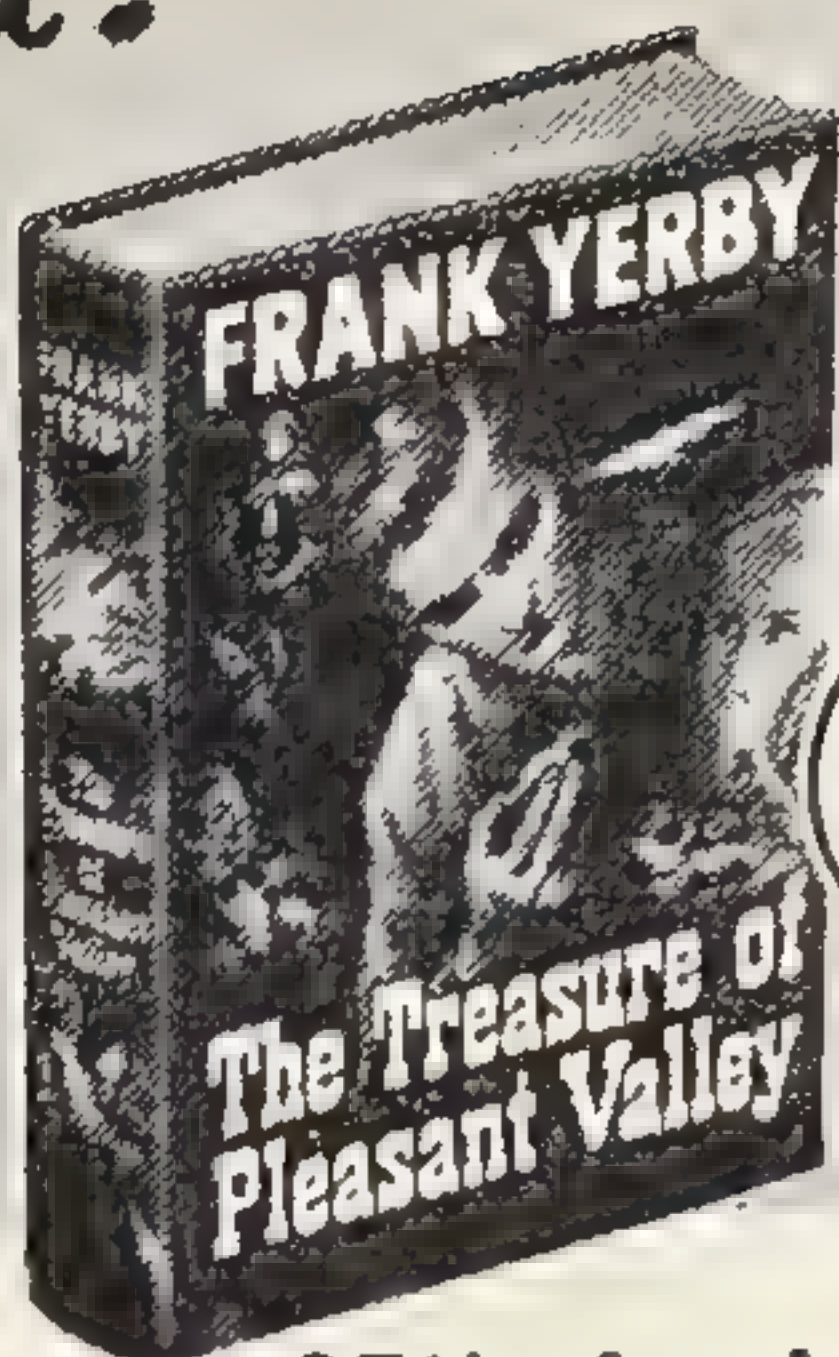
Best Acting: Alec Guinness

To break Guinness' defenses, Hawkins almost makes friends with the captive

Continued

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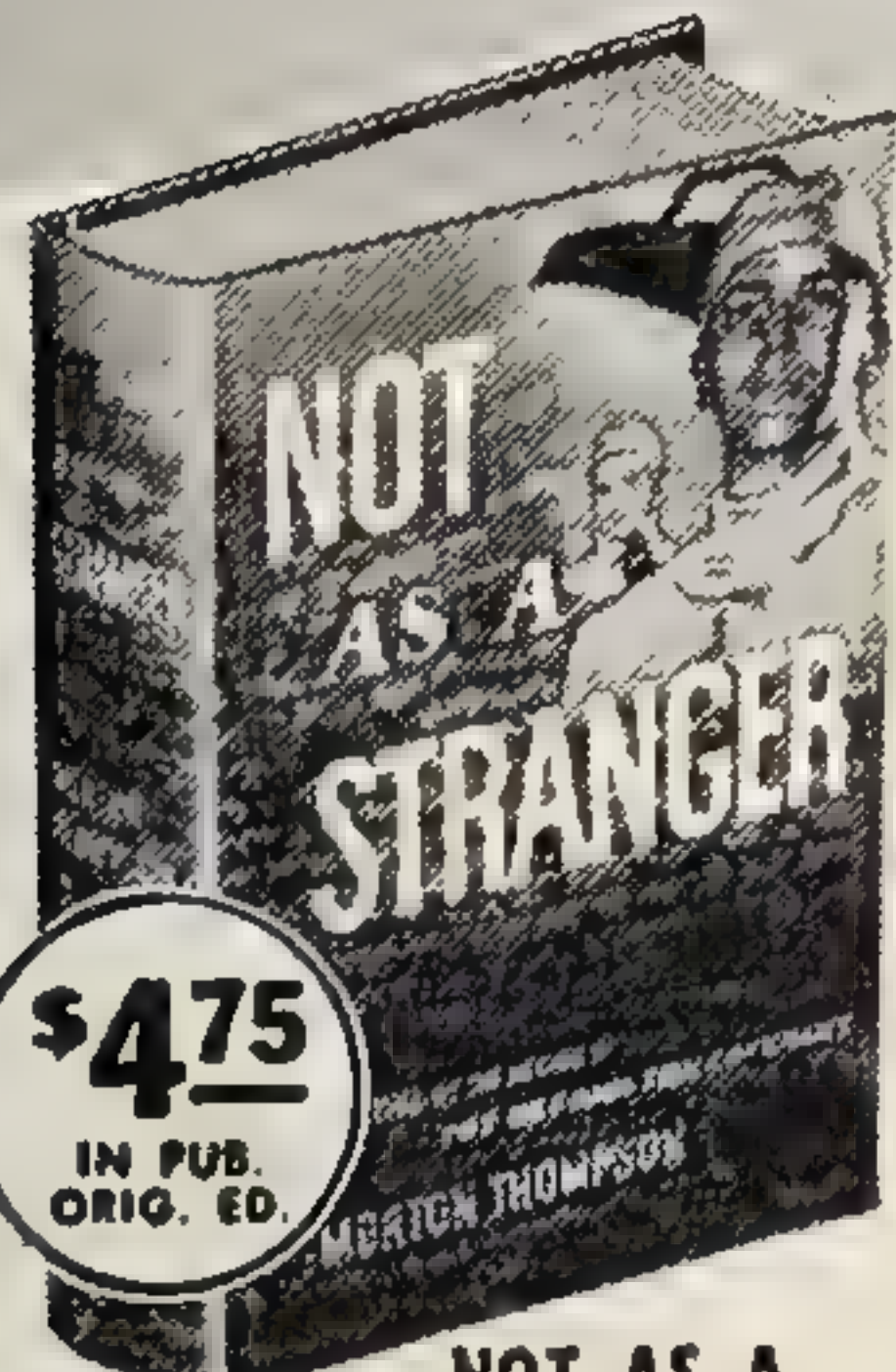
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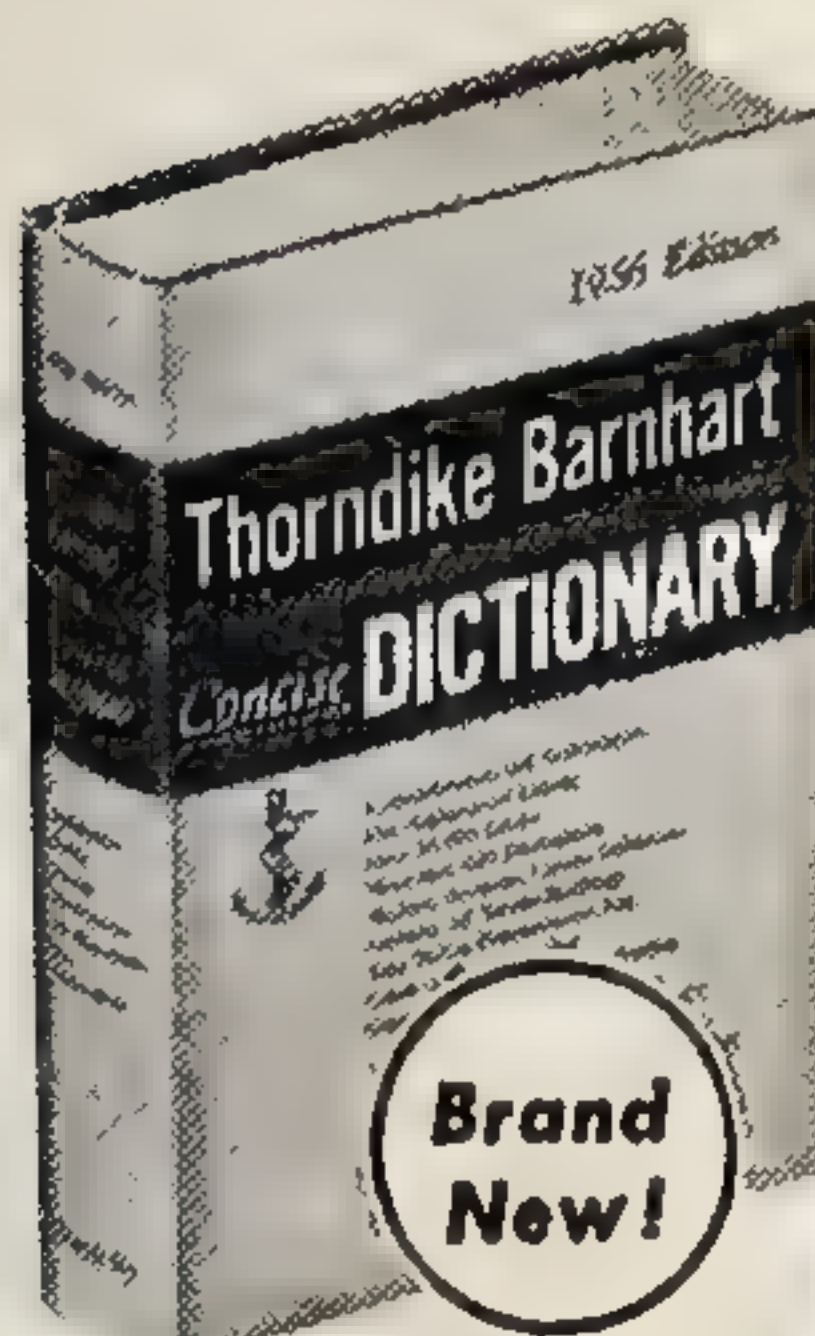


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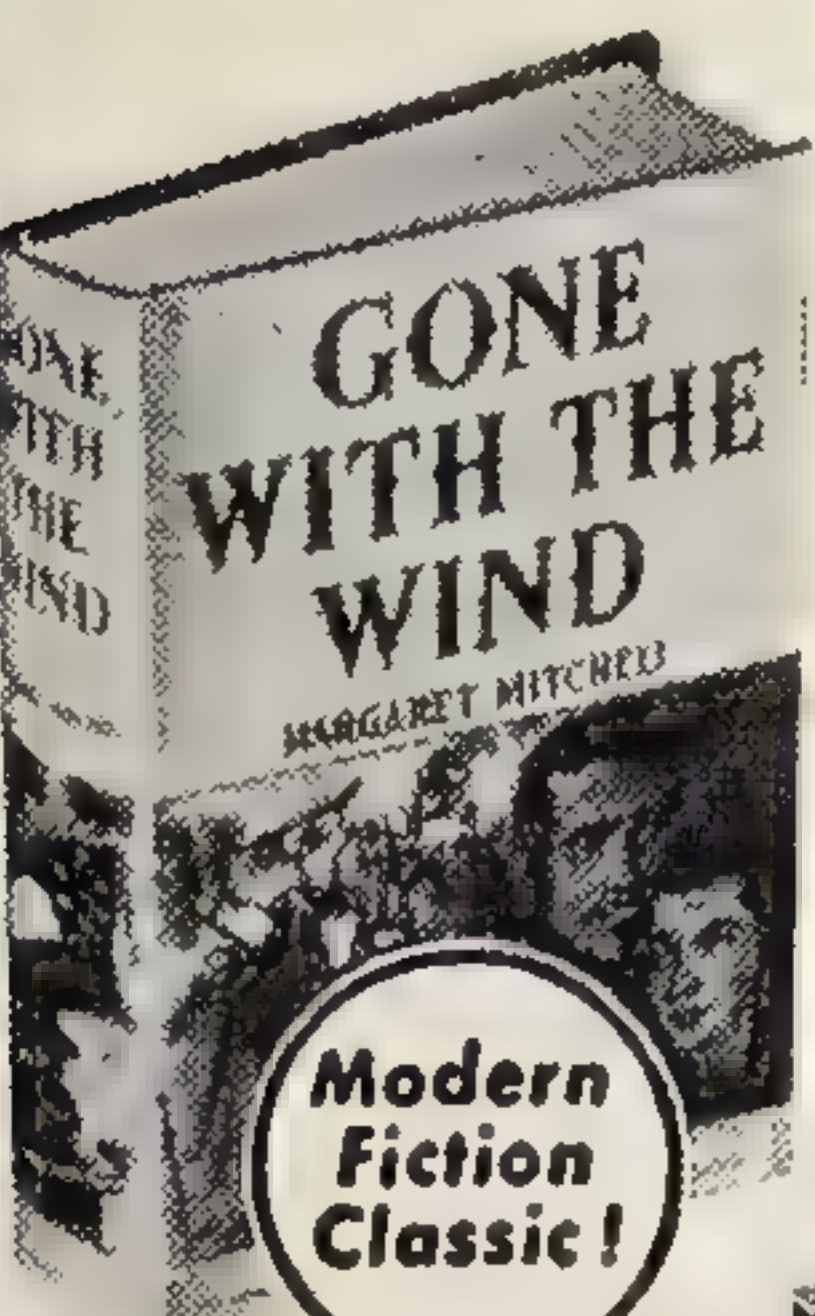
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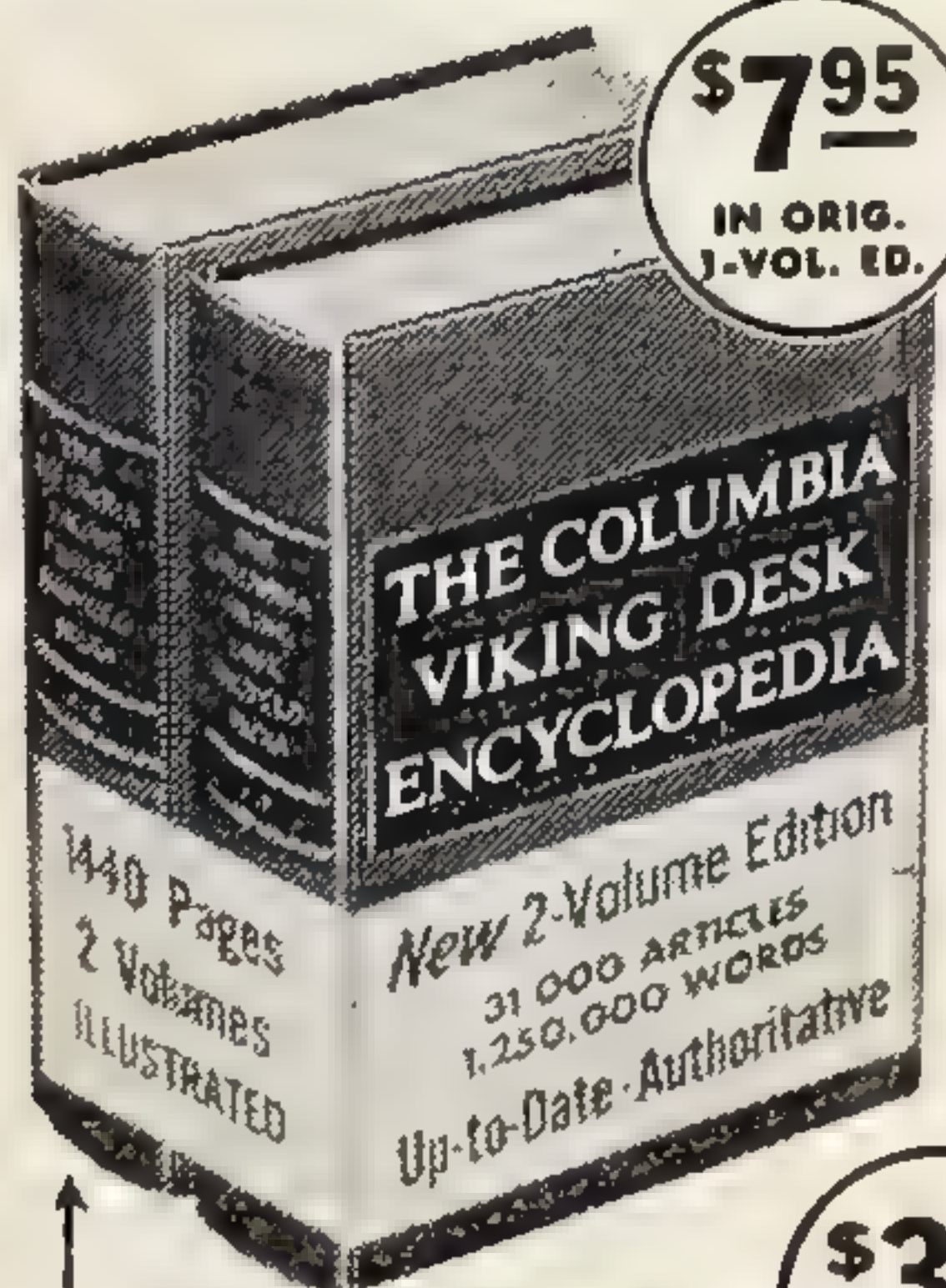
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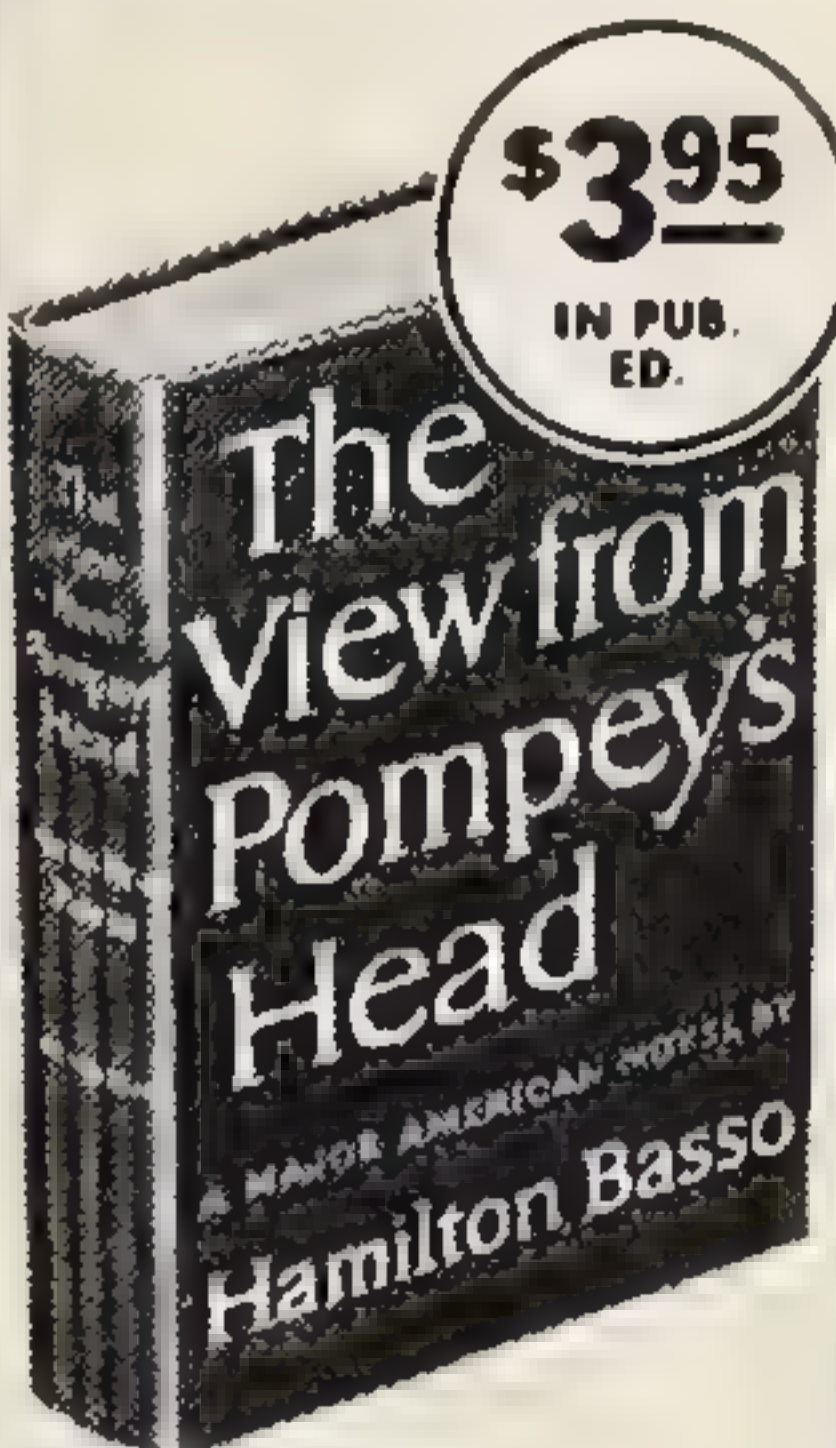
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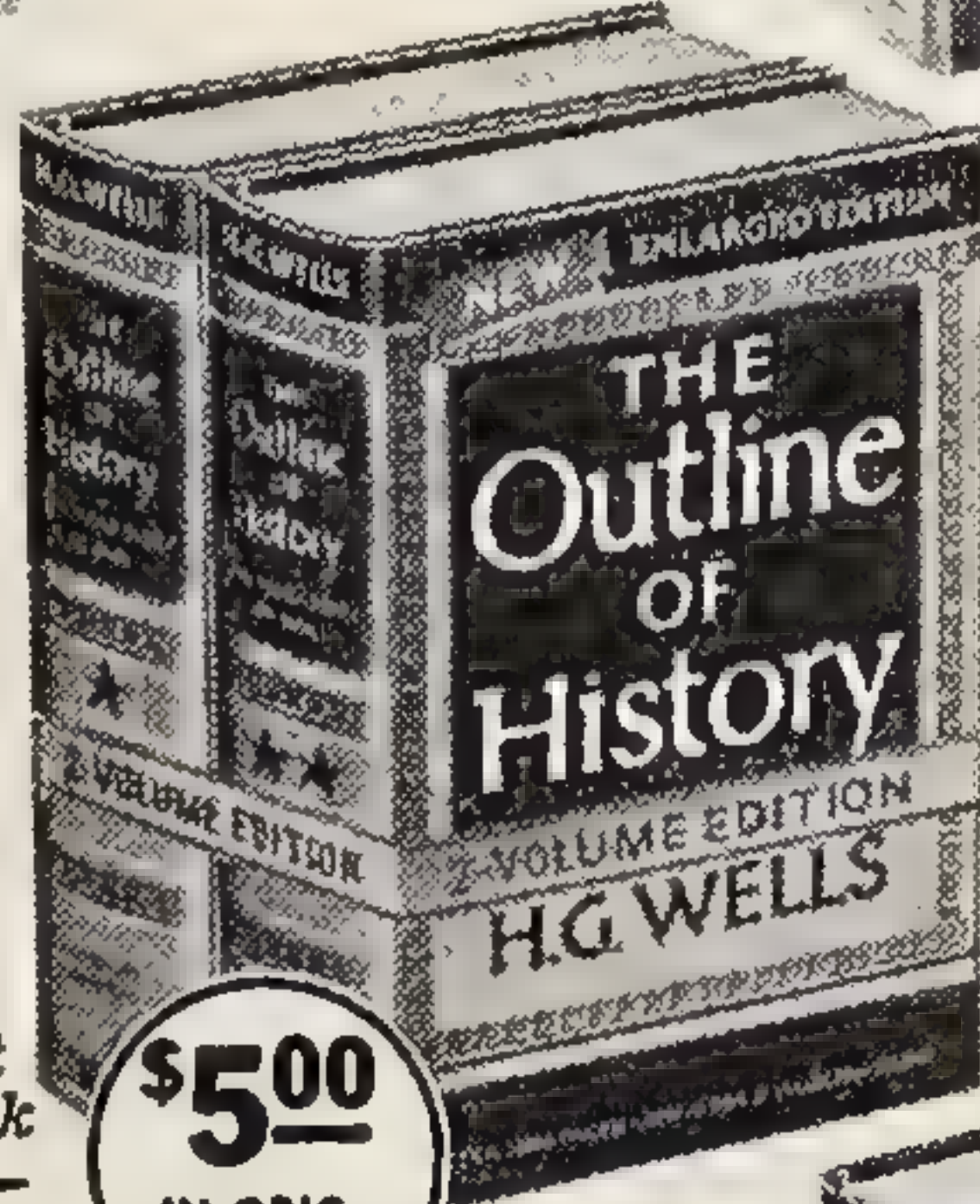
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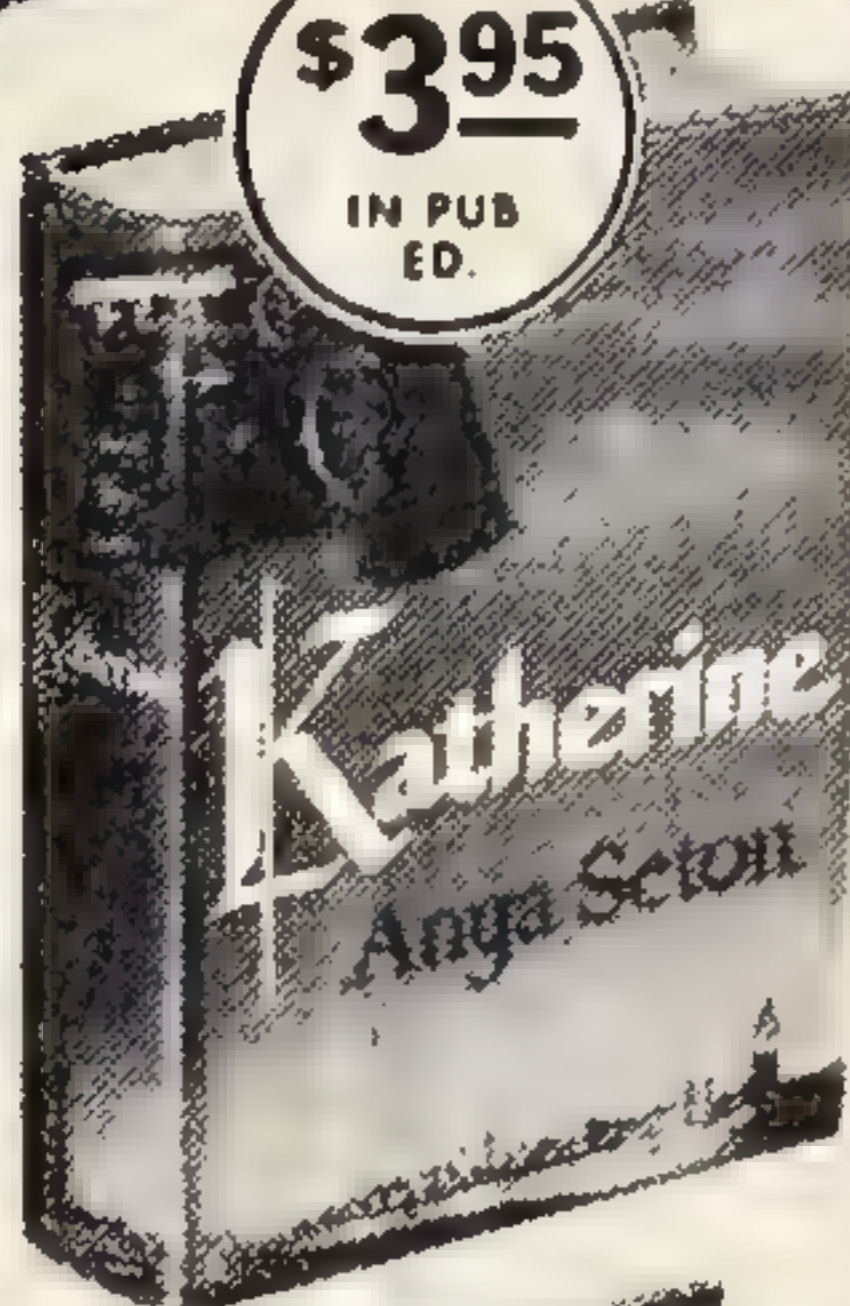
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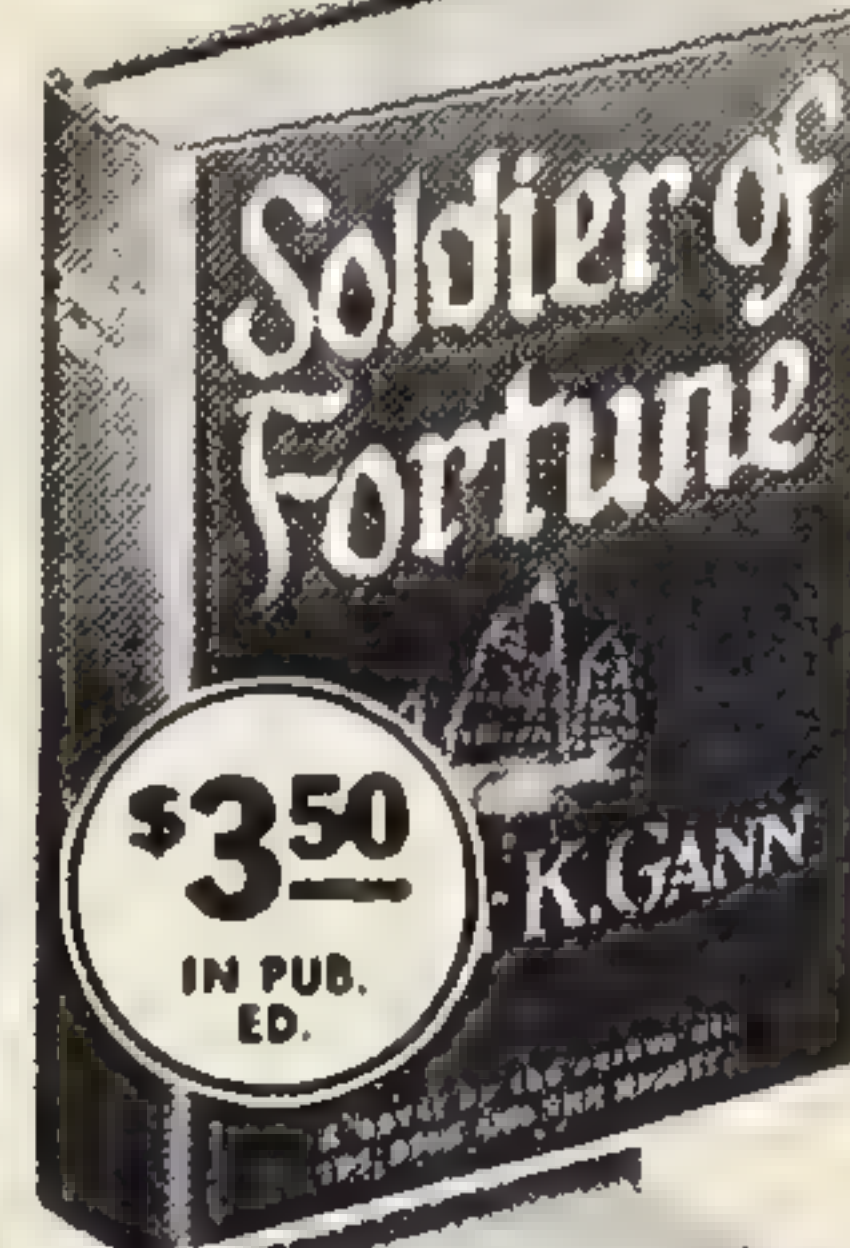
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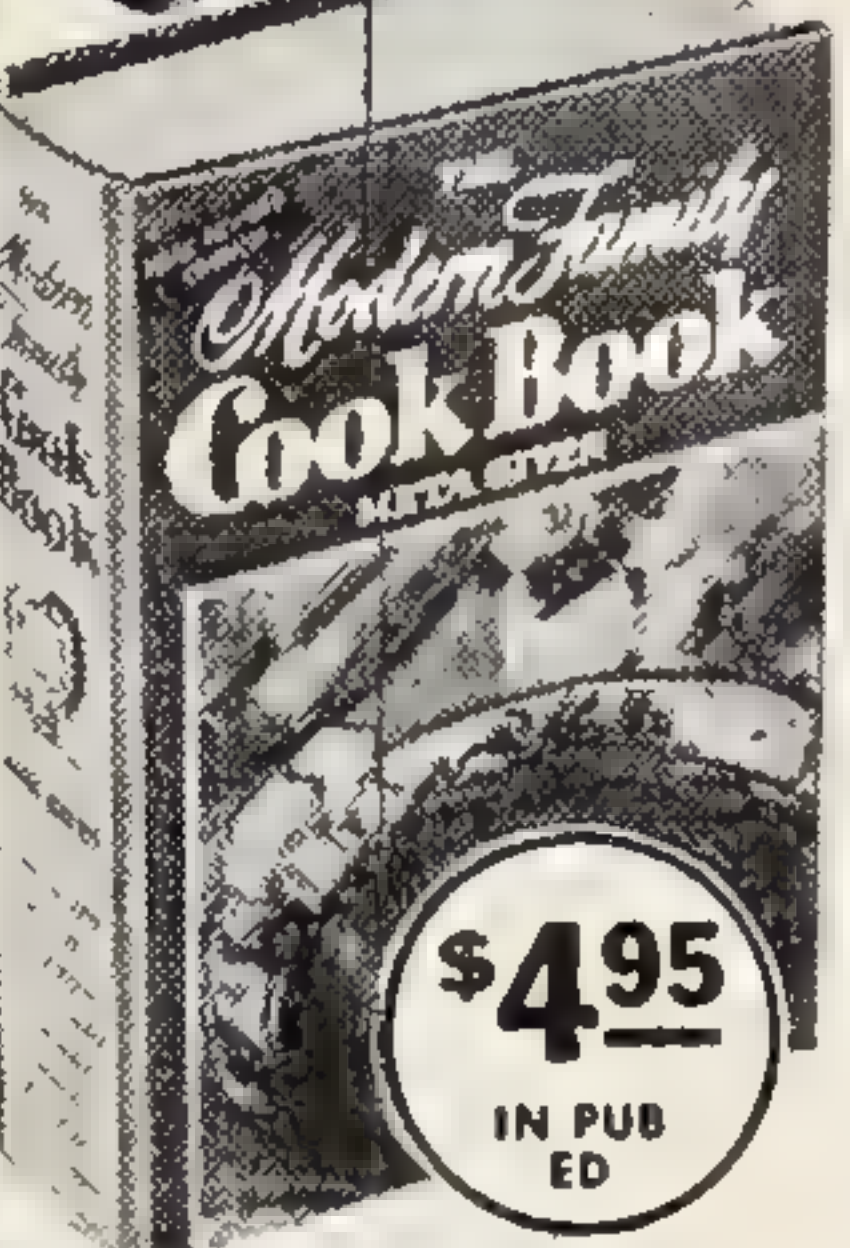
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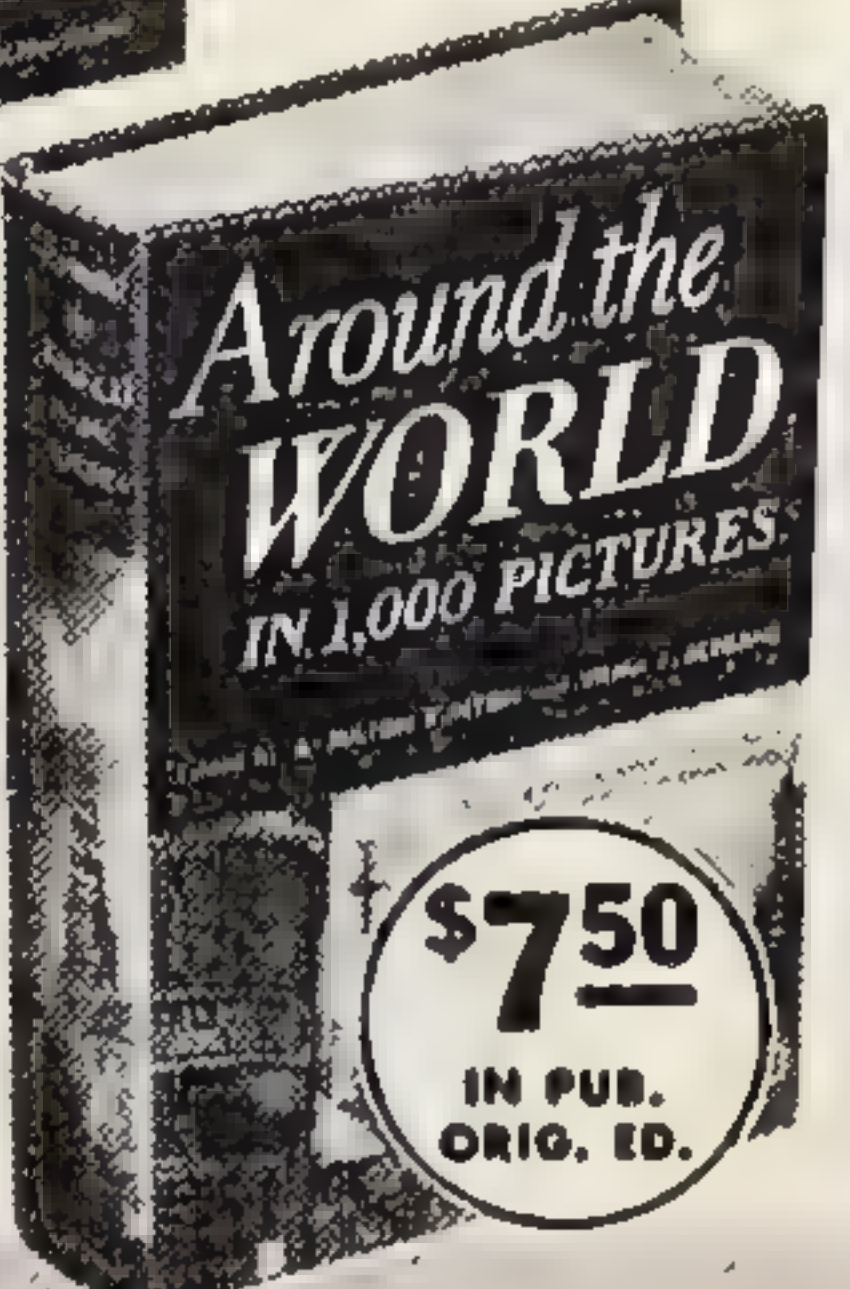


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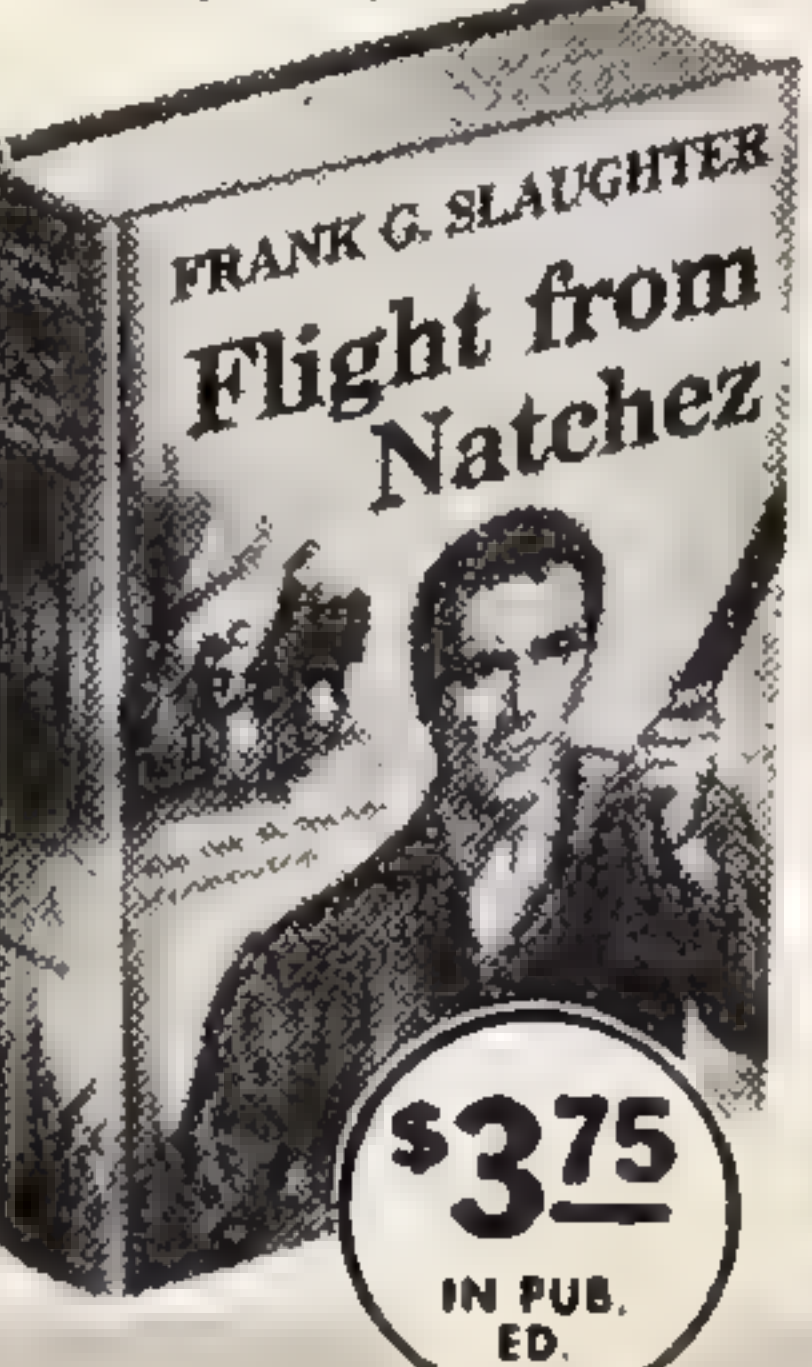
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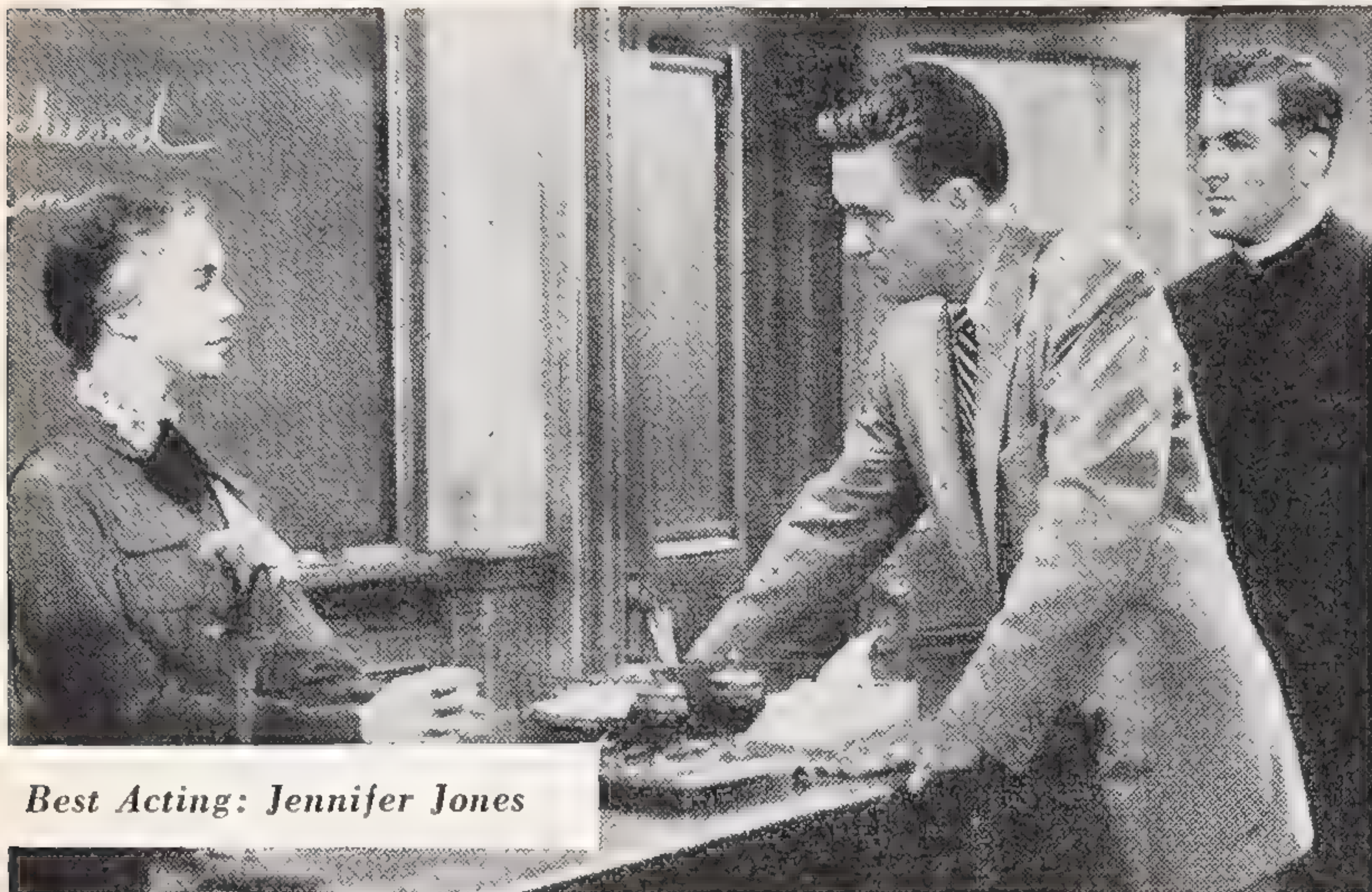
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Best Acting: Jennifer Jones

For once, Jennifer takes orders—from Bob Stack, Biff Elliot

Good Morning, Miss Dove 20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Like the well-remembered "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," this tribute to a beloved schoolteacher is frankly sentimental. But Jennifer Jones' strong, unerring performance salts the general sweetness. Her *Miss Dove* is a stern disciplinarian, insisting upon orderliness and devotion to duty—as strict with herself as with her pupils. While she lies ill in a hospital, the whole town waiting for the verdict, flashbacks show her personal story and some of the lives she has influenced. Among her ex-students: Robert Stack, now her doctor; Kipp Hamilton, now Bob's wife; Chuck Connors, an upstanding cop; Peggy Knudsen, the breezy nurse; Jerry Paris, immigrant boy who's become a playwright. The finish is a little overdone, but Jennifer keeps the situation well in hand. FAMILY



Jerry's dreams prove fascinating to Dean and Shirley MacLaine

Artists and Models PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Horror comics get a genial kidding in the latest Martin-Lewis romp. Dean's a commercial artist trying to make good in New York; Jerry, his meek apartment-mate, whose vague brain has been further addled by comic books. Teamed with Dean is Dorothy Malone, as a successful cartoonist. And Jerry finds an ideal partner in pixie Shirley MacLaine, who sails into her comedy scenes with an abandon that almost matches his. She's a model who poses for *The Bat Lady*, Jerry's cartoon dream girl. Because Jerry's dreams often turn into nightmares, the plot turns into a tangle, as Dean draws comic-book material from his pal's night-time mumblings. The FBI, a spy ring (including Eva Gabor) and a mad publisher (Eddie Mayehoff) somehow get involved. Song numbers vary from gay to romantic. FAMILY



Tony gets conflicting advice from Ernest Borgnine, Jim Backus

The Square Jungle U-I

✓✓✓ In a prize-ring movie that has a fresh approach, Tony Curtis gets unusual acting opportunities, and he meets the challenge creditably. Without whitewashing, Jim Backus makes Tony's father likable, though a weakling who has given his boy a selfish, irresponsible outlook on life. Tony enters the ring partly to earn money needed to get the old man out of a jam, partly to defend the family honor. His romance with Pat Crowley has been broken up by her father, who doesn't think Tony has much of a future. Ernest Borgnine stays on the sympathetic side, as in "Marty," playing Tony's philosophical trainer. The young fighter's career quickly reaches a climax in a continued rivalry with John Day, as the tough-looking, gallant-hearted champ. The contest has near-tragic results. FAMILY



Visiting wife Joanne, Alan has to beat off a gorilla's assault

Hell on the Dock WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

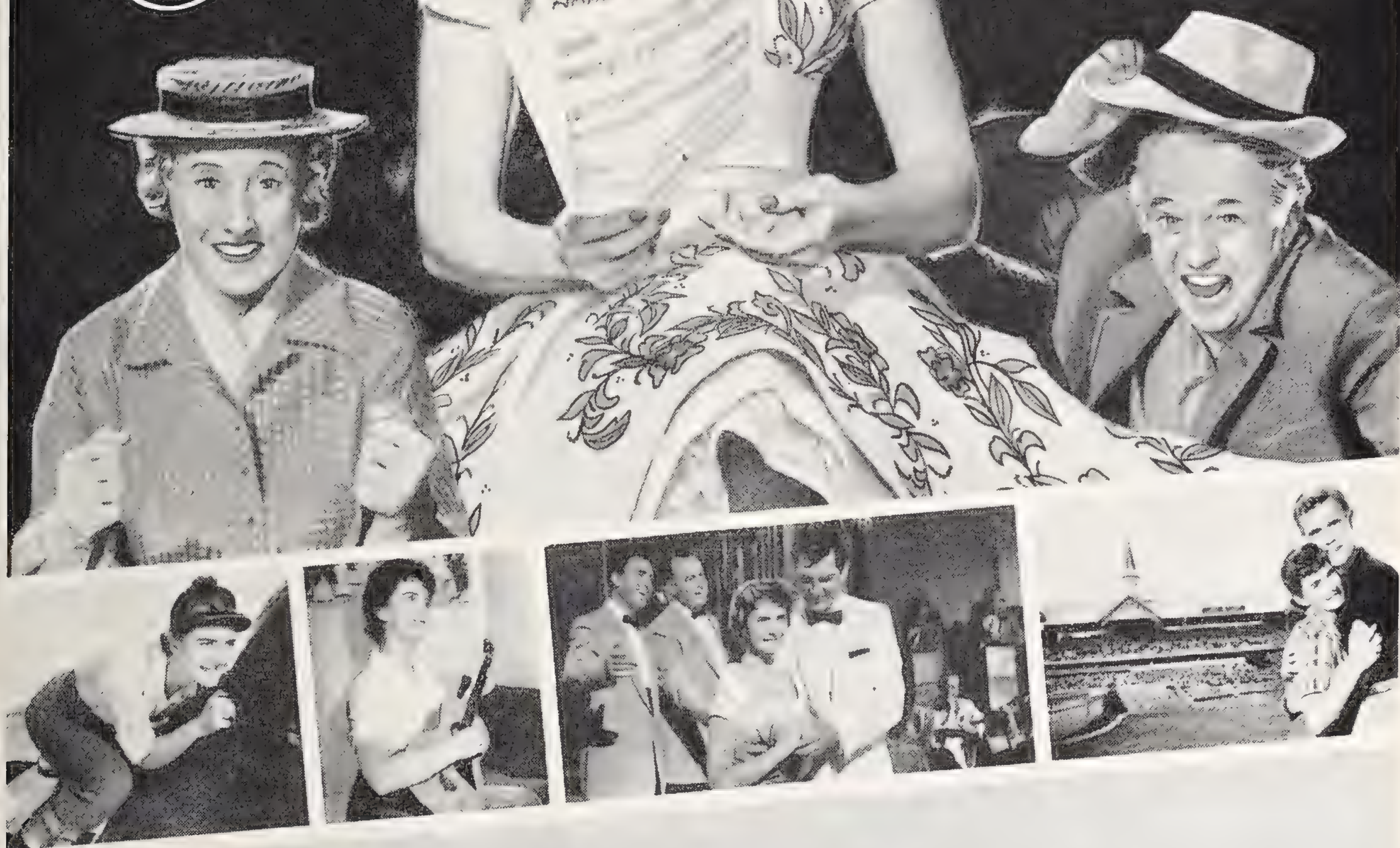
✓✓ Alan Ladd and Edward G. Robinson are doughty adversaries in a waterfront thriller with lots of plot and action and eye-arresting San Francisco backgrounds. An ex-cop framed on a manslaughter charge, Ladd gets out of jail determined to revenge himself on Robinson, who now has all the local fishermen terrorized. Various gaudy characters have knowledge of the crime for which Ladd was convicted: Perry Lopez, as Robinson's spineless nephew; Rodney Taylor, as a hard out-of-town thug; Paul Stewart, as Robinson's trigger-man (apparently supposed to be a lovable fellow at heart). Meantime, Alan has a domestic problem to solve with wife Joanne Dru, a nightclub singer. The movie, which tries throughout to be terribly tough, doesn't measure up to the abilities of its cast. ADULT

Continued on page 20

♪ You ought to meet her...
there's nobody sweeter
than...

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as *young love* itself!



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Invented by a doctor—
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BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

A—ADULTS
F—FAMILY

✓✓ BIG KNIFE, THE—U.A.: Brilliantly acted but shallow "exposé" of Hollywood. As a corrupted star, Jack Palance is encouraged by wife Ida Lupino to try breaking producer Rod Steiger's hold over him. Shelley Winters scores in a brief role. (A) December

✓✓ CROOKED WEB, THE—Columbia: Ingenious but over-complicated melodrama. Mari Blanchard and Richard Denning cooperate to nail Frank Lovejoy for killing GI's. (F) December

✓✓✓ DEEP BLUE SEA, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Thoughtful, talkative film of a tragic infatuation. Vivien Leigh, as an aristocratic lady, and Kenneth More, as her foolish lover, are both excellent. (A) December

✓✓✓✓ DESPERATE HOURS, THE—Paramount, VistaVision: Fredric March is splendid as an average householder defending his family against criminals led by Humphrey Bogart. Taut suspense, believable people. (F) December

✓✓✓✓ GUYS AND DOLLS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Delightful musical about Broadway folks. Gamblers Marlon Brando, Frank Sinatra love mission doll Jean Simmons, nightclub doll Vivian Blaine. (F) January

✓✓ HELL'S HORIZON—Columbia: Modest, straightforward story of the war in Korea. Pilot John Ireland and his crew, on a crucial bombing mission, face personal woes, too. (F) January

✓✓✓ I DIED A THOUSAND TIMES—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Glamorized but lusty close-up of crime. Veteran crook Jack Palance plots a spectacular hold-up, takes Shelley Winters down to failure with him. (A) January

✓✓✓ I'LL CRY TOMORROW—M-G-M: Susan Hayward does an arresting job in the true story of Lillian Roth, singer who became an alcoholic. Jo Van Fleet and Richard Conte help make clinical details convincing. (A) January

✓✓ LADY GODIVA—U-I, Technicolor: Genial costume thriller with no great regard for history. Maureen O'Hara's the famous Saxon stripper; George Nader, her husband. (F) January

✓✓ LAWLESS STREET, A—Columbia, Technicolor: Neat Randolph Scott Western. He's a weary town marshal eager to lick the job, settle down with wife Angela Lansbury. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ LEASE OF LIFE—I.F.E., Eastman Color: Robert Donat does a welcome comeback in an inspirational, gently humorous British film, as a country parson who puts the last months of his life to exciting use. (F) January

✓✓✓ MAGIC FIRE—Republic, Trucolor: Facts from the full life of composer Richard Wagner make this movie absorbing, in spite of a stuffy script. Alan Badel is Wagner; Yvonne De Carlo, his first wife. (F) December

✓✓✓ MAN WITH THE GUN—U.A.: In an effective Western, Bob Mitchum is a professional "town-tamer," doggedly carrying out his tough job, wooing estranged wife Jan Sterling, aiding lovers Karen Sharpe, John Lupton. (F) December

✓✓✓ NAKED SEA, THE—RKO, Technicolor: Documentary about a typical voyage by California tuna-fishermen. Exhilarating, colorful picture of everyday heroism. (F) December

✓✓✓✓ OKLAHOMA!—Magna; Todd-AO, Eastman Color: Wonderful music, fresh outdoor zest.

As frontier lovers, Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones are menaced by Rod Steiger. Gloria Grahame, Gene Nelson supply comedy. (F) January

✓✓ QUEEN BEE—Columbia: Potential dynamite, but no explosion. Joan Crawford tyrannizes over a Southern household, drives husband Barry Sullivan to drink. (A) December

✓✓✓ REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Fine work by the late James Dean and by Natalie Wood and Sal Mineo is the mainstay of an off-balance drama about unhappy teenagers and stupid parents. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ ROSE TATTOO, THE—Paramount: In a striking comedy-drama, Anna Magnani's magnificent as a restless, warm-natured widow, opposing daughter Marisa Pavan's love for Ben Cooper, until Burt Lancaster intervenes. (A) January

✓✓ RUNNING WILD—U-I: Routine cops-and-robbers yarn. Cop Bill Campbell masquerades as a young hoodlum to smash a car-stealing ring masterminded by Keenan Wynn. (F) January

✓✓✓ SECOND GREATEST SEX, THE—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Light, rollicking musical. Jeanne Crain leads small-town girls in a love strike to stop their men's silly feud. George Nader's her man. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ SIMBA—Lippert, Eastman Color: Violent yet thoughtful British film about the Mau Mau terror. Attractive Dirk Bogarde, Virginia McKenna face Africa's problems. (A) November

✓✓ SINCERELY YOURS—Warners, WarnerColor: Almost two hours of Liberace's smiles and piano pyrotechnics. As a popular pianist stricken by deafness, he helps others and solves his own problem, with Joanne Dru's aid. (F) January

✓✓ TARANTULA—U-I: Amusing science-fiction. Doc John Agar and scientist Mara Corday combat a tarantula grown to colossal size because of an experiment gone awry. (F) January

✓✓✓ TENDER TRAP, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Laughs and lively romance. Sinatra's a carefree New York bachelor, until Debbie Reynolds gets after him. Celeste Holm, David Wayne team engagingly. (F) December

✓✓ TEXAS LADY—RKO; Superscope, Technicolor: Brisk horse opera. Claudette Colbert takes over a newspaper to break the cattle barons' power, with Barry Sullivan's help. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ THREE STRIPES IN THE SUN—Columbia: Aldo Ray's endearing in the real-life story of a Jap-hating sergeant who learns to love Jap kids and a lovely Oriental (Mitsuko Kimura). Warmly human, shot on the spot. (F) December

✓✓ TREASURE OF PANCHO VILLA, THE—RKO; Superscope, Technicolor: Reliable chase thriller, with Rory Calhoun, Shelley Winters and Gilbert Roland aiding Villa. (F) December

✓✓✓✓ TRIAL—M-G-M: Smashing exposé of the way Reds exploit race prejudice. Glenn Ford, Arthur Kennedy, Dorothy McGuire defend a Mexican-American boy held for murder. (F) November

✓✓✓ VIEW FROM POMPEY'S HEAD, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Interesting cross-section of a Southern town, where Richard Egan returns to unravel a mystery and renew his romance with lovely Dana Wynter. (F) January

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for the months indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 14.

Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A

Cleaner, Fresher Complexion...Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!



1. Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing! Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!

2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial! Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY!

PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!



Mild and Gentle



The Night My Number Came Up

RANK, CONTINENTAL

✓✓✓ This first-rate British suspense film goes about its business shrewdly, keeping a sure grip on the nerves of the audience. Just after World War II, air marshal Michael Redgrave is about to go on a routine air trip from the Chinese mainland to Japan. But another officer has had a dream about the flight, describes the plane, its passengers, all the circumstances of the journey—leading up to a fatal crash. Advised not to go, Redgrave laughs at such superstitious nonsense. Gradually, all the details of the dream begin coming true: the type of plane; the number and sorts of passengers, including a skeptical but scared government man (Alexander Knox), his pretty secretary (Sheila Sim) and Redgrave's handsome young aide (Denholm Elliott).

All the dreamed-of difficulties threaten the plane as it approaches its way station, Okinawa. The crash is narrowly avoided, whereupon everybody (the audience, too) relaxes with relief. But the flight is not over. As time for the take-off to Japan nears, the pattern of the dream slowly falls into place again, and tension builds to a new high. Here's the topper: The movie is based on a true story.

FAMILY

Kismet M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ The attractive persons and singing voices of Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, Vic Damone and Dolores Gray make this lush but light spectacle of old Bagdad easy to look at and listen to. Keel's a rascally poet, mistaken for a magician and drafted into the service of the wicked wazir (Sebastian Cabot). This is both a dangerous and a delightful job, for the wazir's chief wife (Dolores) takes a fancy to the "magician," knowing him for a phony. A tough assignment comes Keel's way: to keep the young caliph (Vic) from marrying a mysterious commoner. Keel doesn't realize just how tough it is until he discovers that the commoner is none other than his own lovely daughter (Ann).

The story's melodrama is supposed to be all in fun, so a little more wit would have been welcome in the dialogue, a little more deftness in the comedy playing. But there's some piquant dancing, and the score is melodious, with such already-familiar hits as "Stranger in Paradise" and "This Is My Beloved." Sets are multi-colored and lavish.

FAMILY

Diabolique

U.M.P.O.

✓✓✓ Here's a gruesome tale of murder so delicately done that some moviegoers will chuckle at it while others shiver—and both reactions may be taken as compliments to a movie as sly and neat as its name. French-made (with titles in English), it focuses on an untidy domestic situation at a boys' school. The headmaster (Paul Meurisse) is just asking to

be murdered. He cheats his little students; he browbeats his gentle wife (Vera Clouzot), an heiress whose money finances the school; he literally beats his mistress (Simone Signoret), one of the teachers. Simone, a cool customer, sells Vera on the idea that both of them could get along beautifully without this guy. In an amusingly (or shockingly) business-like manner, they dispose of their man, planning to make his death seem an accident. But the plan doesn't work out as expected, and Charles Vanel, as a canny police inspector, begins snooping around. There's a smart double twist at the end.

ADULT

The Spoilers

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ The good old adventure yarn of Gold Rush Alaska does another screen encore, with Jeff Chandler, Rory Calhoun and Anne Baxter decorating the muddy streets of Nome. (Anne stays on top of the mud; both guys wind up in it, during that famous fight.) Mine owners like partners Jeff, Anne and belligerent old John McIntire are being victimized by sharp operators who challenge their claims. Rory comes in as Gold Commissioner with a great show of virtue, but he's really out to grab the partners' mine. And gambler Ray Danton, in love with Anne, his boss, tries to do Jeff dirt to get a rival out of the way. Played straight and lively, the picture doesn't fool around with subtleties or humor.

FAMILY

Heidi and Peter

U.A., TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Since the Swiss-made "Heidi" proved popular with small fry, here's a sequel, presenting the characters of the beloved children's classic in further Alpine adventures. Again, fresh-faced Elsbeth Sigmund is the eager Swiss miss, befriending poor little rich girl Isa Guenther. (Isa, however, looks too healthy for her role of invalid.) Thomas Klameth is the mischievous goatherd, who resents Isa because she seems to have taken his playmate away from him. The story proceeds rather aimlessly, its only action a sequence in which villagers fight a roaring mountain flood. The dubbed-in dialogue is sometimes disconcerting, written and read awkwardly. But the majestic vistas of the Alps give the picture charm.

FAMILY

Target Zero

WARNERS

✓✓✓ There's a nice, human warmth about this close-up of war, though its outline and characters are well-worn, and one of its central situations is implausible. At a low point in the Korean war, a miscellaneous group of UN personnel gets together, cut off behind Red lines. Richard Conte leads an American patrol trying to return to its company. His air of command antagonizes Richard Stapley, as head of a British tank crew. Also on hand are an American mortar team—and a beautiful blond (Peggie Castle), a civilian

with the UN. Once this last unlikely premise is granted, the relationship between the lone female and the men is worked out understandably—and developments don't always trend toward the obvious. The acting in general is smooth.

FAMILY

All That Heaven Allows

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Though this love story co-stars Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson, it's no "Magnificent Obsession." A romance between a well-to-do widow and a young gardener is opposed by her stuffy friends and by her grown children (Gloria Talbott, William Reynolds). But the social inequalities that separate Jane and Rock aren't shown convincingly, and their problem is worked out by sheer chance. Once Gloria gets past the early, bratty stage of her role, she is quite charming, and Agnes Moorehead is gracious as ever, playing Jane's best friend.

FAMILY

Alison

RKO

✓✓ A British-made mystery starring Terry Moore tries to achieve the atmosphere of "Laura," for the hero falls in love with the portrait of a girl who is supposedly dead. He is painter Robert Beatty, who does Terry's picture from a photo, believing that its subject was killed in the same car crash that ended his brother's life. Terry turns up alive, just as a former model of Robert's turns up dead. The plot is so complex that it's almost impossible to follow, but it's disclosed (at leisure) that all the to-do has been started by a diamond-smuggling ring.

FAMILY

Flame of the Islands REPUBLIC, TRUCOLOR

✓✓ A strong, though not big-name cast and genuine backgrounds in the lovely Bahamas dress up a lurid story of love and crime. With \$100,000 that she's come by deviously, Yvonne De Carlo and Zachary Scott go into partnership with Kurt Kasznar to start a fancy island club. Both men want Yvonne, but she is more interested in an old flame, socialite Howard Duff. And James Arness, as an honest fisherman, stands by waiting for her to see the light. Thanks to gamblers that the unscrupulous Kurt has called in on the enterprise, the story finally takes a turn toward violent action.

ADULT

Inside Detroit

COLUMBIA

✓✓ The racket-smashing story has a labor-union angle in this brisk melodrama. Ex-con Pat O'Brien is regaining power as a labor racketeer; the local's new president, Dennis O'Keefe, is determined to stop him. Personal relationships are the crook's weak points. His wife (Katherine Warren), daughter (Margaret Field) and son (Mark Damon) believe him a model family man. But he has a girl (Tina Carver), who's set up as head of an unsavory business. Dennis starts Pat's downfall by unveiling this hypocrisy.

ADULT



Loved for gentleness

SOME people are known—and loved—for being gentle. So is this new cigarette. New Philip Morris, made gentle for modern taste, is winning new friends everywhere—especially among our younger smokers. Enjoy the gentle pleasure—the *fresh unfiltered flavor*—of new Philip Morris. Now in the smart new package.



New Philip Morris... *gentle for modern taste*



SOAP BOX:

I have just seen "I Died a Thousand Times" starring Jack Palance and Shelley Winters. I thought that the movie was wonderful and the acting was excellent. The plot seemed so well thought out. For this reason, I am wondering if the movie was adapted from a book. If so, could you please give me the name of the book and the author?

STEPHEN ALKIRE
Hinsdale, Illinois

The picture was made from the book High Sierra by W. R. Burnett. You may also remember it under the title "High Sierra" starring Humphrey Bogart some years back.—Ed.



Shelley's acting is applauded!

Never have I been more deeply moved by a movie story than that of John and Pati Derek. May I say something to the both of them before it's too late?

These kids should be spanked, but I have compassion for them and would sincerely like to see them make a go of their marriage.

John, how can you leave Pati knowing she may someday marry again and your children brought up and influenced by someone other than yourself? How can Russ understand why someone else is taking over your duties? Do you realize what you are giving up? Visiting rights are a far cry from living with your family. Maybe Pati will never marry again, but you may. No doubt you'll have children. When problems arise, will you walk out?

You, Pati, are very wrong to feel you can't leave your babies for a week or so just to be with John!

I have a boy three and a girl fifteen months and love them every bit as much as you love Russ and Sean, but I also love my husband. It's good for children to be left with others once in a while. You can't be a martyr. Look where it's gotten you. Have you really given your children what's best?

I don't believe you and John have taken into consideration that there is a God who's willing to help those who ask for it. Have you and John walked side by side with Russ to Sunday School? You know that God spared your son so that you might love and cherish him. Don't let foolishness separate you and tragedy bring you back together.

I am not overly religious but I know in my own marriage there might well be discord if

we didn't drive to Church on Sunday, thank God for blessings and start the week off spiritually refreshed. I think you and John should start doing things for others and think less of yourselves.

Go home, John; and you, Pati, be a wife to your children's father. God bless you both.

MRS. EVE MICHAELS
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

QUESTION BOX:

I just saw "Mister Roberts." Could you please tell me who played the part of Bookser? I thought he was terrific in the part. Please tell me something about him. He's the tops.

PENNY GARGANO
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Bookser was played by Pat Wayne. Born July 15, 1939, has blue eyes, light brown hair and stands six feet. He bears a strong resemblance to his famous father, John Wayne. Has appeared in "The Quiet Man," "The Long Gray Line," "Mister Roberts."—Ed.

I have just seen "Robin Hood" on Disneyland. I thought it was tops. Richard Todd, who played Robin Hood, is handsome and a great performer. I would like to know if he is married, and more information about him.

KAREN CLARK
Exeter, California

Richard is married to former actress Catherine Bogle. Born in Dublin, Ireland, June 11, 1919, is 5' 10" and has brown hair and green eyes. Has appeared in "The Virgin Queen," "A Man Called Peter," "Dam Busters" and is in "The Sixth of June."—Ed.



Some facts on a man called Richard

I am a faithful reader of Readers, Inc. and have a few questions which I would like answered. What happened to Jackie Cooper? Is he still in pictures? How old is he? Is he married?

ARLENE KRAUSE
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Jackie has been acting in the legitimate theatre. His last appearance was in "The King of Hearts" on Broadway last season. He has been appearing on a number of TV programs and has his own show The People's Choice. Jackie was born September 15, 1921. His wife's name is Barbara and he has a nine-year-old son by a former marriage.—Ed.

Could you please tell me who played the part of Jonsey in the picture "Francis in the Navy"?

BETTY WALLACE
South Ozone Park, New York

The part of Jonsey was played by Clint Eastwood.—Ed.

Could you give me some information on who played Paul, and the young ship doctor in "We're No Angels"? Have they made any previous pictures?

SANDRA LACKEY
Atlanta, Georgia

John Baer played Paul. Has appeared in "Mississippi Gambler," "The Miami Story." John Smith was the doctor. Played the young groom in "The High and the Mighty."—Ed.

Could you please tell me if Eleanor Parker did her own singing in "Interrupted Melody"?

EILEEN OSTERLUND
Vancay, Saskatchewan, Canada

Soprano Eileen Farrell sang for Miss Parker.—Ed.



Paul's a hit on Broadway, TV too

I would very much appreciate some of the usual information and statistics about Paul Newman. I have seen him on television and in "The Silver Chalice." I would love to see a picture of him in your magazine.

MARY GIUDICE
Mt. Pocono, Pennsylvania

Here he is. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, on January 26, 1925. Weighs 170 pounds, is five feet 11 inches, has blue eyes and light brown hair. Married to Jackie Witte and has two children, Scott and Susan. Appeared on Broadway in "The Desperate Hours." On television in "Our Town" and "The Battler."—Ed.

Would you please let me know what year Fred Astaire was born? I claim Fred Astaire has been dancing since his early teens, and is about 55. A friend of mine insists he is at least 65.

BRUCE WILFERTH
Rochester, New York

You are right. Fred Astaire was born May 10, 1900, so he is just over 55. In 1908 he and sister Adele made their vaudeville debut, danced together as a team until 1932. Fred made his movie debut in "Dancing Lady" in 1933.—Ed.

Could you please give me some information on the boy who played *Sylvester* in the movie "The Private War of Major Benson"?

JUDY MILLER
Dayton, Ohio

Sal Mineo. Born January 10, 1939, in New York City. He is 5' 6" with brown eyes and brown hair and weighs 118 pounds. Appears in "Rebel Without a Cause" and "Giant."—Ed.



Sal Mineo: a rising young actor

I would like to know if Rock Hudson is married and to whom, and whether Debra Paget is also.

LINDA DUNCAN
Buford, Georgia

Debra Paget is single. Rock Hudson was married to Phyllis Gates in November.—Ed.

Could you please settle an argument? I say that Robert Taylor was married to Joan Crawford. My mother says he wasn't. Who is right?

KATHLEEN SATALICH
Northfield, Ohio

Mother knows best. Robert Taylor was married to Barbara Stanwyck. They are now divorced.—Ed.

I have just seen the wonderful picture "Five Against the House," with Brian Keith. This new actor is terrific. Please will you give me some information as to his age, height and where he was born?

MARGIE WRIGHT
Metuchen, N. J.

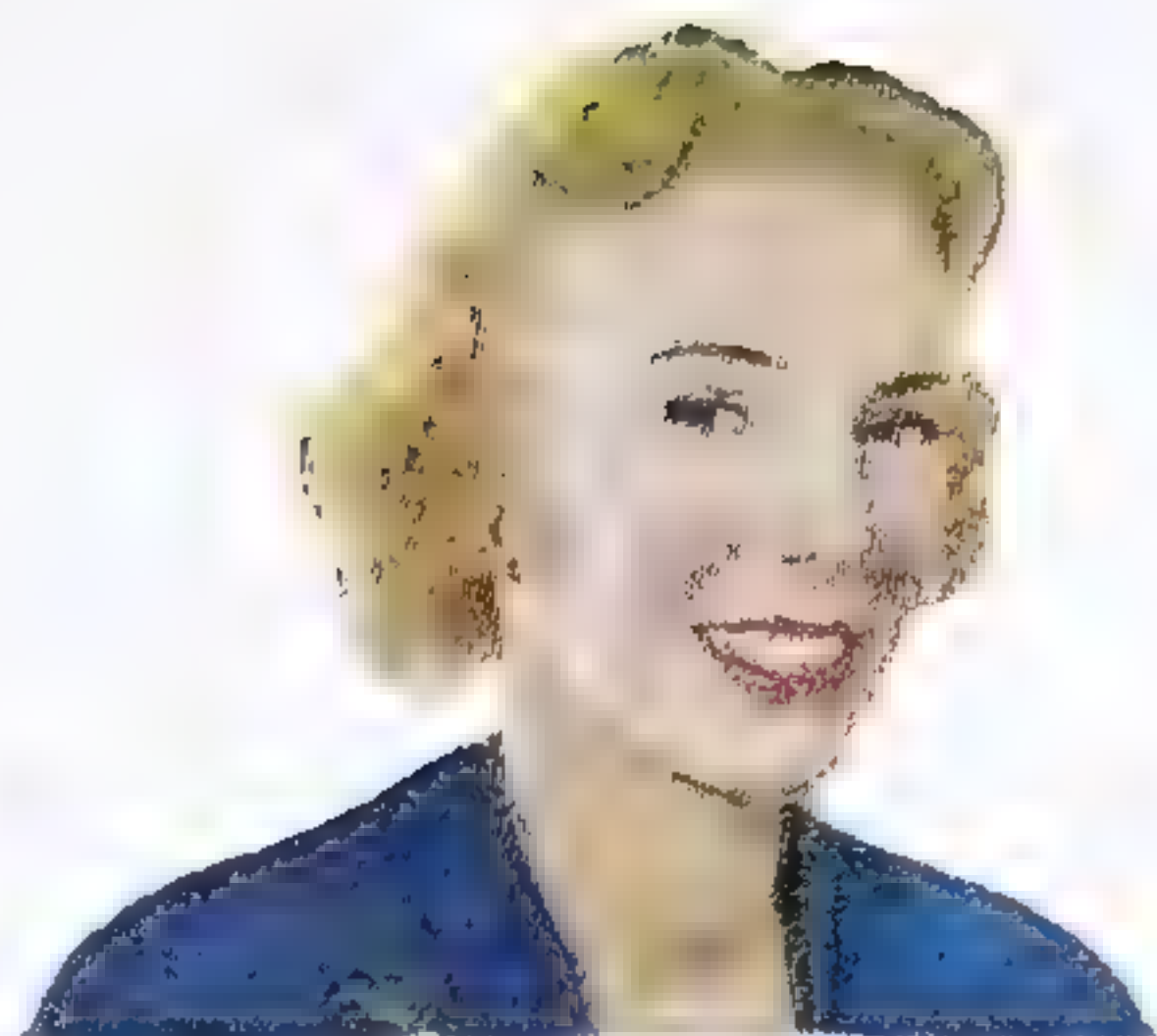
Brian is six feet one inch tall, weighs 185 lbs., has sandy hair and blue eyes. He hails from your own state, was born in Bayonne on November 14, 1921. You'll see him next in "Storm Center."—Ed.

About 6 or 7 years ago "Miracle of the Bells" was made into a movie. Could you please tell me who played the parts of: Bill Bunnigan, Olga Treskovna, Father Paul, and Marcus Harris in the movie?

MARCIA BLUMBERG
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

The picture was made in 1947. The cast in the order of your letter were: Fred MacMurray; Valli; Frank Sinatra; Lee J. Cobb.—Ed.

(Continued on page 32)

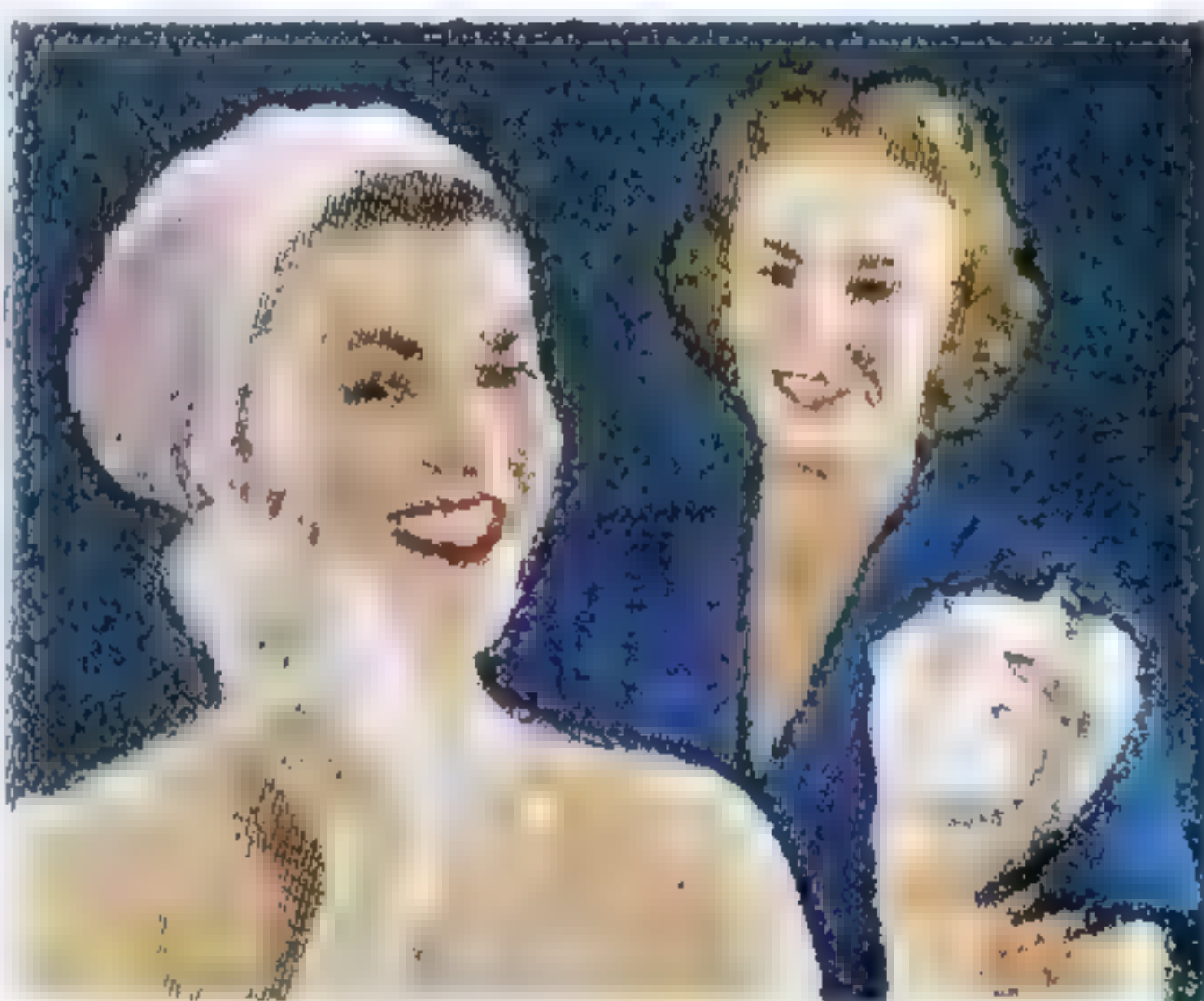


Candy Jones
BEAUTY DIRECTOR,
CONOVER SCHOOL, NEW YORK *says*

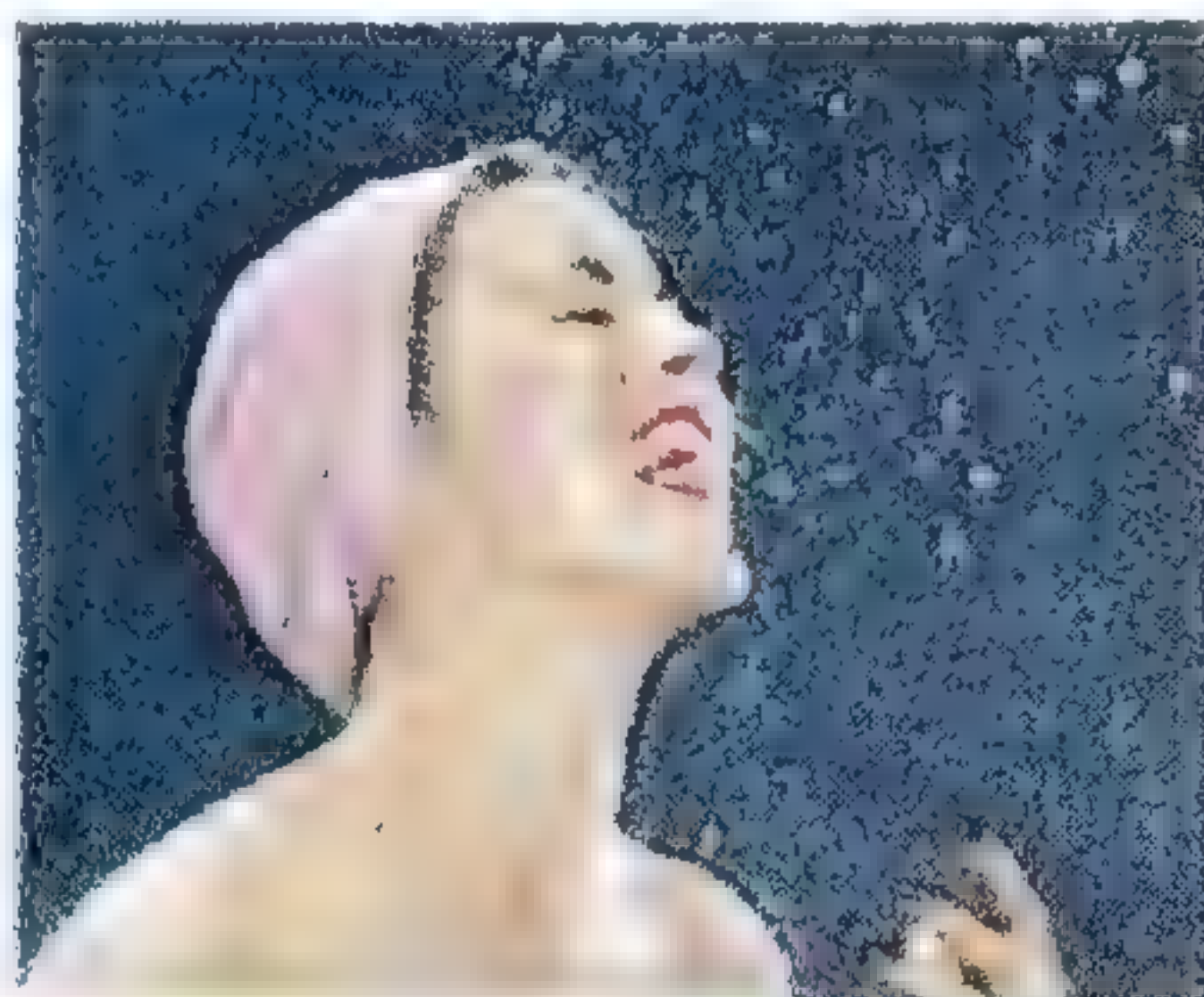
"Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"



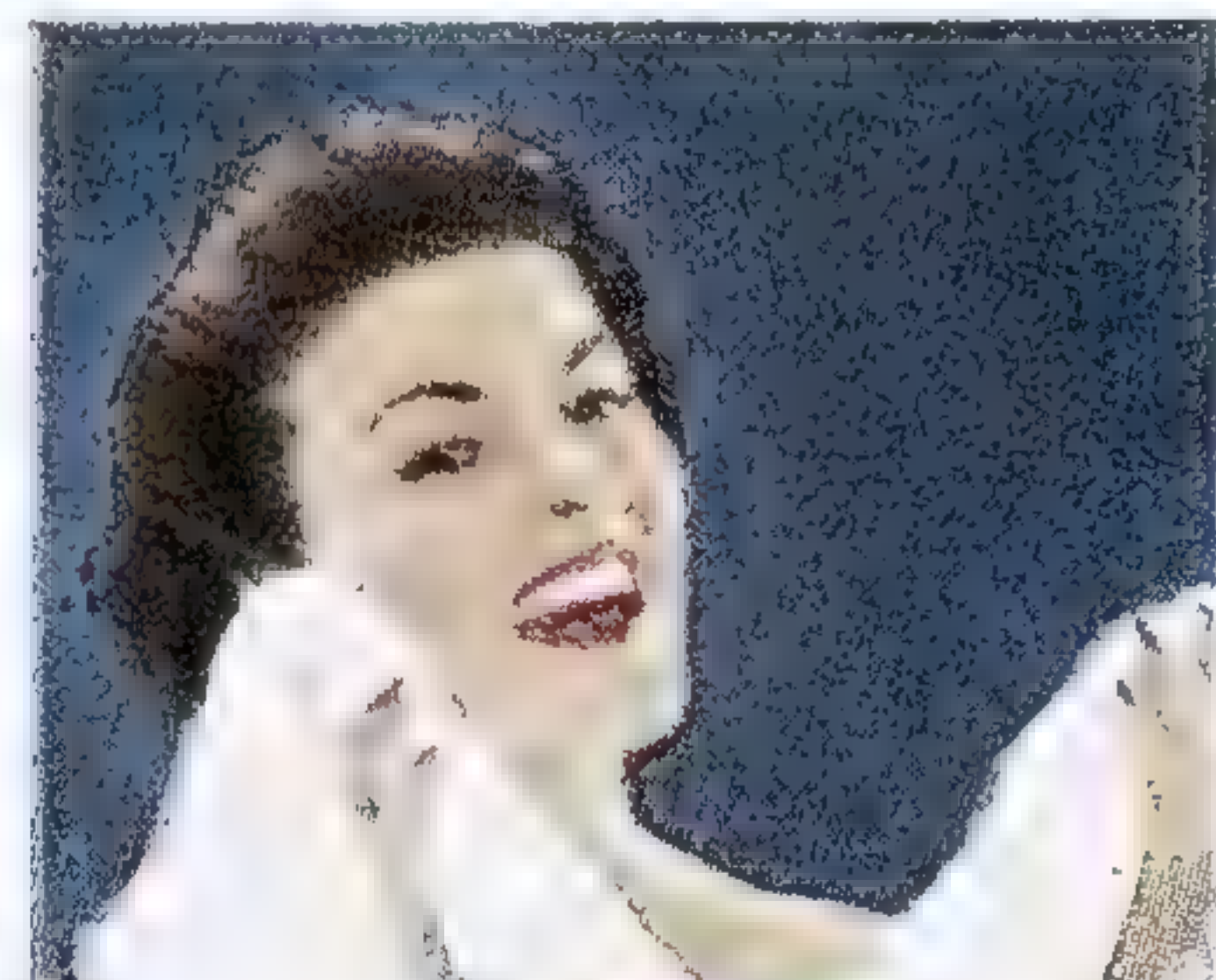
Winter sports play rough with your skin . . . but you can protect it. Cashmere Bouquet's 3-way beauty care does wonders for your skin!



Cleans cleaner than creams. Your skin is so much cleaner when you use Cashmere Bouquet! No cream film!



Stimulates with no astringent sting, when you stroke Cashmere Bouquet's mild lather into your skin.



Softens without lotion stickiness. Leaves normal, dry or oily skin naturally softer and smoother!

it gives your skin 3-way beauty care!

You can forget about greasy cleansing creams, sticky lotions, and stinging astringents! Because now, with just a cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, you can give your skin the beauty care of famous Conover students. This wonderful 3-way beauty care actually *cleans cleaner than creams . . . stimulates gently, softens and smooths your skin, too.* Just like using a whole

row of beauty products . . . but so much quicker and easier. Start today and watch *your skin thrive!*



REGULAR
OR BIG BATH SIZE

New, different—complexion magic!



cleans
deep,
deep
down... where beauty begins

New

Deep Magic

*facial cleansing
lotion by Toni*

The clearest skin is
the cleanest skin,
and nothing cleans
your skin like
wonderful, new DEEP
MAGIC by Toni.
DEEP MAGIC
is different!
It's a flowing lotion
cleanser that cleans
deeper—gently
removes the deep-
pore dirt and makeup
other facial cleansers
cannot reach! Yet DEEP
MAGIC never leaves
the greasy feel of
creams, never
the drawn, dry
feel of soaps.
That's the magic of
new DEEP MAGIC—the
magic that gives you a
cleaner, clearer skin—
a softer, more radiant
complexion.
Try DEEP MAGIC
on your skin tonight!



Lanolin-gentle—cleans up to
three times cleaner
than soaps or creams.

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



"Having wonderful time getting to know each other," says Sidney of Audrey, Mel

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

I kinda lost faith in Rock Hudson. Putting it on the record that he wouldn't marry until thirty, the Rock didn't have the staying power of just another week. . . . The more Grace Kelly goes Hollywood the more I like her. . . . Dean Martin's torch is showing in his singing. . . . Jeff Chandler told me: "Sometimes you can tell by looking at a girl what kind of a past she is going to have." . . . Half of Hollywood is trying to find out how the other half gets away with it. . . . Just in case you are ever on *The \$64,000 Question* TV show and your subject is The Movies, don't forget that Rita Hayworth is the most celebrated alumna of P.S. 69, Jackson Heights. . . . I'm delighted that Shelley Winters is such a hit on Broadway in "A Hatful of Rain." Glad for Shelley personally, and pleased that the New York drama critics admit a movie actress can act. Success hasn't changed Shelley a trifle. In a note she says: "Whatever I wear, you can tell I'm from Brooklyn."

Had a long chat with Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer during their short visit to town on business. To sum up Audrey's "Hollywood Hotel," I'd say that Audrey doesn't completely understand Mel yet and vice versa. However, even though they look thinner than ever, they're both having a wonderful time getting to know each other. . . . Why do freckles look sexy on most actresses? I'm asking; you answer! . . . Jane Russell, told again by an interviewer that

a Paris stylist dictated a flat-chested look, teed off with: "What am I supposed to do—lie down under a steamroller every morning?" . . . The new trend in the movies and also on TV is adult westerns. Everyone is out to do an adult western. Some producer could make a fortune by doing a switcheroo and returning the western to the kiddies.

I don't buy those girl singers who mistake shouting and swinging for talent. . . . Will Success Spoil Jean Simmons? Believe me, I know the answer when I reply: "Definitely no!" . . . Someone is giving Kim Novak awfully good advice—and it could be Kim Novak. . . . Tom Jenk's analysis of George Gobel's success: "He doesn't look like someone appearing on TV. He looks like someone watching it." . . . Definition of cleavage: It's the spot of a woman's anatomy that's just about to show when the Johnston Office yells!

I'm a hot Sinatra fan but it's going to take Frankie—who's starring in

"Johnny Concho"—at his bestest to convince me he's a cowboy. And I might add that I've seen some odd cowboys. . . . Mentioning Sinatra reminds me of one of his dolls, Celeste



Paris stylists would have to take drastic steps to flatten our Jane!



It's that average-guy look that makes George Gobel a TV success

Holm, in "The Tender Trap." Celeste in an interview concerning American men said: "They don't graduate from their mothers enough." . . . Anne Francis is ready to make it big if her studio gives her the right role in an important picture. . . . It's now expected that any non-singer can sing in a movie. The novelty value is gone, real gone. . . . Doris Day flashes a cute smile immediately after she says hello to you. . . . I don't dig Harry Belafonte. I expect hundreds of letters shouting at me and

Continued

Replies From Survey Reveal:

9 OUT OF 10 NURSES SUGGEST DOUCHING WITH ZONITE FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



What Greater Assurance Can a Bride-to-be or Married Woman Have

Women who value true married happiness and physical charm know how *essential* a cleansing, antiseptic and deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods.

Douching has become such a part of the modern way of life an additional survey showed that of the married women who replied:

83.3% douche after monthly periods.

86.5% at other times.

So many women are benefiting by this sanitary practice—why deny yourself? What greater “peace of mind” can a woman have than to know ZONITE is so highly regarded among nurses for the douche?

ZONITE's Many Advantages

Scientific tests *proved* no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so **POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE** yet **SAFE** to body tissues as ZONITE. It's positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away odor-causing deposits. It *completely* deodorizes. Leaves you with a sense of well-being and confidence. Inexpensive. Costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.



If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

continued

then completely explaining Mr. Belafonte to me.

Irene Papas, exciting new screen personality who debuts in M-G-M's “Tribute to a Bad Man,” has been jokingly referred to as The First of the Red Hot Papas. She is also the only actress in Hollywood who has a license to act. Why? It seems that, before a person can become an actor or actress in Greece, Irene's native land, it is necessary to have a college degree and pass rigid exams. Only then does the person get a formal, legal document, entitling him or her to appear on the stage and in films.

There appears to be a behind-the-scenes campaign on to make a “real lovable, human guy of John Wayne off-screen. . . . Large Screen, Extra Large Screen, Technicolor, DeLuxe Color, Broadway Musical Hit or Broadway's All-Time Musical, my favorite movie musical still is on the small-size screen, in plain black and white, titled “Forty-Second Street.” So call me names—I'm getting used to it. . . . I don't know anyone who gets enthusiasms like Joan Crawford. . . . Money talks, and mine says that in a season or so Eva Marie Saint will win another Oscar. Eva is a two-Oscar doll if I ever looked at one. . . . An agent wired Montgomery

special idea of a relaxing weekend. Every Saturday after work, he and Lita drive down to their boat at Wilmington, and remain aboard until Monday, when Rory has to report back to the set. What's so different about this? Well, the boat never goes to sea, just remains tied to the dock the whole time. “The important thing,” explains Rory in all seriousness, “is to be lazy and afloat.”

Bob Wagner always seems to me as if he admires a genuine actor. . . . I'm convinced by now that, when the waves break and roll up on the beach, our hero and heroine in a movie are having a love scene. The more hectic the waves, the wilder the love-making. Okay cliché makers, get us another! . . . I admit Jennifer Jones can twist me around her little acting finger. I believe her in any role, and what's more feel for her. . . . I can't recall which Italian actress said it—maybe they all did—but one of those dishes of spaghetti, said: “In my country a woman isn't considered a woman unless she can attract a man with her clothes on.” . . . Alan Ladd says that the opening of his hardware store in Palm Springs was just as thrilling as the premieres of his biggest movies.

I can remember way back when Jimmy Stewart was referred to as “a young Gary Cooper.” It wasn't as long ago as you think, if you care to look up dates and figure it out! . . . No other industry in all the world could take the continual beating Hollywood has—and survive. . . . Here's another if you're the contestant on *The \$64,000 Question*: Mitzi Gaynor's real name is Francesca Mitzi Marlene de Czarayicon Gerber. But if you reply simply Mitzi Gerber, we're going to call it right. And you advance to the next plateau. . . . Glorja Curran says that a woman's best assets are a man's imagination. . . . With Tab Hunter I get the impression they sent a boy to do a man's job. But he fools me, coming back having done a man's job. . . . Judy Holliday summed up best what it means to be a movie star: “Well, everybody's coming around to know everything that's happened since I was four. It's like going to an analyst. That's what becoming a movie star is like.” And that's Hollywood for you.



Francesca Mitzi Marlene de Czarayicon Gerber—in other words, Mrs. Jack Bean!

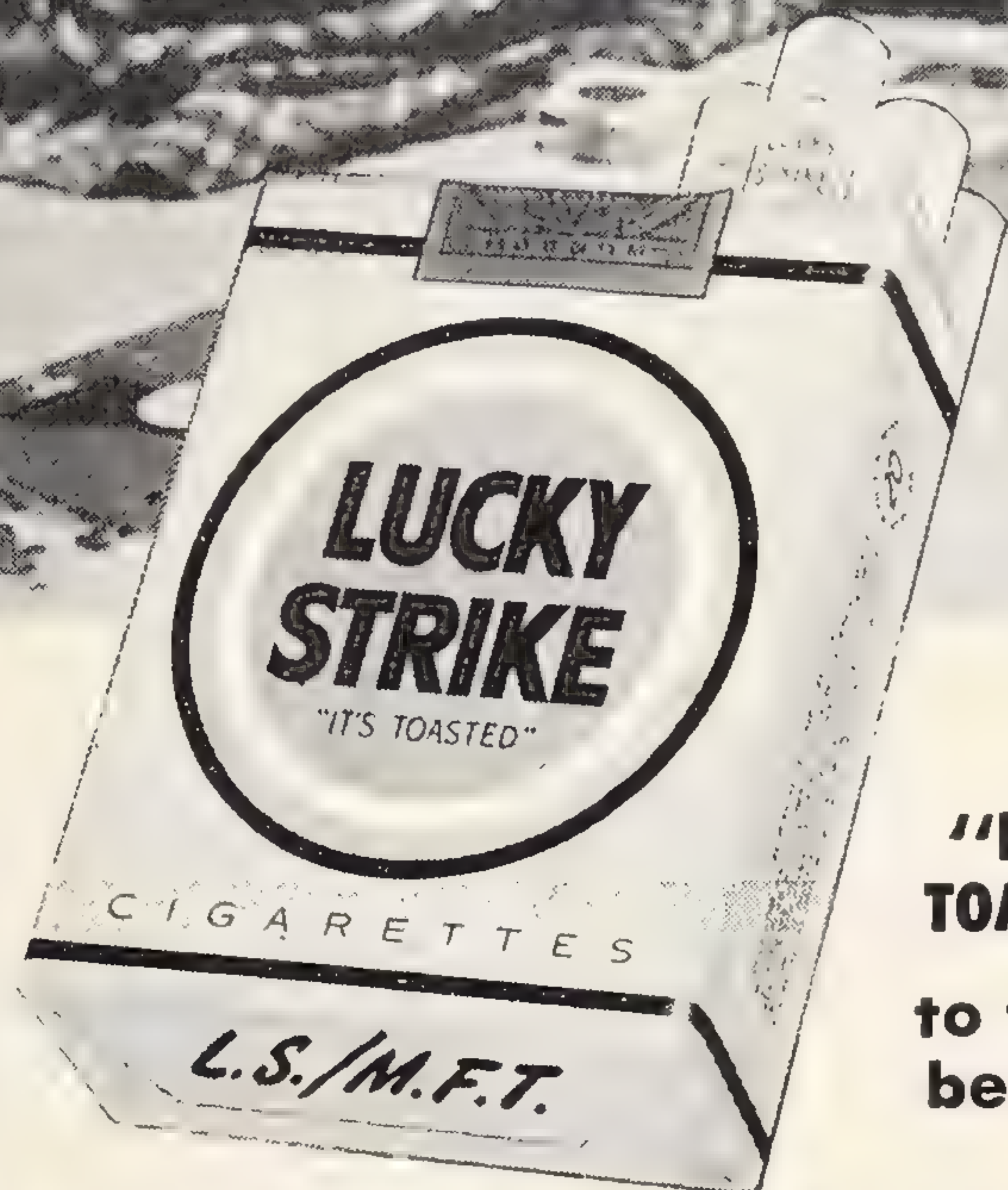
Clift to name his rock-bottom price to do a certain movie. Monty wired back: “Sorry, but I live at rock bottom.”

Rory Calhoun told me that he and his wife, Lita Baron, have their own



**Light up a Lucky
-it's light-up time!**

LISTEN! Until you light a Lucky, you'll never know how good a cigarette can taste. Luckies taste better because Lucky Strike means fine tobacco that's **TOASTED** to taste better. You'll say they're the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!



**"IT'S
TOASTED"**
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better!

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER
Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!



Blemished skin problem ends overnight

with new "hide
and heal" treatment!

In time for your next evening out, Tussy Medicare gives you freedom from the embarrassing sight of pimples, blackheads or whiteheads caused by acne.

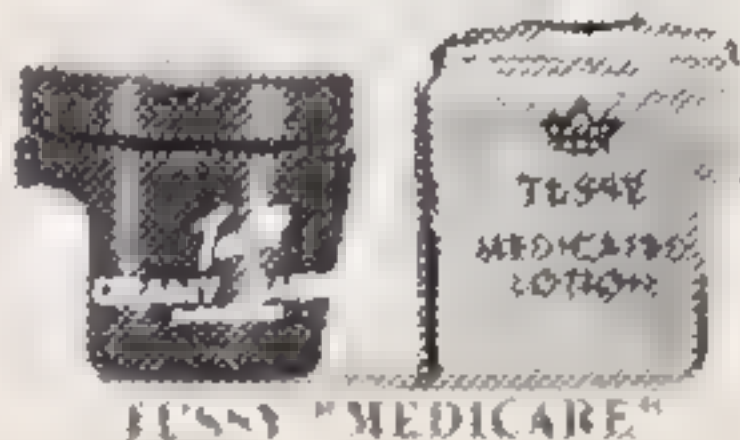
First, cleanse with Tussy Creamy Masque. It removes more than surface dirt...helps get rid of deeply imbedded, dried skin oils that clog pores!

Second, smooth on Tussy Medicated Lotion. It hides blemishes while they heal. Together, Tussy Creamy Masque and Medicated Lotion are the famous Tussy Medicare Treatment.

*Hides and heals
blemishes as no single
cream, lotion or
medication can do!*

\$2 and \$1¹⁰
no tax

ANTI-BLEMISH
SET



TUSSY medicare



In Osaka, Dick and Phil Carey enjoyed Japanese food—and feminine courtesy

A Rambling Wreck?

*At heart, Dick York is strictly a
home-loving family man, but his profession has
turned him into a travelin' man*

BY EVE FORD

Only twenty-seven, Dick York's a thoroughly domesticated guy, married for four years and already the father of three children. So it's with astonishment that he says, "I've done more traveling in the last two years than all the rest of my life."

First Columbia summoned him to Hollywood to play *The Wreck* in "My Sister Eileen." Then the same studio shipped him off to Japan for "Three Stripes in the Sun." Beaten only by the Los Angeles-Australia hop, the flight from L. A. to Japan is the second longest in the world, with stops just at Honolulu and Wake. After thirty-four hours aloft, Dick may not have been a wreck, but he was, he admits, "a pretty tired boy." And there was no rest; instead, a two-and-a-half-hour drive to Osaka, the film's locale.

His next job brought him back to New York to take over the lead in the stage hit "Bus Stop." At the beginning of the year, he shifted to the play's Chicago company. This was really a homecoming. Dick York—a more sensitive-featured, quiet-mannered young man than the brash characters he usually plays—was born in Ft. Wayne, Indiana, September 4, 1928, but his family moved to Chicago before he started school. At twelve, he was al-

ready on radio, in a series of programs (mostly historical dramatizations) put on by the Chicago schools.

That's how, with no such ambition, Dick became an actor. "Give a kid a chemistry set," he says, "and he winds up as a scientist. I had a good singing voice as a child. But after I started working on radio and going to dramatic school, the singing went down the drain. I decided acting was for me."

At sixteen, he began earning money on the air. By the next year, he had his own show, singing, doing interviews and skits and even some script-writing for *Teen Town* (later called *Junior Junction*). And his future wife, Joan Barbara Alt, was also on Chicago radio.

"When we first met," Dick recalls, "I was grown up—I was fifteen. She was only twelve. I was in high school; she was in grammar school. Then one day I came home from playing tennis—and there she was, grown up."

High-school years over, Dick saw New York as the logical next move. Radio and later tv welcomed him there. For two years he played *That Brewster Boy*; he was a regular on *Jack Armstrong*; he has been on most of the top tv dramatic shows—Philco, Kraft, Robert Montgomery—as well as

Continued

INSTANTLY! YOUR HAIR IS SOFT, EASY TO MANAGE!

Put silky excitement in your hair
with New Non-oily Hairdressing!

Something wonderful happens to your hair the moment you apply new SUAVE hairdressing, containing that remarkable Helene Curtis beauty find, *greaseless* lanolin! Instantly, your hair is so soft and supple, so eager to wave... you can do just what you want with it. And what life, what gorgeous glowing "tone" it gives your hair. All without a trace of oily after-film!



**LOOK AT THE SATINY GLOW
SUAVE GIVES... INSTANTLY!**

Don't despair over dull hair! Give it sparkle... thrilling highlights... in 20 seconds with SUAVE. Adds healthy glow, not oily shine.



**SEE HOW EASY YOUR HAIRDO
ARRANGES... HOW IT LASTS!**

SUAVE makes hair easy to comb and arrange. Deepens curls, tames stray wisps. Keeps hair softly in place all day without stiff lacquer or grease.



**MAKES YOUR HAIR CHARMINGLY SOFT
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Exciting hair does so much to make *you* exciting. To make the most of your hair, to bring out all its allure... renew its soft shimmer each day with just a kiss of SUAVE. Start today!



**DO THIS TO MAKE HAIR
BEHAVE AFTER SHAMPOO**

Always put back the beauty oils shampooing takes out. Helene Curtis SUAVE does it instantly... adds body and life, makes hair manageable, frees snarls.



**GOOD NEWS WHEN HAIR IS
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If home permanents, tints or sun have made your hair dry, abused... quick, the SUAVE! Restores satin softness, lively, healthy look... a 20-second miracle!

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Liquid or
New Creme...



Contains amazing greaseless lanolin!

CARELESS

about "embarrassing odor"

Isn't that an awful thing to say (or whisper) about a woman? Nevertheless, every woman faces the possibility of "embarrassing odor." The wise ones, the ones who are *sure* of feminine daintiness at all times, douche with "Lysol."

"Lysol" not only cleanses, it also acts as an *internal deodorant*! Rapidly, efficiently, "Lysol" kills odor-producing bacteria on contact... spreads into all the folds and crevices to give that complete assurance of personal cleanliness. Yet the new improved "Lysol" brand disinfectant is gentle, bland, harmless to delicate feminine tissues.

Every woman, married or unmarried, should use a double-action "Lysol" douche after menstruation. Or when confronted by the problem of extra secretions. Or simply in order to be surer of complete feminine daintiness on some special occasion. Just a teaspoon of "Lysol" added to the douche water promotes important, long-lasting, real internal cleanliness.

Never let them say that you're careless about the one unforgivable fault. Use "Lysol" and be far more secure about your feminine charm. ... Write for free booklet on medically-approved methods of douching. (Sent in plain envelope.) Send name and address to "Lysol," Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. PP-562.



"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant

A Rambling Wreck? *Continued*

endless daytime dramas. Feeling safely established at twenty-three, he married his Joan, November 17, 1951.

The newlyweds did three shows together, but then the babies started coming along, and Joan had a full-time job at home. Kimberley Anne is two and a half now; Amanda Jo is just past one; and their third arrived last month.

When Dick first hit the road, his family went along to Hollywood, taking a rented house at Hollywood Boulevard and Harvard. Dick walked to work, even when he had to get up an hour ahead of schedule, for an early call. "But I'd be ready, shiny and bushy-tailed at seven o'clock," he says proudly. "The pace is slower out there; I almost went out of my mind the first few days. In New York, if you're called to rehearse for a TV show at ten A.M., they mean it! In Hollywood, report at seven A.M., and you're lucky if you start work by four P.M.!"

Whatever Dick's temporary annoyances, he never took them home with him. As he puts it, "I'm inclined to pigeonhole things. I don't believe in letting moods carry over between my work and my home. Just because you had too many seeds in your orange juice at breakfast, that's no reason for getting into arguments with other actors. And there's no sense in making your wife miserable just because you feel your scenes didn't go right that day."

Work in the movies has its advantages for a family man, Dick found. He'd be through at six, with no evening performance or air show ahead. So he and Joan would pile the kids into the car and go to the beach. Or, after dinner, with the babies stowed away in bed, they could relax for a session of reading aloud to each other, Dick taking one chapter, Joan the next.

But the trip to Japan naturally meant a temporary break-up for the York family. Dick had to embark on this

adventure alone. Like many American men, he was much impressed by Japan's women—"the epitome of femininity," he says. "On the way over, the airline stewardesses—the ideal of American womanhood—seem wonderfully polite. If a baby is on the plane, they become little mothers. But Japanese women—even the waitresses—are fantastic, catering to men at every moment. On the way back, after seven weeks among Japan's women, those airline stewardesses don't seem to be taking any interest in your welfare at all!"

(Note to the stewardesses: That's a bit of typical York humor; please don't dump the coffee in his lap next time he's on a plane.)

Once Dick's masculine ego had recovered from Japanese flattery, he was mighty glad to look at American femininity again—especially three prime examples named Joan, Kim and Amanda. Soon after he'd returned to New York and the Kew Gardens apartment where they'd been living, he was given the role in "Bus Stop." During the strenuous routine of breaking in on a new stage assignment, his first inclination between performances was to sleep. But he found time to help Joan feed the kids, take them out for airings, play with them.

For Dick, the move to Chicago with the play has meant reunion with his mother, father and kid sister Vicky. All the while, he's looking forward to making a permanent home for his growing family, preferably in Hollywood, because they like the life there and because he has a two-picture-a-year commitment with Columbia.

Where in Hollywood? "Any block where there are yards and trees. Our newest baby is going to be brought up in a house! Or maybe, with all these kids around, I'll start a nursery—or a kennel, with stalls."

(Note to the three junior Yorks: Don't run away from home. Your old man's just being funny again.)

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

Send your votes for the stars you want to see in PHOTOPLAY

In color I want to see:

ACTOR:

ACTRESS:

(1) _____
(2) _____

(1) _____
(2) _____

I want to read stories about:

(1) _____
(2) _____

(3) _____
(4) _____

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are:

(1) _____
(2) _____
(3) _____

(4) _____
(5) _____
(6) _____

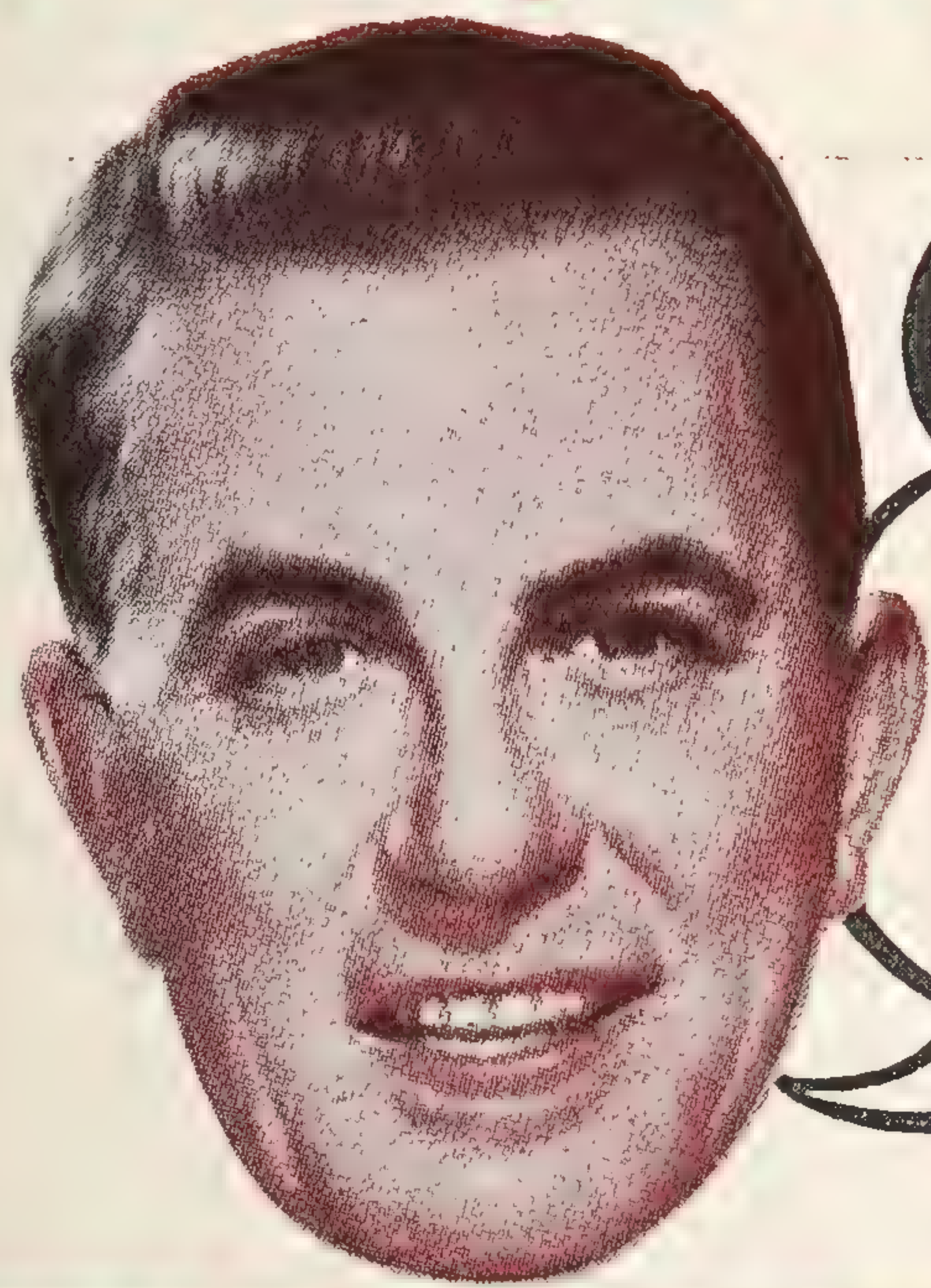
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

AGE _____

Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll
Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?



*It's GARDOL—To Give Up To
7 Times Longer Protection
Against Tooth Decay
...With Just One Brushing!*

GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

**MINUTES AFTER
BRUSHING WITH ANY
TOOTHPASTE**



**DECAY-CAUSING
BACTERIA RETURN TO
ATTACK YOUR TEETH!**

**12 HOURS AFTER
ONE COLGATE BRUSHING
GARDOL IS**



**STILL FIGHTING
THE BACTERIA THAT
CAUSE DECAY!**

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria come back in minutes, to form acids that cause decay. Colgate's, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* *keeps on* fighting tooth decay 12 hours or more!

Thus, morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours *with just one brushing*. Ask your dentist how often you should brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And *at all times*, get Gardol protection in Colgate Dental Cream!

Cleans Your Breath
While It
Guards Your Teeth



**No other leading toothpaste
can give the 12-hour protection
against decay you get with
Colgate's with just one brushing!**

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

To settle an argument with a friend, can you tell me who played in Warner Brothers' "Romance on the High Seas" and who sang "Put It in a Box" in the same picture?

OSCAR S. WRIGHT

Winston Salem, North Carolina

Jack Carson was Peter Virgil; Janis Paige, Elvira Kent; Oscar Levant, Oscar Farrar; Doris Day, Georgia Garret; Don DeFore, Michael Kent; S. Z. Sakall, Uncle Lazlo. Doris Day sang the song.—Ed.



Doris is the songstress

Please tell me the name of the background music in "East of Eden". Has it been recorded and on what label? It was hauntingly beautiful.

RENEE F. DELONG

Allentown, Pennsylvania

"The Eden Theme". Victor Young has recorded it on Decca and Buddy Bregman's orchestra, with an harmonica solo, on an Era platter.—Ed.

I have been a subscriber to your magazine for a good many years and would like to thank you for the many enjoyable and interesting articles you have presented. I would sincerely appreciate a reply to the following questions.

Is it true that the singing voices of Harry Belafonte and Dorothy Dandridge were dubbed in the picture "Carmen Jones", and if so, by whom?

Could you possibly tell the correct age of Estelita, the Cuban entertainer who was just divorced from Grant Withers?

ELAINE RICH

Miami Beach, Florida

Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte are both fine singers, but the roles called for operatic singing. The voices were dubbed in since neither is an operatic singer. Marilyn Horne sang for Dorothy; Le Vern Hutcherson for Harry. To your second query, Estelita was born on July 2, but like many women, doesn't reveal the year.—Ed.

A lot of girls here went to see "The Silver Chalice" some time ago. We all enjoyed it very much. Can you tell us who played Pier Angeli's husband?

ALICE GARRETT and BARBARA CRAWFORD

Mocksville, North Carolina

Paul Newman. This is his only movie to date.—Ed.

My neighbor and I, after seeing "Battle Cry", are having quite a bit of controversy

as to whether Fess Parker had the very bit part in that movie as the guitar-playing Marine in the barracks.

I say "no", that Davy Crockett was his first movie. Please help us settle this. I've tried to gain this information everywhere. You're my last hope.

MRS. HELEN WILHARBER

St. Paul, Minnesota

Your last hope has the answer and your neighbor is right this time. Fess Parker was the guitar-playing Marine.—Ed.

I wish you would help settle an argument a friend and I had. She said that "Giant" would have to be cut because James Dean died before it was completed. Is this true?

PAT DECKER

Walden, New York

The portions of the film in which James Dean appears had been completed before his untimely death. Therefore, the picture will go ahead for release without having to be shortened.—Ed.

Please settle two arguments between my girl friend and I. Has the movie, "Princess of the Nile" been released, or has it been cancelled? Also, what has happened to "The Conqueror"?

What stars are in these pictures?

BONNIE HARRAH and JACKIE LOWELL

Niles, Michigan

"Princess of the Nile" was released in June, 1954. It starred Debra Paget; Jeff Hunter; and Michael Rennie. "The Conqueror" will be released around the beginning of the year. Susan Hayward and John Wayne are the stars.—Ed.



Sterling needs a good role

I'm sure many of your other readers besides myself would appreciate hearing something about those two fine leading men, Jack Palance and Sterling Hayden.

Both of them have yet to receive the parts and recognition they really deserve.

JANE MORROW

Freeport, New York

And both of them are 6'4". Jack was born February 18 in Lattimer, Pa. This prizefighter weighs in at 195 lbs., has black hair and hazel eyes. Sterling's blond and blue-eyed, weighs 220 lbs. He was born in Montclair, N. J. on March 26, 1916.—Ed.

Let's face it. Katharine Hepburn is a wonderful actress. Once in a while (if we're lucky) we hear about a movie she is making. This is all too seldom!

But what about her personal life? Is she married? If so, to whom? Where was she born? How old is she? How tall? What will her next movie be?

MELINDA KRAUS

Willoughby, Ohio

Born November 8, 1909 in Hartford, Connecticut. She is 5'8". She was divorced from Ludlow Smith in 1934 and has not remarried. She may be currently seen in "Summertime". You can look forward to seeing Katie and Bob Hope in "Not for Money", which they are making in Europe.



Katharine Hepburn—still going strong

CASTING:

I have recently read Marjorie Morningstar by Herman Wouk. It could be made into a wonderful movie. Here is my idea of a good cast: Marjorie, Donna Reed; Noel, Edmund Purdom; Marsha, Eva Marie Saint; Mike, Rory Calhoun; Milton, Jose Ferrer; Mrs. Morgenstern, Gertrude Berg.

K. T. NEVILLE

Monroe, La.

I have just read James A. Michener's novel Sayonara. The story is a tender, heartbreaking one that I'm sure would make a wonderful movie.

For casting, the role of Floyd, Farley Granger; Hanogi, Shirley Yamaguchi; Joe, Robert Wagner; Katsumi, Win Min-Than; Eileen, Janet Leigh.

With the fine performances these stars could give to these roles, I think some studio would be wise to screen this book.

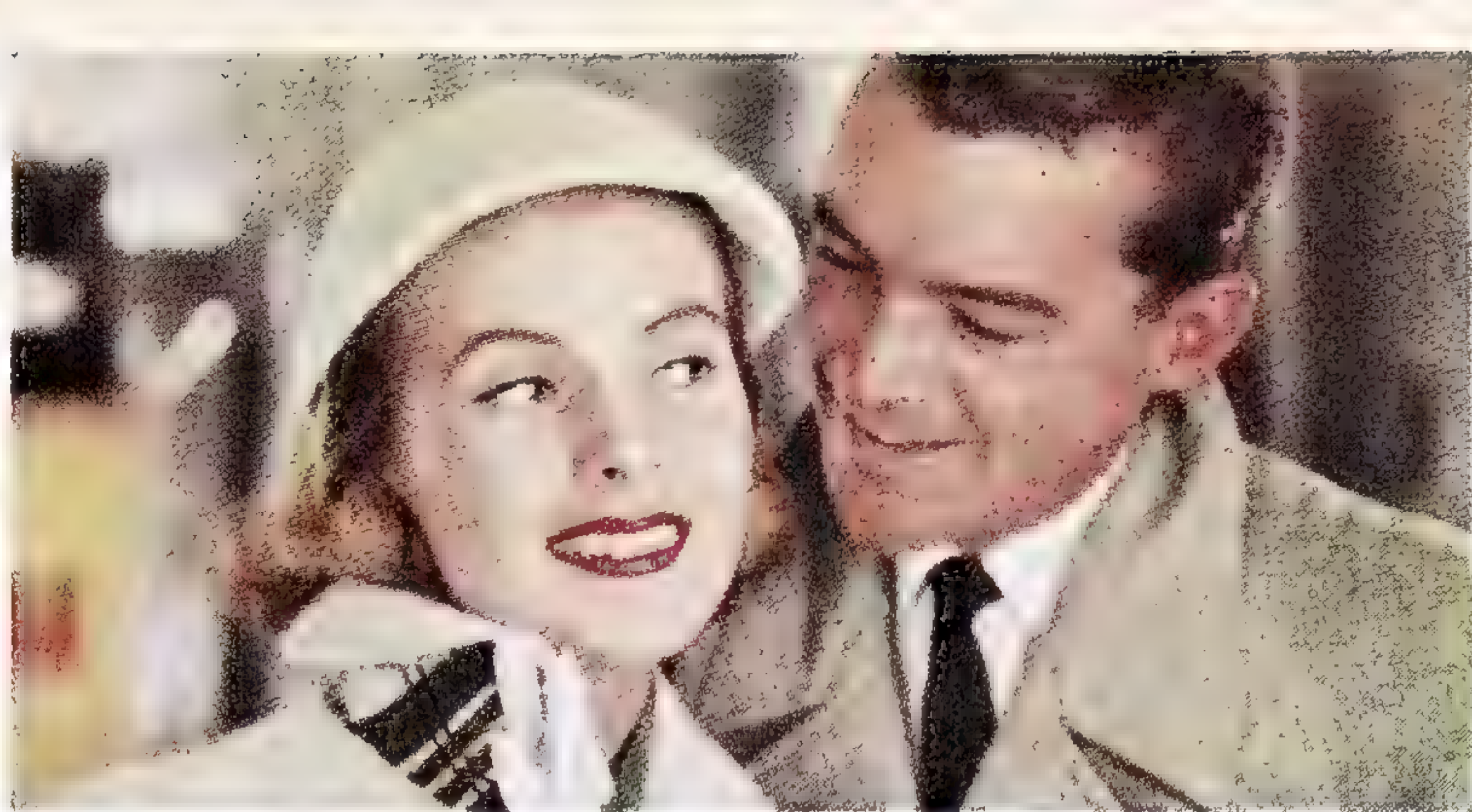
SANDI HENSCHEL

Queens, N. Y.

Please address your letters to Readers Inc., PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We'd like nothing better than to answer every letter we receive asking for information and addresses of the stars. We can't! Each week hundreds of letters are received. We can only answer a limited number in Readers Inc. each month. We suggest, therefore, that if you want to start a fan club or write your favorite stars, address them at their studios. And if you're collecting photographs, a good bet is to investigate the commercial organizations that have pictures for sale. ED.



SHE: "Wouldn't you like to meet Cyd Charisse in Las Vegas?"



HE: "I sure would. But meanwhile I'm pretty happy right here with you!"

To him you're just as lovely as a movie star

Naturally, you want to look as pretty for him—and for yourself—as you possibly can. And for the fresh glowing skin that's a beauty asset to any girl, use new Lux! That's what 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars do. Cyd Charisse finds new Lux is great for her skin—keeps it soft, fresh-looking!

Cosmetic lather is the secret

Fresh glowing skin is dependent, to a large extent, on proper moisture balance. And Lux's rich, creamy lather has a cosmetic action that maintains moisture balance, helps keep your skin radiant.

Gently massage this Cosmetic lather into your skin. In a matter of seconds, the cosmetic action of new Lux is completed. We think you'll be as pleased with this simple, easy skin care as the Hollywood stars are.

New Lux is sealed in Gold Foil

... and this unique gold foil wrap protects all the famous Lux qualities ... its wonderful fragrance, dazzling whiteness, Cosmetic lather. Only new Lux gives you both Cosmetic lather and new Reynolds gold foil protection. Today you don't have to be a movie star to have a movie star's complexion. That's the beauty of new Lux in Gold Foil.



Cyd Charisse

... stunning dancer, beautiful girl. And to keep her complexion fresh and glowing, she gives it regular new Lux care

Stop—and love your "new look"

No "heavy make-up" maskiness
No powdery dryness



Today's perfect "complexion"!
In its Mirror Case, \$1*

Go
Angel Face
by POND'S

go sweet...go fresh-faced...go young!

You just have to be natural—but oh! how you love to be beautiful! And this is the very reason why today more girls use Pond's Angel Face than any other complexion flattery. Not just powder. Not just make-up. Angel Face is a miracle blend of finest-milled powder and smoothing vaporized beauty oils! Delicate, clinging, never drying—you're your loveliest in Angel Face by Pond's!



New!
The "Blue Angel" Case

This "youngest" Angel Face case is in charming blue plastic. With plushy puff and your choice of all 8 fresh-faced Angel Face shades—only 59¢*

LAUGHING STOCK

A Hollywood animal trainer has been so impressed by the do-it-yourself trend, he's thinking of selling full-grown tigers by mail order with a book of instructions entitled: "Subdue It Yourself."

Jerry Lewis stopping a heckler in a night club: "You've got thirty-two teeth—would you like to try for none?"

Dean Martin confessing he's a liar: "Why, every time I open the refrigerator door and the light hits me in the face, I sing three songs."

Overheard at Ciro's: "I was wearing one of those dresses that starts late and ends early."

A movie starlet thanked Jackie Gleason for a kiss.

"Don't mention it," replied Jackie, "the pressure was all mine."

Wail of an actor: "I have trouble cashing checks. I don't know of a single place where I'm unknown."

A naive young actress was being rushed by an aging star.

"Don't you understand," he pleaded, "I want to marry you. I want you to be the mother of my children."

"But how many do you have?" she asked

Backstage sign at a burlesque theater: "Proceed at your own risque."

Audie Murphy, World War II hero, flipped it after seeing his film biography, "To Hell and Back":

"You know something? I was much braver in the picture."

Intelligence report on the Jack Webb-Dorothy Towne domestic split: Neighbors were unaware of trouble. The Webbs argued *Dragnet* style—in whispers.

As Jimmy Durante sees it:

"Eddie Fisher may be the darling of the teenagers, but I'm the devil of the girdle group."

Sign on a San Fernando Valley cattle crossing near Jack Oakie's ranch:

"Drive carefully. The life you save may be next year's T-Bone steak."

There was a dyed pink poodle in a Las Vegas night-club show. Observed a wit: "If pink poodles get to be a trend, I'm going into the business of raising charcoal black fleas."

Hollywood movie-set slang is rich with such words as grip, juicer, gobo, scrim and baby doll. But Rosalind Russell introduced a new one during the filming of "Picnic." Every time she needed the wardrobe woman on the set, she called out for: "Girdle gaffer."

Gig Young to a fledgling actor: "A man

*plus tax

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON*

realizes he's become a character actor when he has more lines in his face than in his script."

Talking about Liberace's bit role in a movie several years ago, somebody said: "They cut him down to half a smile and nobody recognized him."

A Hollywood couple with armies of kinfolk just ordered bathroom towels embroidered with "His Relatives" and "Her Relatives."

George Gobel said it: "I'm too poor to paint and too proud to whitewash."

Overheard: "The hardest thing to tell is a woman's age—especially if she's listening."

A movie queen was celebrating her birthday with a party at a Hollywood night club. "It's a delightful party," said a friend. "What did your husband give you?" Star: "A dozen beautiful arguments."

Irene Ryan said it: "The average income of a Hollywood starlet is about 3 a.m."

Basil Rathbone is as famous for his villain roles as his Sherlock Holmes portrayal. Most of his black-hearted heavies have been in period films in which the hero kills Basil in a duel in the last reel.

Observes Basil: "I've been on the end of a sword more often than Shiskabob."

Starlet to a wolf at the Mocambo: "Go away—when I want you I'll rattle your cage."

Suggested motto for a certain movie star's family crest: "In Hoc Tu Ofn."

A snooty Beverly Hills matron telephoned her fur designer and said: "I want you to make a Davy Crockett coonskin cap for my little daughter. But don't use ordinary coon fur—make it up in silver blue or breath of spring coon."

Sign over the desk of a writer for Red Skelton: "He who laughs, lasts."

Dorothy Shay claims a hypochondriac is a person who can't leave feeling well enough alone.

A pixie movie agent swears he's going to cash in on Rock Hudson's zooming career by naming his next new actor discovery "Hunk Stone."

Mae West was dripping with diamonds when she posed for a picture with Cary Grant. "Cash and Cary?"

At a Hollywood wedding reception one of the male guests looked so gloomy another guest decided to cheer him up with: "Have you kissed the bride?"

"Not lately," replied the gloomy one.

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station



"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Jeanne Crain. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!



Jeanne Crain

starring in "THE SECOND GREATEST SEX"

A Universal-International Picture. Print by Technicolor. In CinemaScope.



You can have **That Ivory Look** in just 7 days

This very young lady has the right idea for a bright new complexion for you! It's so simple, too. For baby-smooth, baby-soft skin, change to regular care with her pure, mild Ivory Soap. Yes, the milder your soap, the prettier your skin will be. Soft, clear, dewy-fresh skin is That Ivory Look!



33% PURE...IT FLOATS



Wash your face regularly with pure, mild Ivory. Mild enough for baby's skin—so right for *your* complexion.

MORE DOCTORS ADVISE IVORY THAN ANY OTHER SOAP!

Real-life drama

an open letter
to
our readers:

In the years since I've been publishing PHOTOPLAY magazine, I've come more and more to the realization that no other magazine in the world offers such a telling composite picture of human beings in relation to life in a single community. Hollywood is like every other small town in the country—with its heartaches and its joys. Yet, in one respect, it is unique. In Hollywood everything happens twice as fast and twice as violently as in other communities.

In this single issue of PHOTOPLAY, for example, there are several real-life stories which range from the near-tragic to the sublime.

For instance, the two-year battle of Susan Hayward with her former husband Jess Barker has led to a suicide attempt, a violent disagreement about custody of her children and finally a scandal that rocked her neighborhood.

On the other hand, Pier and Vic Damone emerged triumphantly happy after a period when both Pier and her unborn child were in danger as a result of an accident. Everyone in Hollywood rejoices with them in their happiness.

For sheer poignancy, read the statements of a mother and father of a movie star, Kim Novak, who has been brutally scandalized in the public prints. The parents are sitting helpless to act in Chicago. Kim battles for the truth in Hollywood.

On a happy note, Tab Hunter explains how his life-long faith has sustained him through all the uncertainties of building a career.

And there is young Russ Tamblyn, whose marriage on St. Valentine's Day to pretty, young Venetia Stevenson will flutter the hearts of all Hollywood—and everyone who loves a lover.

Family ties stand firm in these pages, too, with a wonderfully warm story by the father of Bob Wagner—and a super-rooting job of a daughter for her father in a Nancy Sinatra, Jr. account of life with Frank on a recent trip.

Only in PHOTOPLAY do you get such vivid stories of the people of that big-little town called Hollywood. You'll find them in this issue and every issue.

J. S. Manheimer

Publisher, Photoplay Magazine

Leap Year Valentines



Piper Laurie: *With side-long glance she tempts him and—he's off to buy a wedding band!*



Natalie Wood: *If she should ask him he'd be reeling—with that real gone crazy feeling*

INSIDE STUFF

*Cal York's
Gossip of Hollywood*

Leap Year Girls: It isn't generally known that Leslie Caron had one of her rare dates with James Dean just before his life ended so tragically. But before she embarked for Paris to spend the holidays with her beloved grandmother, the whimsical French girl confided to intimates: "I still love my career better than any man I know!" . . . Piper Laurie, on the other hand, is all for marriage and hopes the "right" man comes along in 1956. G. David Schine, who once obtained a license to marry her, is back again from Alaska, but Piper is "out" to him and *every* genial gent—except Gene Nelson. . . . Pier Angeli and Marisa Pavan buried the sisterly hatchet when Perry Rocco Luigi Damone was christened and Auntie Marisa was godmother. Currently, career comes first with Marisa and she is determined to become a "pop" singer. She's enlisted M-G-M coach Bobby Tucker to help her cut a trial record. . . . Carol Ohmart had one date with Hugh O'Brian, which happens to every newcomer in Hollywood. Now Paramount's new star says: "Unless it's someone serious, I prefer to stay home and study." And that's just what she's doing! . . . At the ripe old age of eighteen, Natalie Wood has so many beaux, she could use a double! At the moment, she "isn't talking" to Perry Lopez and Martin Millner, who was number one on Natalie's date list but has been replaced by Dennis Hopper. . . . According to Debra Paget—who should know—boy friends are still taboo during 1956. For her second Las Vegas engagement in late spring, she'll do less rock 'n' roll and modify those bumps and grinds. Her serious role of *Lilia* in "The Ten Commandments" influenced this decision. . . . Blond and beautiful Martha Hyer still ain't a-talkin' about that doctor in San Francisco. Martha admits, however, that he wants her to come up and meet his family sometime. Looks like it won't be long now! (Continued on page 82)

Piper Laurie, U-I star; Natalie Wood is in "The Searchers;" Carol Ohmart, in "The Scarlet Hour;" Marisa Pavan, in "The Rose Tattoo" and "Diane;" Debra Paget, in "The Last Hunt;" Shirley Jones, in "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel;" Pat Crowley, in "The Square Jungle;" and Martha Hyer, in "Red Sundown"



Photographed at Hotel Del Capri



Marisa Pavan: *One look from this Italian confection and guys'd run—in her direction!*



Debra Paget: *Though she is shy of romance yet—watch it men, what she wants she'll get!*

Carol Ohmart: *Her cool, cool looks and sultry air bode trouble for guys debonair!*

Shirley Jones: *If she should chase a guy (how silly!) he'd better run like mad (but wil-ly?)*



Pat Crowley: *With laughing eyes, this saucy she, could snare the most elusive he*

Martha Hyer: *Should she propose this bright Leap Year, he'd sigh and say "I surrender, dear!"*



In spite of the outward changes, incidents like his unconventional flight from newsmen, left, prove Marlon is still the same unpredictable guy



LUCK IS A LADY FOR BRANDO



To keen observers, Brando's discarding of blue jeans, more sociable attitude, are just the normal processes of maturing. Careerwise, he's showing a preference for lighter roles—as in "Guys and Dolls"; the one he'll play in "Teahouse of the August Moon" with Machiko Kyo, right—to brooding parts that made him famous

Solving the riddle of Marlon Brando has everyone coming up with a different character. But if you face the facts in this story, the guy figures!

**BY
CHARLES
KNEFLER**

EDITOR'S NOTE: If all the words about Marlon Brando—written, spoken and implied; good, bad and indifferent—were strung together, they would circle the globe many times. But, other than that, what do they all add up to? How much truth is to be gained from them as to what Marlon is really like? That has been for each individual to decide, because so far Marlon has shed only vague and, occasionally, conflicting bits of enlightenment on himself. He has said repeatedly that his personal life is his own business and he intends to keep it that way. But this will never do! say we—and you, we hope. So we decided to try to solve the riddle of this modern-day sphinx by consulting someone who is noted for riddle-solving—an astrologer, who provided some surprising and fascinating information. Perhaps you will agree with what follows, or you may not. Either way, we had fun comparing notes with the stars—Hollywood and astrological—and we hope you do, too.

● Marlon Brando took his first deep breath on April 3, 1924, in Omaha, Nebraska. He was born under the sign of Aries—the first sign of the zodiac—which is characterized by energy, drive, a pioneering spirit, great independence and new ideas. According to his horoscope, Marlon is doubly endowed with this sign, which makes him a man with double-barreled talents who is doubly (Continued on page 107)

Marlon Brando
is in "Guys and Dolls"



● Best known in this country for "The Robe," the intense personality and brilliant acting of Richard Burton illuminate in "Alexander the Great" another drama of ancient times. The life of the Greek warrior-king fired the imagination of Robert Rossen, who wrote, produced and directed the movie for U.A. release. Determined to make Alexander live again as a man, not alone as a mighty conqueror, Rossen entrusted the role to Burton, surrounded him with international stars: America's Fredric March, England's Claire Bloom and France's Danielle Darrieux. Too vital to be overshadowed by the sweeping battle scenes (shot in Spain and Spanish Morocco), these players put history on a personal level.

In fourth century B. C., Philip (Fredric March) and Alexander (Richard Burton) fight to unify Greece



'66 ALEXANDER THE GREAT '99

Richard Burton and Claire Bloom are historic lovers in an epic that hits a new high in eye-dazzling spectacle



Genius in battle, Alexander becomes king of Greece after his father is killed in a shocking maneuver of treachery. The new king goes on to conquer Persia and march on India. As widow of an enemy general, Claire Bloom is a beautiful prize of war. But captor and captive fall deeply in love



WE'RE NOT TOO

*"It isn't
the calendar years
you tick off
that make you
grown-up,"
says Russ.
And listening
to him and
his girl you
know why all
the world loves
young lovers
like these*



Russ and Venetia are hoping to find an apartment in the San Fernando Valley



At W. & J. Sloane, they shop for furniture: "livable modern, not too abstract"



Their youth belies their wisdom as they carefully peruse chinaware then, below, get even more practical and consider what Sloane's has to offer in clothes driers



At Juel Park, a delighted Venetia shows a dismayed Russ dainty bridal lingerie, but Russ gets the better of her, below, as they resume their apartment-hunting

BY DOROTHY MANNING

*Russ Tamblyn is
in "The Last Hunt"*



YOUNG TO MARRY



Venetia Stevenson and Russ Tamblyn become serious at Cy Sandlor's, where they got her engagement ring. They're so in love and, says Russ, "We have much to give each other"

● "When Venetia and I announced our engagement last summer," Russ Tamblyn began, "we knew there would be head-shakings, tsk-tsks, and questions like, 'Pretty young for marriage—a girl not yet eighteen and a boy just turning twenty-one—don't you think? Isn't that putting two strikes against your marriage right from the start?'"

"No," said Russ emphatically. "I don't think so in our particular case, and neither does Venetia. And I'll

tell you why we feel this way."

The impudent-eyed, freckle-faced young man grew serious as he leaned over the table in the M-G-M commissary, so earnest in explaining his views that his luncheon steak grew cold. Sitting next to him was an enraptured Venetia Stevenson, an ash blond with huge, clear cornflower-blue eyes the exact shade of her scooped-neck, form-fitting cashmere dress and cardigan. Her steak also went forgotten as she quietly

drank in Russ's words of wisdom.

"Here's the way Venetia and I feel about it," Russ continued. "We both have former high-school classmates our ages who are no more ready to consider the solemn step of marriage than they are to—go lion-hunting in Africa armed with a water gun." Russ grinned, but his tone was serious. "Venetia will be eighteen on March 10th; I became twenty-one on December 30th." All right, so (Continued on page 90)



Pier Angeli will be in "Port Afrique"
Vic Damone can be seen in "Kismet"



Pier's courage when she nearly lost her baby and Vic's love, understanding have put their marriage on a solid foundation. Looking at her today, it is hard to realize that a little over a year ago sheltered Pier refused to accept adult responsibility



H EAVEN IN THEIR ARMS

*He's a bewildering bundle
of energy with laughing eyes
and clinging hands—a lovely link
in the marriage chain forged
by the love of Vic and Pier*

BY MARILYN BOOTH

● Mr. and Mrs. Vic Damone sat at a table in the Sands Hotel, Las Vegas—where Vic was heading the entertainment—having their between-shows dinner. It was after 11 p.m. Suddenly Vic turned to his lovely wife, Pier, and said excitedly, "Anna (he always calls her Anna), I finish my last show at 1:15. Go and pack. Get the bellboy to take care of everything and have the car in front of the hotel at 1:32. We're going to drive home tonight."

"But darling," Pier protested, "it's so late, and you're tired. Why don't we get a good night's sleep before we start?"

"I'm not too tired to drive home," explained her exuberant husband. "Go now and pack up."

At 1:32, Pier, the luggage, clothes on hangers and numerous stuffed animals were waiting in the car as Vic, who had changed into sport clothes and was carrying his six tuxedos, slid into the driver's seat. The Damones were going home—to their own house high in the Hollywood hills, where they would again hold heaven in their arms . . . little Perry Rocco Luigi Damone, just nine weeks old

The lights of Las Vegas (Continued on page 83)





"I bet Bob he'd marry before he was thirty. Now I think he won't—just to fool his old man!"



With mother, on location. "Bob has a long way to go but I'm proud of what he's accomplished"

*Nothing gives R. J.
a bigger kick than putting something
over on the old man.
Well, this time the shoe's
on the other foot!
Just read about*

MY BOY - BOB WAGNER

*By
Robert Wagner, Sr.*

Wagner with his father, R. J., Sr.



Bob takes the stage—at East High School, to introduce Ann Lasater as Lady Echo of 1955

● During my twenty-five years in the automobile business and twenty years with flourishing steel organizations, I've always managed to survive as an individual. But one of these days, I used to tell Mrs. Wagner teasingly, it's going to happen—I'm going to be known as Robert Wagner's father! We always enjoyed this private little joke immensely, but I still thought I was quite a pumpkin.

Then one pleasant summer evening, we made a last-minute decision. Throwing a few things into an overnight bag, we drove up to Beverly Hills from La Jolla, where we've been living in semi-retirement. We have a key to our son's apartment, and he'd never forgive us if we failed to occupy his spare bedroom when we're in town. However, in our haste, we overlooked one small detail of momentary importance.

It was Thursday night—which is when most of Beverly Hills dines out. Our chances of being served immediately looked slim. There was a choice of coming back later, or adding our name to a long waiting list. We decided to wait, and gave our name.

"Robert Wagner!" exclaimed the maitre d'. "What a coincidence to have the same name as the popular actor." (Continued on page 96)

SUSAN HAYWARD: TROUBLE BAIT

BY ROBERT EMMETT

● Susan Hayward, dark glasses hiding her wide, brooding eyes, held her head erect as she walked through the gigantic doors to the sound stage at Twentieth. She looked neither to right nor left, but there was a defiant tilt to her head as she braced herself for the first encounter with her fellow-workers after the newspaper stories about her "tussle" with Don "Red" Barry's former fiancée.

Susan has been hit before—for she is a girl who attracts trouble like most women of her stunning appearance attract swains. Susan can take it—but uppermost in her mind was the effect the scandal would have on her custody case, in which she is fighting for the right to keep her twin sons at her side. Greg and Timothy were the innocent victims who couldn't fight back—and, as Susan sat in her dressing room, she thought back over the months that had just passed. For almost two years, she had been fighting for a life with her children, and blessedly, this life had been granted her for a few brief weeks when she had finished her most exciting film role, "I'll Cry Tomorrow."

The scandal might cost her an Oscar—an Oscar well deserved for

Left, actor Don "Red" Barry



Is she to be condemned by the recent headlines? Or can she be understood when you know the full story of the girl who seems tragically unable to avoid unhappiness



Continued





In '38, Hollywood was new, exciting world to Susan, on date here with Walter Kane, Lynn Bari, Victor Orsatti

Susan Hayward is in "I'll Cry Tomorrow" and "The Conqueror"



Studios kept her posing for cheesecake art, told her she couldn't act. "Go home," they said. Susan stayed!



Then Louella Parsons took June Preisser, Arleen Whelan, other starlets on tour—and Susan was included

TROUBLE BAIT

Continued

For Susan, life in Hollywood wasn't to be any easier than it had been in Brooklyn. But the deeper the hurt, the more fiercely she fought for the chance to be somebody

this performance—for fellow voters in Hollywood are often swayed by the personal reputation of an actress when casting their ballots. But, more than that—after all, the Oscar has been within her grasp twice before—Susan wondered if she could ever again relive the brief but beautiful period she had recently had with her children. Susan smiled to herself as she recalled Timothy and Greg alighting from a United Airlines stratocruiser at the Honolulu airport, eardeep in leis. Timothy had turned to Susan and gasped, "Let's come back again next year and every year forever, huh?"

A man of ten is able to plan "forever." Having decided to become a scientist when he grows up, as Timothy has, all else seems simple.

It would have been easy for Susan to say, in the manner of the average parent, "Oh, sure," but Susan couldn't. As always, with her sons, she had to give a definite and candid answer. "Probably in *two* years," she said. "And won't it be wonderful." Timothy and Greg knew their mother was being honest, for it was just two years before that Susan had taken them there.

Next came the excitement of checking into the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, then into swim suits, and hitting the

beach in search of the remembered friends who constitute the unchanging welcome of The Islands to many people: the beach boys. They found Chick Daniels still at The Royal, Steamboat at the Outrigger Canoe Club, Philip at the Princess Kaiulani.

Susan and the boys were happy as dolphins as they dove into the surf. Susan came out first to find Phil on the beach watching the two boys surfboarding. "They're okay," he said, his eyes narrow against the sun. "They're friends with the sea; they can really surf ride."

It was as if King Neptune himself had spoken. Susan's heart swelled with pride and she beamed. Watching her sons, well tanned after hours in their own pool, riding the waves like natives, she thought, "They're well coordinated; well adjusted. Things haven't been easy for them, but they have healthy minds in healthy bodies. That's proved by their ease and confidence in new situations."

Susan made arrangements with an aquatic photographer to take pictures of the boys on their surfboards, then went to her room to rest. Lying on the puni, she could hear the gentle wash of the surf, the gossip of mynah birds, the shouting of her children on the beach. Somewhere, distantly, she could detect the soft thrum-



DeMille gave her break in "Reap the Wild Wind" but though critics raved, few good roles came her way



To Susan, this house was a symbol of her success. But the swimming pool became—a symbol of divorce!



With Jess not working steadily, twins to support, it was five years before she could afford furniture

In 1953, Jess shared her triumph when she won Photoplay Gold Medal Award for her acting in "With a Song in My Heart"



With Jess Barker she found love. With Walter Wanger she found fame, won Oscar nomination for "Smashup"

ming of a guitar and an Islander singing. Tension drained out of her muscles and an old, old aching departed from her spirit.

Without conscious effort, she began to hum one of the songs from the picture she had completed only a few days before boarding the plane for Honolulu. Titled "I'll Cry Tomorrow," it tells the story of singer Lillian Roth, who descended into a living hell, then somehow collected the courage to fight back by tortured steps to health, love, and a new career.

It had been just before she started this picture that Susan herself had returned from the brink of a mental inferno which had kept her in the hospital for a week, recovering from an overdose of sleeping pills. With the congratulations of an entire studio for her performance ringing in her ears, it seemed impossible that Susan was the same girl who had, weeks before, been in such despair. But here she was in Honolulu, and her thoughts were concerned with the new horizons opened to her by an accident of fate.

It had started simply enough. Johnny Green, head of M-G-M's music department, asked Susan to make a voice recording for him so that the (Continued on page 80)

Then—heartache. Attempts to reconcile the pair failed. And the world learned the bitter truth behind divorce



Courageously, she picked up the pieces, welded them into new life with sons. On the surface, she was happy





"If you're given a break, you don't dare drift. I've had to adopt Hollywood's work habits, study constantly"

KIM NOVAK-

Stabbed By Scandal

*A plea for people
to read the truth about
those so-called facts
that made Kim another
victim of slander*

● "Let's straighten out the whole record! I've always wanted the facts known."

Kim Novak is this direct today.

"The full story of how I got into pictures and how I feel about life now," she adds earnestly, "has never been told, and I want to be completely honest here."

Because she personally asked PHOTOPLAY to tell what actually has happened to her, we publish as an exclusive feature what Kim wants to make crystal

clear. First, we made a thorough investigation of the recent reports that tried to sabotage her good character. You might have read a cruel distortion of how she was discovered. But you probably don't know that the author of such a tale hides cowardly behind an anonymous name. Kim has been scandalously painted as an ambition-driven girl who'd let nothing stand in the way of a film career. Why should she sit quietly and take such lies any longer? Has she been wearing a deceitful mask? Or has she

Kim's in "Picnic" and "The Man with the Golden Arm"



"I had no desire to be an actress until Columbia made me aware that acting, as a career, was possible for me"



With dad and actor Brian Keith. About scandal story her dad says, "I'm sorry people can be taken in by such yarns"



"We have faith in Kim—so does anyone who really knows her," says her mother, here with Kim, latter's beau, Mac Krim

been the victim of vicious talk begun by a couple of envious, grasping men after the talent and extraordinary self-discipline she has shown have made her a big star?

This is Kim's answer:

"I've always had to work hard for the rewards Hollywood gives. I always worked hard (Continued on page 86)

After two years of her name in lights, Kim still walks to work, lives at Studio Club with Rita Moreno, other girls



Know the Stars



GEORGE NADER

The male winner, U-I's new bet is in "The Second Greatest Sex"



JOAN COLLINS

"The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing" made 20th's girl top



BILL CAMPBELL

U-I's "Running Wild" star, this outstanding runner-up

BY HILDEGARDE JOHNSON

You Chose

● For the eighth time, PHOTOPLAY readers have judged the hottest players of the year and come up with the twenty they believe are destined to reach the heights. Look back to the first of the "Choose Your Stars" ballots, in 1948, to see what shrewd prophets you moviegoers can be. Then newcomers, their careers barely started, these players were among the group tagged for future fame: Rory Calhoun, Montgomery Clift, Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, Janet Leigh, Doris Day, Terry Moore. Doris, for instance, had been seen in only one movie—but that was enough for the sharp-eyed voters. Now here are the twenty players expected to forge ahead most vigorously in 1956. Some are as new to movies as Doris was then; some have been plugging away stubbornly, waiting for the big chance to come their way. With your votes, you have told all twenty that they have your confidence, and this itself furnishes them with motive power toward success.



MARISA PAVAN

M-G-M cast her in "Diane," lent her to Paramount for "Rose Tattoo"



JEFF MORROW

Next in "The World in My Corner," this fine actor has U-I's backing



ANITA EKBERG

Paramount borrowed her from Wayne-Fellows to do "Artists and Models"



RICHARD EGAN

Under contract to 20th, Dick will be in "The Revolt of Mamie Stover"

Continued



KATHRYN GRANT

A Columbia charmer, Kathryn's currently in "The Last Frontier"



ALDO RAY

"Three Stripes in the Sun" is his most recent for Columbia



TAB HUNTER

Warners has Tab set next for "The Girl He Left Behind"

Know the Stars You Chose *Continued*



MARTHA HYER

Now a U-I player, Martha will soon be appearing in "Red Sundown"

SHIRLEY JONES

The "Oklahoma!" lovely repeats in "Carousel," for 20th





PAT WAYNE

He's in Warners' "The Searchers," starring dad John



BEN COOPER

A Republic contractee, Ben is in "The Fighting Chance"



RAY DANTON

In U-I's "The Spoilers" and Metro's "I'll Cry Tomorrow"



RUSS TAMBLYN

M-G-M's dance star is a man of action in "The Last Hunt"

When PHOTOPLAY asked you to "Choose Your Stars" of the future, you were given the professional backgrounds and career situations of each nominee. As always, you made your choice with unerring instinct. Now—meet *your* stars on a personal basis.

On the feminine side, you foresee the most brilliant prospects for a lovely English girl, JOAN COLLINS. Born in London on May 23, 1933, she was evacuated from her native city during World War II's blitzes. Educated all

over the country, she returned to make her start as actress and model. Before Hollywood snatched her, she was married to actor Maxwell Reed, but they've been separated for two years.

Your first choice among male stars is totally unattached and eminently eligible. Though GEORGE NADER was born in Pasadena, California (October 19, 1921), he got his start in foreign-made films and on tv. Note to the ladies: His tastes are pretty conservative, leaning toward the old-fashioned

girl. A Navy veteran of World War II, he gets back into uniform for "Away All Boats."

Among the runners-up are other prime bets for matrimony. Your boy BEN COOPER has been around only since September 30, 1933, so give him time. From Hartford, Connecticut, Ben took off for a kid-actor career on New York's stage and airwaves. He came to Hollywood as a youthful veteran, cast most recently in Wallis-Paramount's "The Rose Tattoo." (Continued on page 110)



SUSAN STRASBERG

After Columbia's "Picnic," a stage hit kept her spotlighted



COLLEEN MILLER

A U-I discovery, she'll be in their "The Rawhide Years"



LOIS SMITH

Warners has her contract, gave time off for stage play



NATALIE WOOD

Also Warner player, she has big role in "The Searchers"



The higher you go, the more you need something greater to sustain you. Because life, Tab found, has a way of cutting you down to size

"Don't be too BIG to Believe!"

Tab Hunter will be in
"The Yanks Are Here"



Holidaying in Vienna, Tab visited St. Stephan Cathedral, above, went sightseeing, below. Looking back, Tab realizes that only his faith, teachings of his Church pulled him through. "Harsh criticism can make a man lose faith in his ability unless he has a solid religion."



BY MAXINE BLOCK

● The husky, bronzed young man with the wide, little-boy grin and the unruly, though carefully combed, blond hair gently edged Debbie Reynolds through the crowd around Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood on a certain night two years ago. Encircling them was all the hoopla of a premiere—the blaring loudspeaker, the fans packed in portable bleachers, ropes, excitement, the incandescence of spotlights.

"Tab Hunter! We want Tab!" shrieked the bobby-soxers. "Taberoo. Come here! Sign my autograph book! Please stand still so we can take your picture . . ."

Here was a young man clearly touched by overnight fame—stardust . . . money—another envied threat to all the young would-be actors in town. But closer scrutiny revealed that Tab's dinner jacket was limp and badly cut, the sleeves had been noticeably lengthened, and his evening slippers were a shade too tight. Behind his grinning, boyish exuberance, a close observer could catch in his youthful hazel eyes a flicker of uncertainty, a vague sense of panic, even a glint of bitterness.

"I was, in the eyes of the fans, a big star—a symbol of success," Tab recalls with (Continued on page 102)

Tab's set for "The Girl He Left Behind"





Dana's mad about American men, says "I intend to marry one some day!"

BY HELEN BOLSTAD

● She can dance like an angel, make love like fury, drive a car like a demon. And, if motion-picture film was still made of inflammable celluloid, that old saying about "setting the screen on fire" doubtless would be revived.

But dark-eyed, dainty, vivacious Dana Wynter can also run a tractor, plow a field, fly a plane, ride a horse, doctor a sick child, graciously serve tea and intelligently state in a charming combination of the Queen's English and American slang her sound opinions on a wide variety of subjects. This English-born beauty has lived on three continents, visited many countries. While she is serious about being an actress, she also says, "I wouldn't yet rule out the possibility that I may sometime finish medical school and become a practicing physician."

Dana has a spontaneous, free-flowing zest for living, coupled with the ability to overcome difficulties. When she began work on "The View from Pompey's Head," she was tagged with a label which was at once a compliment, a hope, and a handicap: "Twentieth's answer to Grace Kelly." Dana soon proved she had no need to borrow honors. By the time the film was finished, she had established on the lot—as she now is doing with the movie-going public—a clear identity of her own.

Everyone, from crewmen to press agents, was just plain crazy about her. Her co-star, Richard Egan, a bachelor well-known in Hollywood for the distance he can put between himself and any too-alluring female, has candidly con- (Continued on page 98)

WYNTER WONDER

*Watch out for Dana—for already
Hollywood is reeling from the
impact of this dainty dynamo!*



Sixty days after she landed in America, Dana was spotted on TV, given screen test

No one looking at Dana would dream she can run a tractor, plow, pilot a plane!



Dana Wynter is in "The View from Pompey's Head" and "The Body Snatchers"



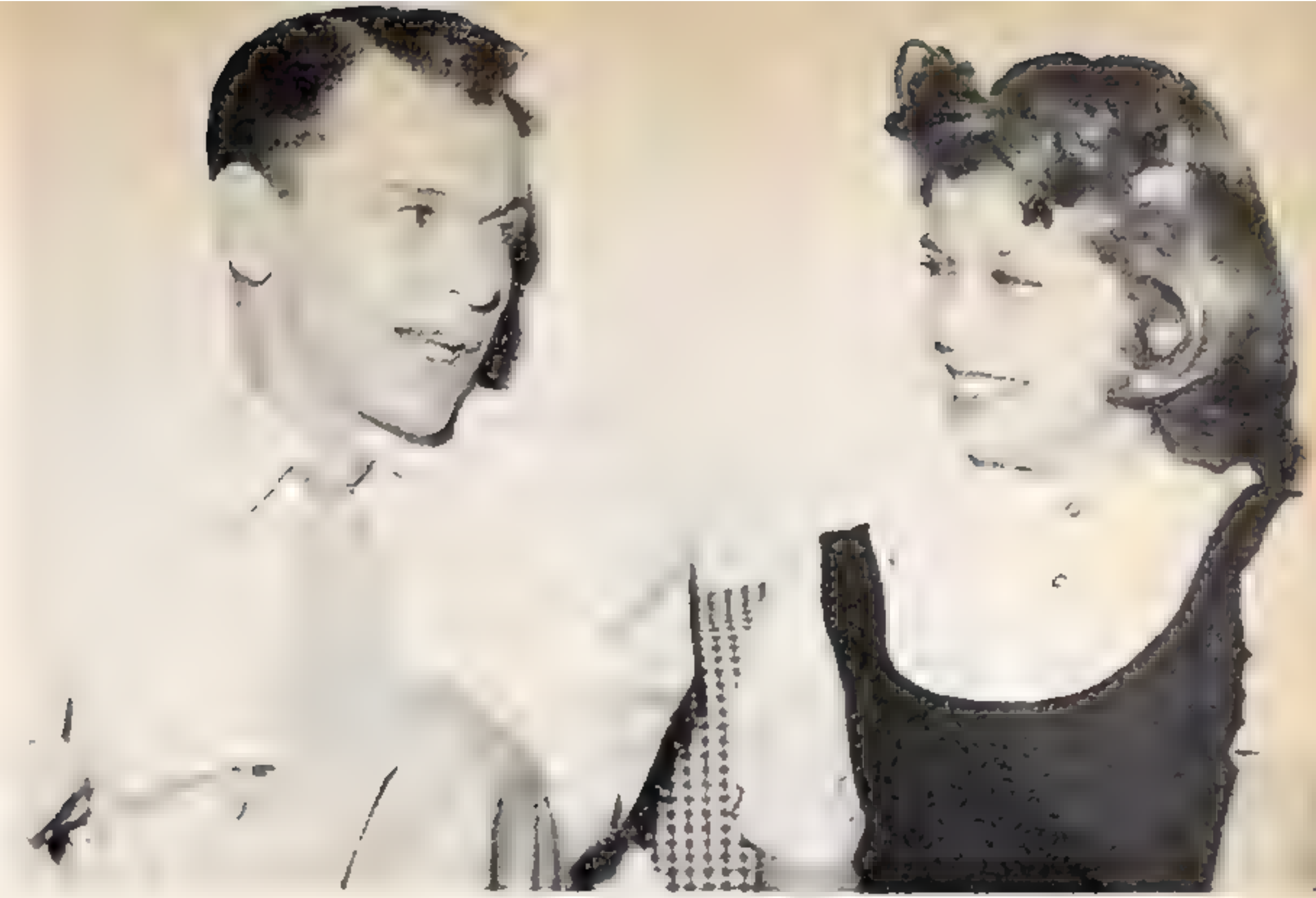
With Dick Egan, director Dunne. Says Dick, "I've got a halfway crush on her!"



*It's ten years since Frank put young America
under that spell. And he hasn't lost that
old black magic—for here's daughter Nancy
sighing* **I SWOON FOR**



When Daddy asked me if I'd like to go to Australia with him, I was short of cool comebacks... all I could think of was "Gee!"



FRANK SINATRA

Frank Sinatra is in "The Tender Trap," "Guys and Dolls," "The Man with the Golden Arm"



In Sydney, a huge delegation was waiting for us. They gave me my toy koala bear. Daddy goes all out when he's on tour—says when people come to hear him, they're entitled to the best. Another thing I admire is the way he dresses. I'm always proud of him when we go out together! (Right, with Stewart Granger)



BY NANCY SINATRA, JR.

● According to Daddy, the way to stay thin is to travel and to sing. Because I don't sing, my recipe is to travel and stay excited. That's the way I shed seven pounds in Australia.

But to begin at the beginning: I shall never forget *that* moment. It was Thanksgiving Day 1954, at about five o'clock on a wonderful day on the desert. We—our entire family including my sister Christina, my brother Frank, Mother and Daddy—were having dinner at our house in Palm Springs, and it was one of those warm, happy times when everything seems perfect.

Suddenly Daddy leaned toward me and said, "Chicken, how would you like to go to Australia with me?"

I said, I think, "Gee!" This may not be eloquent, but I had never been invited to Australia before, so I was short of cool comebacks. I also looked at Mom, who is an efficient type and thinks of everything.

She said, "When would you leave?"

Daddy said in January, and that (Continued on page 111)



CONFESSION OF A

Stewart Granger is in "Bhowani Junction"

Jean Simmons is in "Guys and Dolls"



HUSBAND IN LOVE



Home's a circus, too, now that son Jamie, above, and daughter Lindsay are living with "Jimmy" and Jean



"I know now that I can take being separated from Jean for a week or so—that any longer is intolerable"

*Every woman who has been
thrilled by words like
these—every wife who
has known such a love,
will know how tender
is the tribute*

"Jimmy" pays to Jean

BY RUTH WATERBURY

● "I am king of all I survey," said Stewart Granger, with all the swashbuckling grandeur he'd given his lines from "Scaramouche."

"I am king of all I survey," he repeated, "and it certainly isn't anything very much—and it's getting less. This house, which was Jean's and my dream house, is up for sale. My dressing room here at home, which was once my pride and joy, is now a schoolroom. It's been turned over to my son Jamie—a very large and healthy eleven and a half—and my daughter, Lindsay—a blue-eyed, golden-haired imp of nine and a half.

"They are darned nice children, I say, even if I am their doting father. But they are full of vitality and they make very large noises as they romp around the swimming pool. They have come to live with me all the time now, and they are enchanted with America. And, of course, they are enchanted with Jean.

"As for Jean, she joins them in all their (Continued on page 104)

LIVING WITH



SEE BARBARA BRITTON STARRING IN U-I'S "THE SPOILERS"

change-about fashions

Three-for-the-money clothes—like this versatile ensemble Barbara Britton selects, for Monday to Friday, or a big Saturday night. **Covering lots of weekday ground**, left, Barbara wears a black linen-look sheath with its own new black and white paisley print coat. **At a very social tea**, center, Barbara wears the willow-slim sheath alone, sparks it with a wisp of veiling, smooth black gloves.

On a second date, right, the same striking coat, here worn with equal ease over a crisp, back-bowed princess dress in white pique. The sheath with printed pique coat, about \$39.95. White bell-skirted dress, \$25. Sizes 8-16. All by Parade. Black gloves, white wristlets, Dawnelle. Uniform mock-pearl necklace, Deltah. Barbara's new longer, softer face-framing hairdo, by Frederic Jones.

YOUNG IDEAS



KIM HUNTER STARS IN "STORM CENTER," COLUMBIA

... their parts adding up to a 'round-the-calendar wardrobe

A very special day-into-night costume chosen by Kim Hunter, and proving that three fashion ways are better than one this spring. **Sightseeing in the city**, left, and Kim's a sight to see in red linen-weave redingote topping its bowed, dotted taffeta dress. **The dress partying**, center, with full-floating skirt, and lighted with crisp white collar, added satin beret for deluxe dating.

Celebrating the first warm day, right, Kim wears the back-belted coat as a princess dress, adds a print scarf, huge envelope bag. Coat in red with navy dress, or navy with red, sand with brown. Sizes 5-15. By Bobbie Brooks. \$22.95. Glovelets, Dawnelle. Beret by Betmar. Silk scarf, Baar & Beards. Calf and broadcloth envelope bag, Ronay. Kim's sleek, burnished calf pumps by Trim Tred.

For stores in cities near you, see page 112

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT AND STAN ROCKFIELD

KAREN SHARPE IS IN U.A.'S "MAN WITH A GUN"

A good idea to shop for this spring . . .

To fire your fashion imagination—three ways and means to give one ensemble as many uses as days and occasions in the month. **To dinner with her beau**, left, Karen Sharpe in a sailor-collared white linen sheath, its own bulky knit cardigan, dotted tie. **Lunch-hour shopping**, center, Karen removes the tie, adds paisley sash and bright accessories to point up crisp lines of the sheath.

At a record party, right, the sweater again, sparked with a glittering pin and teamed with bold-striped, tapering sailcloth pants. The linen sheath in white or beige with contrasting sweaters. Sizes 8-20. By Jerry Gilden. Under \$20. The pants, sizes 10-18. Joe Fligelman. \$7.95. Silk paisley scarf, Glentex. Gloves by Dawnelle. Red velveteen beret, Betmar. Red straw-weave satchel by MM.



CARROLL BAKER'S FEATURED IN WARNERS' "GIANT"

... outfits designed to lead a triple life

Parts that sweeten a wardrobe—Carroll Baker's separates, so adaptable you'll look as though your clothes money grew on trees. **Her Sunday best**, left, a cropped cape buttoned to its matching wool tweed skirt, and the newest, prettiest look of the season. **Filling in her date book**, center, Carroll in the same springweight wool skirt, teamed here with its tweed-banded black linen blouse.

Ready for a night out, right, the capelet over a whistle-slick V-throated princess sheath, molding a young figure in gleaming satin. The tweed capelet, under \$15. Matching skirt, \$12.95. Linen blouse, \$8.95. Black or navy and white tweeds. Sizes 10-18. All by Leyton. The sheath in black, red, emerald, camel, white. Sizes 8-16. By Sportwhirl. \$16.95. Profile cloche, Madcaps. Calf pumps, Trim Tred.

For Where to Buy, turn to page 112

SOCIAL PROBLEM



"To me," says Debbie, "being a carbon copy of someone else is for the birds—you have to be your real self someday"

"I think one reason my group was so happy growing up is that we took the time to enjoy growing." Right, with school pal Diane Higley



A "regular guy" to the boys, but that didn't stop them from asking for dates

"they called

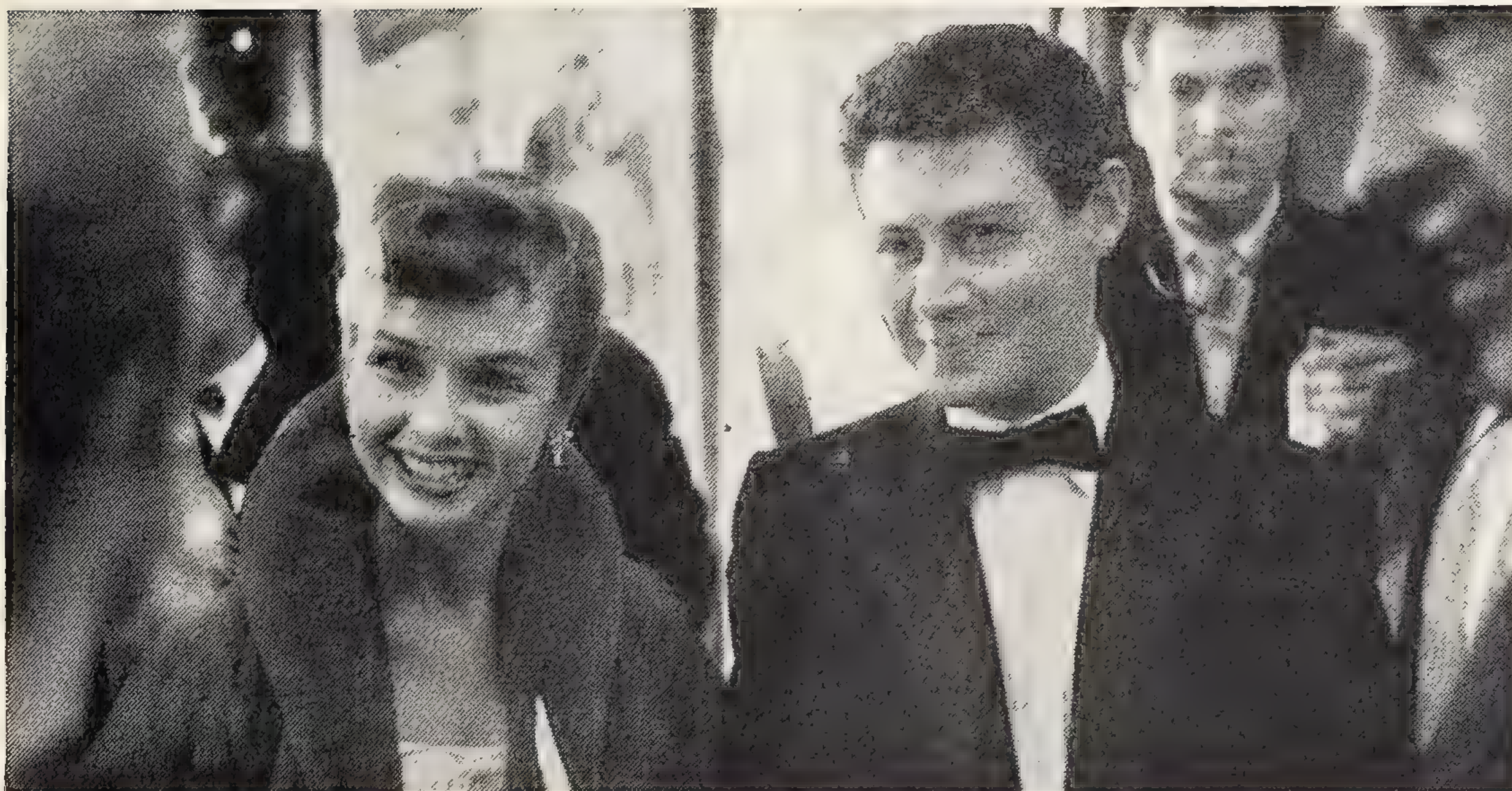
● That crazy Reynolds kid, Burbank's fourteen-year-old bombshell, blasted off from the gymnasium for her next class. Her hair was still wet from the shower and she was dressed in the usual white gym blouse, loose-fitting skirt and inevitable saddle shoes. She was fresh from a hot game of basketball, and happy.

"Hey," yelled a six-foot senior star football player from down the hall.

"Who me?" asked the surprised bombshell, wavering uncertainly on her direct course to the main building.



First date proved there was a place in her life for parties



Growing up as she did, into wholesome maturity, Debbie was able to solve her personal difficulties—reach the happy decision that made her Mrs. Eddie Fisher

me a square tomboy!”

“Commere,” said the BMOC (big man on campus).

Debbie planted her four-foot, eight-inch frame firmly and looked up. She had known Jerry in Scouts—maybe he wanted to ask her something about it. “You want to ask me a question?”

“Yeah. You going to the Aloha?” he asked casually.

“No. I’ve never gone. Who’d ask me?”

The Aloha was the graduation dance—the biggest school event of the year.

“Me. I’m asking you,” said Jerry, flashing a big smile.

The cocksure little clown of high school was suddenly flushed and flustered. With bullet-like speed, Debbie gave out with the reasons why Jerry shouldn’t ask her. “You wouldn’t want to take me. Why, I’m no fun at all. You’d get stuck with me. Besides, I don’t have a dress to wear.”

“Tell me tomorrow,” Jerry said with a patient grin and walked away.

He left behind a strangely upset Mary Frances (Debbie) Reynolds. So used to making snap decisions, she was at a loss with this one. That (*Continued on page 76*)

*Some girls think they have
to follow the leader to be liked.
Well, Debbie didn't. And look
at this "square" now!*

BY DEE PHILLIPS



With Russ Tamblyn on "Hit the Deck" set. Deb's individuality is still much in action.

what's spinning?

In the recording business, which is—perhaps more than any other—one of quick success and even quicker failure, one commodity is always at a premium, talent! And the New Year shows promise of a great deal of it. One young man generously equipped with this important commodity is Georgie Shaw, who has released a tender ballad for Decca, "No Other Arms Can Ever Hold You." This recording has all the girls wondering why they haven't heard more from this young artist. Only twenty-five years old, Georgie seems slated to become one of the nation's top artists.

"Tennessee" Ernie Ford, a country star who has appealed to both pop and folk music lovers, has one of the best recordings this reviewer has ever heard, on the Capitol label. Entitled


"Sixteen Tons," this story of miners and their lives set to music is a terrific ballad and should be a top seller.

"Unchained Melody" and "Day-break" were Al Hibbler's first big hits, and this time he has had them all rushing to the store to get his new recording, "He." Hibbler, who has been blind since birth, has proved the old adage that nothing stands in the way of greatness. Like many other vocalists, Al got his "big break" when he won first prize in an amateur show in Memphis. He then made his professional debut with a local band, then formed a band of his own. He had immediate success, but he soon found that running a band distracted him from his first love, singing. So, a short time later, Al disbanded his group and became a featured vocalist with

Jay McShan's band. After leaving McShan, Al cut several records, which led Duke Ellington to sign him up. For eight years, Hibbler toured with the Duke, and his talent became known all over the world. Since 1950, Al has been on his own as a single.

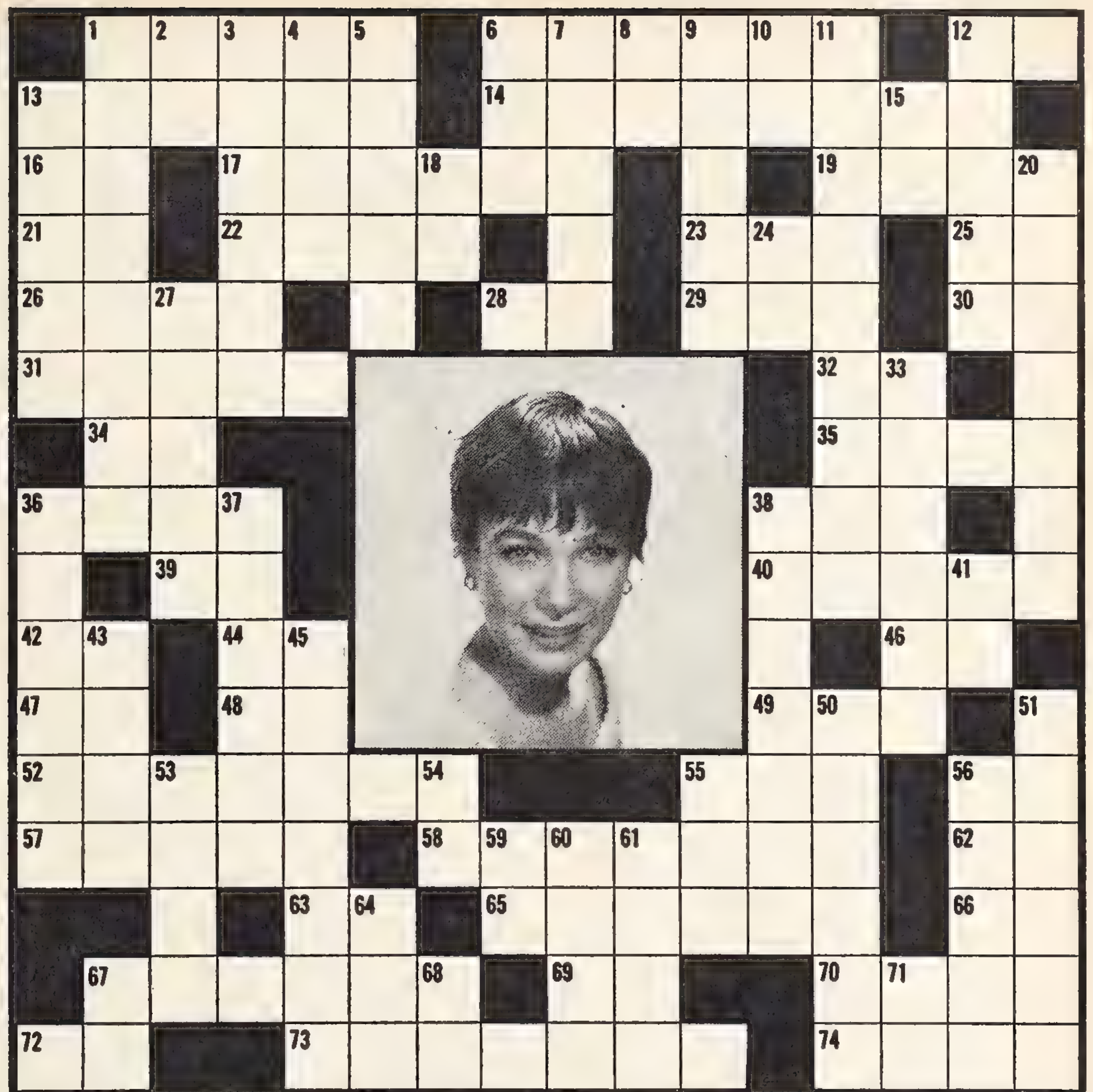
Tenor sax-jazzman Sam (The Man) Taylor, has a real gone recording for M-G-M, "As Time Goes By" and "Don't Take Your Love from Me." A native of Lexington, Kentucky, Sam taught himself to play the clarinet in high school. At Alabama State Teachers College, he learned to play the alto sax and later changed to tenor sax, which is now his specialty.

The rise of Frank Sinatra in show biz was a history-making episode which glorified the American pop singer as never before. In 1938, at 21, Frank



Evening plan: delicious music played on a high-fidelity dream phonograph while you relax, like Barbara Britton, in bold checked cotton pants, \$8.95; an Italian-inspired blouse in black poplin, \$4.95. By Loomtogs. The music maker: a three-speed automatic phonograph and radio with its own clock that magically flips on records or radio at the hour you choose. In a handsome beige case. By Philco. \$99.95

BARBARA BRITTON IS IN U-I'S "THE SPOILERS"



Across

1. "The ----- Jester"
6. Perry Damone's mama
12. "This Can't -- Love" (song)
13. Star of "Diane"
14. Sunny blond singer
16. He wears "Three Stripes in the Sun" (initials)
17. Loveliest star, some say
19. Gable's famous for these
21. "Let's Do --" (song)
22. "The ---- Man," early Hudson-Chandler film
23. Hollywood's man shortage causes --- parties
25. "-- Look at Me Now" (song)
26. David Ladd will be ---- years old next month
28. "Daddy Long Legs" (initials)
29. Natalie Wood was an actress when she was a ---
30. "-- Other Love" (song)
31. For their careers, stars sometimes put love -----
32. "-- I Loved You" (song)
34. Miss Keyes' nickname
35. "I Don't ----," a Mitzi Gaynor film
36. Marilyn ---- to be Joe DiMaggio's wife
38. "The Private --- of Major Benson"
39. "We're -- Angels"
40. Belonging to Miss Raines
42. Jerry Lewis' latest leading lady (initials)
44. Where the best movies are made
46. Initials of 17 Across
47. A major studio
48. Has this blond bombshell really retired? (initials)
49. "A Foggy ----" (song)

52. Real-life heroine of "I'll Cry Tomorrow"

55. --- Bingle
56. Newcomer in "My Sister Eileen" (initials)
57. --- stars in Hollywood pay U.S. income tax
58. Silent idol who became the father of TV's *Margie*
62. A model in "Artists and Models" (initials)
63. "Spring -- Here" (song)
65. Gordon Scott's physique isn't exactly -----
66. Lana's love in "The Rains of Ranchipur" (initials)
67. Lana's husband in the same picture
69. Initials of TV's *Long John Silver*—if you get familiar
70. In "The Rose Tattoo," Ben Cooper is in the ----
72. She sings "If I Were a Bell" (initials)
73. Singer to be seen next in "The Vagabond King"
74. Mrs. Van Johnson

Down

1. Tony and Janet
2. "Love Me -- Leave Me"
3. Hollywood couples often get the knot -----
4. "---- Window"
5. Newcomer to be seen in "The Scarlet Hour"—or silent star Glenn
6. --- *Annie* of "Oklahoma!"
7. Mrs. Burt Lancaster
8. Veteran Latin American star of "Treasure of Pancho Villa" (initials)
9. "----- Iron Men"
10. Burlesque star seen in "Son of Sinbad" (initials)
11. Pier and Marisa are not ----- twins

12. Handsome singer featured in "Glory"
13. Lady-in-waiting to the heroine of "Diane"
15. Outfit that saves Susan in "I'll Cry Tomorrow"
18. Selfish daughter in "Sincerely Yours" (initials)
20. "April -----" (song)
24. Villain of "Pete Kelly's Blues" (initials)
27. Villain of "The King's Thief"
33. Playboy of "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing"
36. Mother of Terrance Taylor
37. Most stars use a ----- for dangerous scenes
38. Nice guy who plays a nasty guy in "The Big Knife"
41. "-- Last" (song)
43. Stars love to get fan ----
45. "My ----- Hour" (song)
50. Fernando's beautiful doll
51. "----- Blackbird" (song)
53. Actors say ---- TV is tougher than filmed shows
54. "Illegal" heroine (initials)
55. Eddie might call her this
56. *Femme fatale* in "The Egyptian"
59. Heroine of "The Forbidden Planet" (initials)
60. The conquerors' nickname for the defeated in "Gone With the Wind"
61. Popular divorce center
64. --- Laurence Olivier
67. Young doctor in "Good Morning, Miss Dove" (initials)
68. *Miss Brooks* (initials)
71. Initials of Italian star who uses only a last name professionally

was earning \$15 a week as a singing waiter. Five years later, he was making \$25,000 a week as idol of the nation's bobby-soxers. Currently, Frank is in "Guys and Dolls" and "The Tender Trap." One of his latest releases on the Capitol label is "Love and Marriage," a charming dissertation on this universal subject.

To welcome in the new year, Columbia is releasing the impressive package of "The Story and Music of George Gershwin." The set has been edited by David Ewen, whose book on Gershwin's life will be published soon. Mr. Ewen, the leading authority on Gershwin, has written the lengthy notes accompanying the Gershwin package. The music included represents a musical biography of this great composer, beginning with his earliest and all but unknown songs, and continuing through all his major works and his greatest popular songs.

For your collection:

If you have all ten, you're the talk of the crowd. If you have eight, you're in the groove. If you have only six, you'll be hearing whispers behind your back.

1. "Adorable," on the Atlantic label, sung by The Drifters.

2. "C'est La Vie," as only Sarah Vaughan could sing it, on Mercury.

3. Perky Peggy King sings to the hilt on the Columbia label: "Song of Seventeen" and "Learning to Love."

4. Perry Como has another hit with his new one for RCA Victor, "All at Once You Love Her."

5. Jack Webb's ex-wife, Julie London, has taken up singing and has started off with a real torchy ballad, "Cry Me a River," on the Liberty label.

6. "Tennessee" Ernie Ford, on Capitol, sings the terrific "Sixteen Tons."

7. "Love Is Here To Stay," sung by Carmen McRae, on Decca. It's not the song, it's what she does with it.

8. Sam (The Man) Taylor's next big one, on the M-G-M label, is "As Time Goes By" and "Don't Take Your Love from Me."

9. Another ballad, "Goodbye to Rome," and another song with a beat, "24 Hours a Day," on Mercury label by Georgia Gibbs should be big, too.

10. Another rock 'n' roll hit: "Lily Maybelle," by The Valentines. (Rama)

NEEDLE NEWS

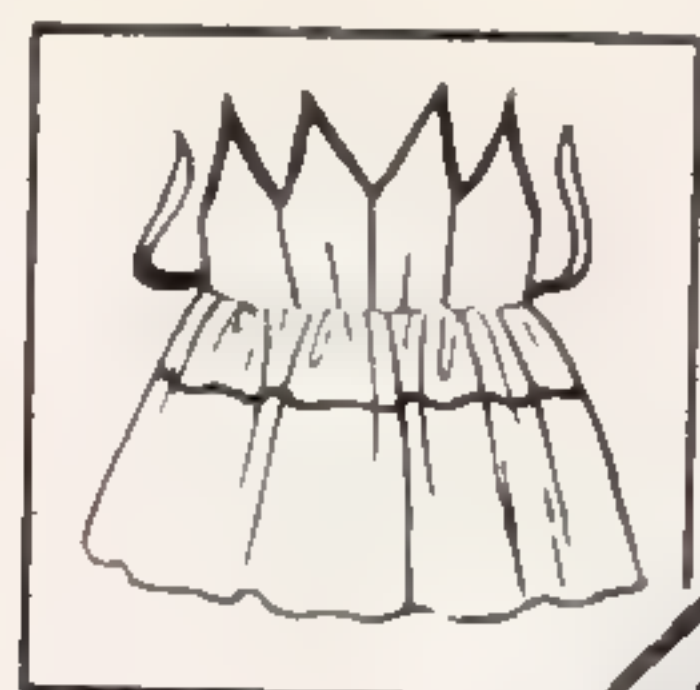


875—Easily, economically you can crochet 3 hats—so chic in pastels. Band style takes one hour to complete. Use straw yarn, wool or chenille. Easy instructions included.

882—Just two main pattern parts to this gay maternity top. Sew two smart versions—trim with embroidery. Maternity Misses' sizes 12-20. Pattern, transfers. State size.

7022—Sew a jiffy wrapron—trim with embroidery. Flower-basket pocket. Tissue pattern, transfer of embroidery motifs, directions. Sizes Small (10, 12); Medium (14, 16); Large (18, 20). State size.

882
SIZES
12—20

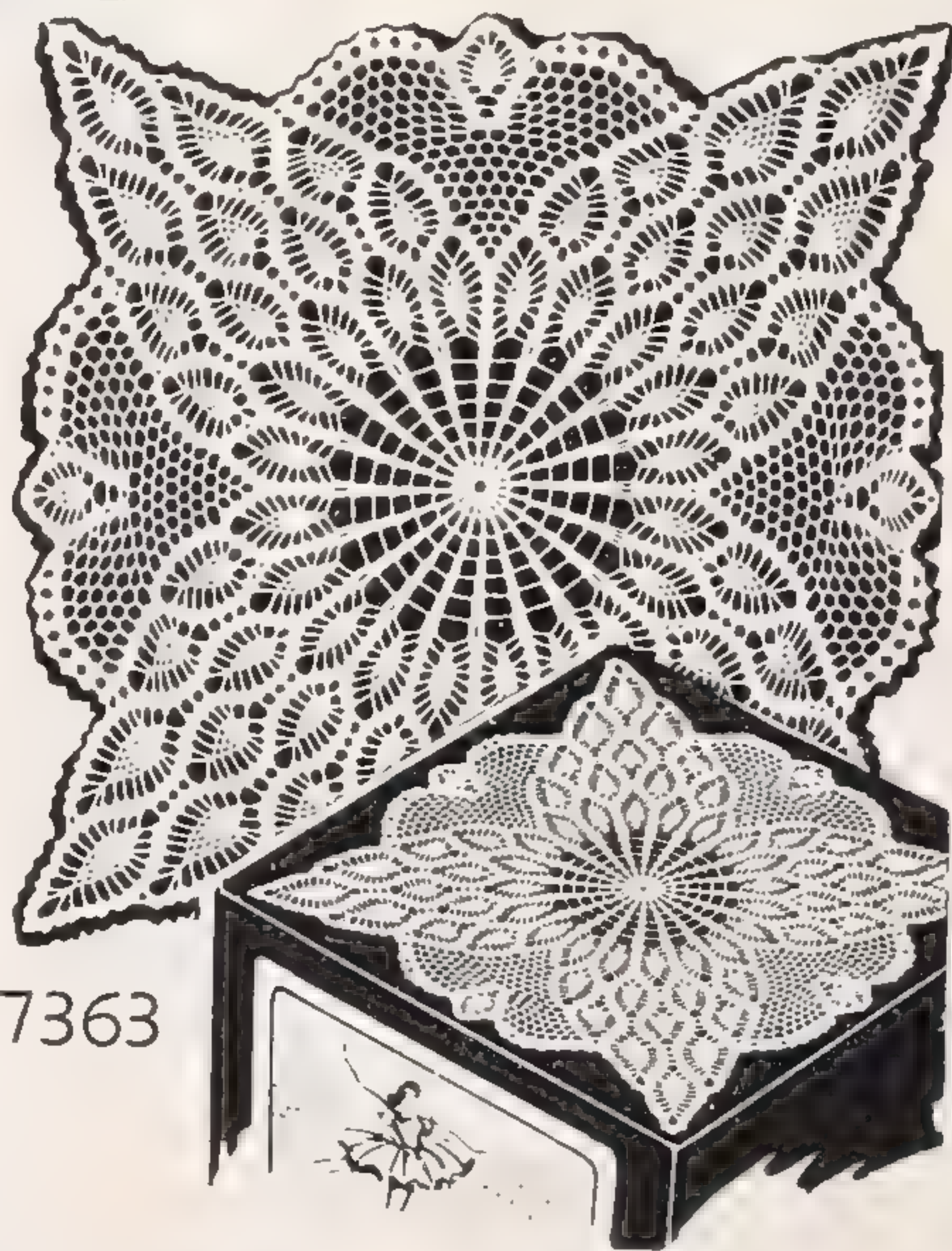


7022
SIZES
S—10—12
M—14—16
L—18—20



7121—Enjoy watching TV while you jiffy-knit this flattering jacket—it's so simple! Stockinet stitch; dainty crochet trim. Misses' sizes 32-34; 36-38. Use knitting worsted, large needles.

7363—Easy-crochet TV cover in pineapple and mesh pattern. Crochet TV square 24 inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller in No. 50; larger in bedspread cotton.



7363

"they called me a

night she talked to her mother. Slowly, she admitted to herself and to her mother that she'd really like to go to the dance.

The Reynolds were in no financial position to tear out and buy a formal for the occasion, so Debbie's mother obtained an old black formal from a neighbor and started working her fashion miracles. With pink net around the top and flouncing around the bottom it was transformed into a delightful gown.

The night of the dance, as Debbie whirled in front of her mirror, she thought, "I can be pretty, too." . . .

"I felt like a million dollars," Debbie recalls. "I hated frills and ruffles—but I liked the way I looked. I still didn't wear make-up (I didn't until I was eighteen), but with my olive complexion and natural coloring I didn't need it. When Jerry picked me up that night, I could tell he liked the way I looked. We double-dated with Gloria Spires and Dick Winters (who are now happily married), and we had a ball. The minute we stepped into the dance they snapped our picture. It cost \$1.50, but Jerry bought one and gave it to me. I still have it. Now I look at it and shriek. There I am decked-out in my finery with my hair hanging long and lanky down my back, standing four-feet, eight inches with a six-foot escort. But that night I thought we were a very handsome couple.

"After the ball was over," Debbie continues, "and we drew up in front of my house, Jerry took me to the door and said, 'May I kiss you?' Without waiting for an answer he leaned down, brushed my lips and ran for his car. I was so disappointed. My first kiss and it felt like a fly had landed for a second! Later," grins Debbie, "Jerry and I became very good friends; we still laugh about my first kiss."

If you're thinking that this was when D. Reynolds became boy-crazy—you're so wrong. It only proved to her that there was a place in her life for parties. For Debbie, admittedly young for her age, was still not interested in the opposite sex for any reason other than their athletic prowess on the field of combat.

Debbie took her time growing up and is glad she did. Although she was a leader with her particular group of girls, she was not popular as date-bait or whistle material. To the boys she was a "regular guy." To the "dating is living" set of girls, she was a "square." To the girls who became her lifetime friends, she was a delightful, partially pixilated human dynamo, electrifying every activity she was interested in—and activity was Debbie's middle name.

"Everybody knew me," Debbie recalls with a grin. "I was kind of the school clown. I played the French horn in the junior and high school band and orchestra. Also doubled on the tuba—I guess the tuba and I looked sort of odd together. During football games, I used to play in the band, be a majorette and a songleader in between. It took some fast changes, but I was always in a hurry anyway. I was in the Hi-Y, Girl Scouts and Girls Athletic Association. I was the first to volunteer for any committee and loved every minute of it. I managed to be an honor student, too—but always A-minus. Mother kept getting little notes from my teachers suggesting, 'If Mary Frances would learn to talk a little less . . .'. Somehow, I never learned to talk a little less and had to struggle along without being a straight-A student. If someone asked me a question, I just had to answer it.

"I was, to put it mildly," Debbie explains, "an individual. I think one reason

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send extra twenty-five cents for Needlecraft Catalog.

square tomboy!"

(continued from page 73)

PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN OF THE MONTH

my group was so happy growing up is that we took the time to *enjoy growing* as we grew. I did—and I think everyone should—what I honestly wanted to do, within reason. If something I wanted to do was good, I did it; if it was bad, I skipped it. The carbon-copy escalator to popularity is for the birds—not people. To me, copying someone else's personality has to be temporary. Eventually we have to come back to our real selves—and if we wait too long, it can be painful."

Before you decide that you aren't the happy extrovert that Debbie was, you should know that her friends were varied. Some were shy and sensitive, definitely awkward in the conversation field. Some were followers, some leaders, but they had one vital thing in common: They were completely honest individuals. Although they probably didn't realize it then, they were proving the point of Debbie's frank views on popularity. They had the strength of character not to follow the crowd and to stand firm for the things they believed in.

Barbara Christy was shy and sensitive and tall, five-feet, seven and a half inches. The boys thought she didn't like them because she seemed so aloof when they met at school. She seemed to be looking two feet over their heads when they spoke to her. However, Barbara was the one in the crowd who showed up with the first date for the school dance. She is now happily married.

Diane Higley was a happy combination of nonsense and seriousness. She seemed at ease with everyone. Jeanette Johnson shared Debbie's serious ambition to become a gym teacher. Their love of sports and activities of all kinds has provided them with a lasting bond of friendship.

The varied personalities in Debbie's group, and the fact that they all grew up happily and honestly is the basis of her contention that *seeking popularity* can lead to unhappiness.

"There's just so much room for leaders," says Debbie. "I was a natural-born leader and comedienne. My biggest problem was to check the impulse that would land me and my jokes 'way out in left field. I was always president of something, and Jeanette and Barbara took turns being secretary and treasurer. For every leader there has to be a lot of followers, and we all settled naturally into the most comfortable position with our group."

Debbie was quick to develop two strong convictions: She heartily disapproved of high-school sororities; and she loved to campaign for someone else. When she chose a candidate to support for office—usually president of the class—she would carry huge placards displaying bon mots such as "Vote for Harry—he's the berry" draped around her neck. In assembly, she would give mad and wonderful campaign speeches for her candidates. One time she appeared on stage in prison garb, wielding her constant companion—a cowbell. She created an uproar and her choice won. Her campaign speeches were hilarious and she soon learned to get a vote with a laugh instead of a tear. Because she was an instinctive leader, the sororities proffered her their pledge ribbons.

"I was asked," Debbie says soberly, "but the large group of girls who were my friends weren't. I refused, for many reasons. I resented the fact that, to be eligible, you had to be the prettiest, or the wealthiest, or have the best figure, or date the most. Once you're in, you automatically tend to copy the most popular girl in the group and accept the need to be—"

(Continued on page 94)

ADVANCE PATTERN
NO. 6675—35¢

date 'n day dress

a sew-easy pattern

● Does your wardrobe need a lift? Here's a perfect dress, new and figure-flattering, and made from four major pattern pieces to whip up during the week, wear on Saturday night. The brief-sleeved bodice with pie-cut neckline has center front released darts for a beautiful bustline. Four-gore billowing skirt is dart-shaped at hipline. As in figure right, dress may be made in one fabric such

as taffeta, winter cotton or linen. Or try the idea of two fabrics, combining print skirt with solid top as in figure left. Sizes 12-18. Size 16 in one fabric takes $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35-inch fabric, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch. In two fabrics, size 16 takes 1 yard of 42-inch fabric for the bodice, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch for the skirt. Included are illustrated instructions for cutting and making.

To order your Pattern of the Month, send 35¢ in coin, with pattern number and size, to Advance Pattern Company, Dept. P, P.O. Box 21, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, New York.

LORI NELSON IS IN WARNERS' "SINCERELY YOURS"



Dry skin needn't be a problem. It can be the most beautiful of all complexion types if you learn how to replace its dwindling supply of natural oils and moisture.

BY HARRIET SEGMAI

the OUTSIDE STORY of dry skin

● If like Lori Nelson, you have a dry skin—consider yourself lucky! With its delicate coloring and fine texture, dry skin is the most beautiful of all complexion types. Seldom, if ever, is it marred by a shiny nose, large pores or blemishes. But you can't take your good fortune for granted. When neglected, dry skin tends to age early. Even in the late teens, you may begin to notice flaky patches on cheeks or chin. And when you're tired, your face may have a drawn look, with tiny lines around eyes and mouth. Cold winds, steam heat or hot sun conspire every day to rob your skin of its already small supply of oils and moisture. It's never too soon to start replacing the loss with daily care. You couldn't do better than to follow the simple, sensible routine that safeguards Lori Nelson's radiant complexion 24 hours a day: To cleanse her skin thoroughly, without removing all the natural oils along with soil and make-up, Lori uses a gentle cream, lotion or liquid cleanser, followed by a sudsing with super-fatted soap. Always, under make-up, a greaseless lotion or liquid protects her complexion from hot studio lights, wind or weather. And a nightly pampering with cream or liquid rich in lanolin supplies her skin with oil and moisture. "Most important part of my routine," says Lori, "is that I'm faithful to it. Even the most effective lotions, soap or creams work only when they're on *you*—not on the bathroom shelf!"

New Silicone Beauty Lotion!

Guaranteed to protect your hands more ways than rubber gloves!



New Mennen Skin Magic

Heals chapping! Instantly softens
red "detergent-rough" hands

This revolutionary, non-sticky lotion not only protects against chapped, water-rough skin . . . it adds softening emollients, too; helps your skin *keep* its natural beauty oils! And its mild antiseptic action helps heal tiny cuts, scratches and blisters!

It actually heals chapping; silken

skin instantly! Smooths dry, rough legs, heels, elbows. Even kills kitchen odors that cling to hands! Use it as a makeup base and body lotion, too. Lovely fragrance. In unbreakable squeeze bottle. Only \$1 plus tax. Money back if not satisfied. Return bottle to the Mennen Company for full refund.

(Continued from page 53)

diction, timbre, and pitch of the voice of the singer to be chosen to dub Susan's songs in "I'll Cry Tomorrow" could be matched to Susan's.

"You sing, don't you?" Johnny asked.

"At parties, sometimes, but nothing. . . ." she shrugged. "Nothing remotely professional."

They bothered around for a few moments, finding a key, then recorded some vocalizing that Johnny knew would reveal the voice's range and color. Afterward, he played back the tape, head turned sideways in the critic's analytical attitude. "Well, what do you think?" he asked.

She chuckled a little as she admitted, "I'll say this for myself, I'm on key."

Johnny regarded her with pride. "You can sing, Susan. I want you to study with Maestro Ceparro for two weeks, then we'll make another recording. That should tell us what we want to know."

Two weeks later, a second recording was made. The vocal improvement was dramatic, even though Maestro Ceparro said that he and his student had scarcely begun to mine all the riches from her voice.

For an actress of Susan Hayward's stature to discover that she can sing professionally is roughly equivalent to an oil magnet discovering uranium. It's an extra, added attraction, not really necessary.

This comfortable thought of Susan's was interrupted by an uncomfortable sound that returned her to Honolulu.

Flesh of her flesh and note of her note, Susan's two sons came marching into the room, "playing" a pair of ukuleles.

"Phil bought them for us," grinned Timothy.

"Here's the bill. He said any time would be okay—no hurry," said Gregory. "Listen. We've worked out the first few bars of 'Yellow Rose of Texas.' Okay, Tim. A-one, and a-two, and a-three. . . ."

Texas never had it so bad—nor Honolulu—but who cared?

During intermission, Susan learned the few chords Phil had taught the boys, and decided that she should own a uke herself. But first there were three showers to be taken and proper clothes to be donned for formal dinner at The Royal.

At dinner, Susan noted a remarkable

fact: She was hungry for the first time in months. After dinner, she was amused to discover another remarkable fact: For the first time in more months than she could count, she wanted to go shopping. She wanted to belong to the Island scene, to merge with the Island customs. She and the boys set out gaily. She bought swim trunks with matching beach coats for the boys and found several swim suits with paké coats for herself.

It was on this expedition that Timothy, a chess player, spotted an exquisite antique, hand-carved ivory chess set. "Oh, Mama! Please buy it for me," he begged.

Wryly pleased by her son's good taste, Susan realized that, if the set lived up to its window appearance, it was expensive. Yet, even her knowledge of the cost of art objects did not prepare her for the \$395 price tag.

How does one explain to a ten-year-old boy what four hundred dollars means in today's money market? Five dollars is wealth to him, fifty dollars a fortune; there isn't such money as four hundred dollars—it becomes stage money, so why not spend it? Susan searched for other measures of value.

"This is the sort of set that a person can appreciate only after he has become a very great chess player," she told Timothy. "It is a sort of reward. I'd like to have you own it, but it will have to be earned. When you become national chess champion, I'll buy this one, or one like it, for you," she promised.

With adoring eyes, Timothy caressed the chessmen. "Gosh," he breathed, overwhelmed by the dual prospect of becoming both national champ and owner of the set or a facsimile. "That'll be great, Mom." And, his hand in Susan's, he left the store in a bemused glow, his expression clearly that of a man of destiny.

The following morning Susan, with Greg and Timothy, flew to Hana-Maui, a quiet, elegant, but still "native" resort. There was little to do except to eat, sleep, rest, swim, and in the evening watch movies on Island subjects or, on alternative nights, attend the authentic hula shows. These were the sights Susan wanted to share with her sons. These were ten blessed days before they had to return.

But, once back in Hollywood, trouble lay in wait, as if to snatch from Susan's mind the small respite in time which she had just experienced. It was as if she was encountering, once again, her mother's adage of "The harder you're hit, the higher you bounce back"—a saying, incidentally, which has plagued Susan nearly all her life.

'Way back when she was Edythe Marrener in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn, before fame had touched her with any magic finger, Susan was running happily across the street when she was grazed by a car and both her thighs were broken. Months in bed followed, filled with uncertainty as to whether she'd be able to walk again. Susan's determination, her willpower made her take the first painful steps, her intestinal fortitude kept her feet on the ground, and her firm grasp on faith in herself gave her complete recovery.

Her lucky break in being discovered by David O. Selznick as a possible candidate for Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind" (Susan was one of hundreds tested) was both the luck of the Irish and the misfortune of youth. From 1938 to 1944, she was alternately a "cheesecake" girl for Warners and Paramount studios and an actress promised the world was her oyster, only to find the shells absolutely empty. The promises brought her the role of the only girl player in "Beau Geste"—she opened the picture by waving goodbye to the boys and closed the picture by welcoming them home again. Again and again, she was heralded as the "star" of a picture, only to find herself with brief scenes on screen—and scads of publicity.

In her personal life, however, Susan had found Jess Barker, and the discovery was mutual. They were married at St. Thomas Episcopal Church and were blessed with the birth of Gregory and Timothy. Then Susan's career took an upswing when Walter Wanger gave her the biggest break of her career—a part in "Smashup"—and her dramatic ability was rewarded with an Academy Award nomination. But as her career brightened, her personal life became more and more out of balance. For almost five years, Susan lived in the San Fernando Valley with only the children's trains, bicycles and other paraphernalia as living-room furniture. Her salary, during these days, was being put away for the educational expenses of her children, as well as paying the current bills on the home. It wasn't large enough to furnish a house, too! Meanwhile, Jess ceased to work steadily.

Finally, on July 23, 1953, the eve of Susan's ninth wedding anniversary, the explosive statements of separation and divorce began appearing. Normally, in California—especially where children are concerned—the couple involved in a divorce suit air their troubles in the privacy of a law office. But in this case, the door of the San Fernando house was thrown open wide—with the public viewing every sordid detail. Involved was community property, which means the equal division of the family income, no matter whether husband or wife earned the monies. But probably most important of all, was Susan's fight to keep custody of her children.

Will the fact that trouble pursues Susan, dogs her footsteps like a worried mutt, cost her the two whom she loves most in this world? Will the recent newspaper headlines also cost Susan the coveted Oscar which would acclaim to the world her complete success as an actress? Only the community of Hollywood, and the courts, will decide.

THE END

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 75

Across

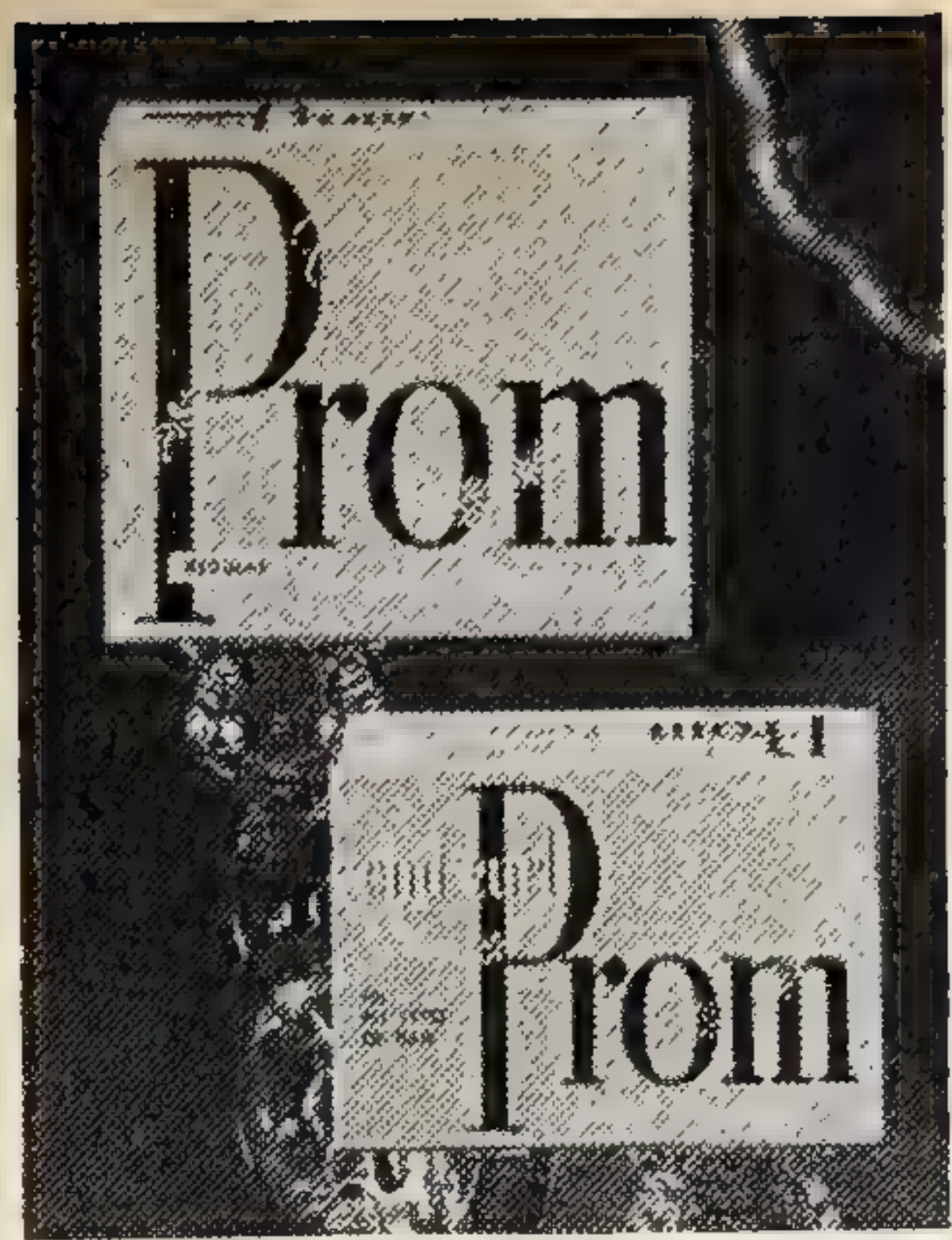
1. Court
6. Angeli (Pier)
12. Be
13. Turner (Lana)
14. Doris Day
16. A R (Aldo Ray)
17. Taylor (Elizabeth)
19. ears
21. It
22. Iron
23. hen
25. Oh
26. nine
28. F A (Fred Astaire)
29. tot
30. No
31. aside
32. If
34. Ev (for Evelyn)
35. Care
36. used
38. War
39. No
40. Ella's
42. S M (Shirley MacLaine)
44. U. S.
46. E T
47. U.A.

48. B H (Betty Hutton)
49. Day
52. Lillian (Roth)
55. Der (Crosby's nickname in Germany)
56. D Y (Dick York)
57. alien
58. Farrell (Charles)
62. A E (Anita Ekberg)
63. Is
65. feeble
66. R B (Richard Burton)
67. Rennie (Michael)
69. B N (Bob Newton)
70. Navy
72. J S (Jean Simmons)
73. Grayson (Kathryn)
74. Evie

Down

1. Curtises
2. or
3. untied
4. Rear
5. Tryon (Tom)
6. Ado
7. Norma
8. G R (Gilbert Roland)
9. Eight

10. L S (Lili St. Cyr)
11. identical
12. Byron (Palmer)
13. Taina (Elg)
15. A A (Alcoholics Anonymous)
18. L N (Lori Nelson)
20. Showers
24. E O (Edmond O'Brien)
27. Niven (David)
33. Farley (Granger)
36. Ursula (Thiess)
37. double
38. Wendell (Corey)
41. At
43. mail
45. Shining
50. Arlene (Dahl)
51. Bye-Bye
53. live
54. N F (Nina Foch)
55. Deb (Reynolds)
56. Darvi (Bella)
59. A F (Anne Francis)
60. Rebs
61. Reno
64. Sir
67. R S (Robert Stack)
68. E A (Eve Arden)
71. A V (Alida Valli)



A

B



C



D



E



becoming attractions

A. Headline news! New Creamy Prom with rich, homogenized waving cream, conditions as it curls; eliminates dripping, resaturating, timing and water rinsing. Self-neutralizing; three lotion strengths. \$2.00.* End Curl Prom, \$1.25.*

B. Pink is for girls in Tussy's newly designed pastel pink Beauty Touch compact, delicately traced in gold. The pressed cream powder with foundation base comes in Blush Rachel, Custom Blend, Rose Beige and Medium Tone. \$1.10.*

C. Goin' Steady is the versatile new lipstick shade created by Westmore to blend harmoniously with all shades of pink and red for both day and evening wear. Color is formulated to remain constant under any light. 59¢* and 29¢.*

D. Hair to stay—with new Lanolin Plus Hair Spray Set. A no-lacquer, triple-purpose hair tamer, it keeps hairdo softly in place, sets long-lasting pin curls and adds a silky sheen to dry, lifeless hair. 4½-oz. aerosol container, \$1.35.*

E. Word of mouth: Lilly Dache's Lucien Le-long "Alive" lipstick features both long-lasting color and a smooth, creamy texture. Sets itself without blotting. Ten fashion shades in pink and red barber-pole-striped case. \$1.25.*

* plus tax

The first lotion that actually heals chapping!



New! Not just a "cosmetic" softener—

It's medically-matched to skin!

It's scientifically years ahead! New Angel Skin by Pond's is medically-matched to the skin's own softeners. This is why Angel Skin acts so *quickly* to soften, whiten, *heal* chapped skin! Makes you silky all over!



New! does more than smooth . . .

It heals detergent chapping!

New Angel Skin is the *only* leading lotion with this years-ahead formula that *counteracts* the harsh alkali effects of today's detergents! Redness fades. Irritation disappears. Hard-working hands become soft, smooth!



New! Instant penetration! Never sticky!

Smoother, whiter hands—right away!

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New! Creamier, richer!

Angel Skin

by Pond's

Note to doctors:

Angel Skin is the only leading hand lotion with pH rating similar to the pH rating of human skin. This is why new Angel Skin heals chapping as no old-style lotion can.

Same miracle formula in silky hand cream form!



25¢, 49¢

plus tax
Slightly higher in Canada



Delayed triumph: Bill Holden, last year's Gold Medal winner, receives his Award from Publisher and Mrs. Manheimer. Bill was in Tokyo at time of Awards



Cover girl Debbie went into a spin over this beauty — a Lambretta Motor Bike. Representative Ray Cotton also went along for the ride

INSIDE STUFF

Continued from page 38

On her eighteenth birthday, Margaret O'Brien received her first grown-up kiss from John Lupton in "Glory" and posed for her first cheesecake. Maggie now dates four non-professional boyfriends. "But none are serious," she says, "because I want to grow up first." . . . Very little happened for Lois Smith after her poignant portrayal in "East of Eden." But, since her startling success in the New York stage production of "The Young and Beautiful," Warners (who hold her contract) can't wait to get Lois back on the lot.

Sad But True: When Lana Turner had a non-malignant tumor removed recently, Lex Barker never left her for a second. The frantic fellow even slept in a chair by her bed in the hospital. So *this* was the moment a columnist chose to print there was trouble between the Barkers! No wonder Hollywood stars become disillusioned.

Game Of Hearts: According to the stork's calendar, Jane Powell and Pat Nerney will welcome the new baby on Valentine's day. If it's a "she," her name will be Averille Valentine, if a "he," his name will be Brien Patrick. . . . History will repeat itself when the "original" Mrs. John (Josie) Wayne selects February 14th as the date for announcing their daughter Toni's engagement to her college sweetheart.

Middle Aisle: Cal kept telling you that Rock Hudson would marry Phyllis Gates shortly before Christmas—but even his mother, who received the news on the eve of the ceremony, was still surprised. From now on, the happy groom, who believes he's earned the right to keep his private life private, will avoid living and loving

in the spotlight. With the mighty Rock's great popularity, however, we wonder if he'll be able to get away with it. For his sake, here's hoping!

Design For Living: Wise Jean Simmons decided staying home with the man she loves was more important than doing that New York play. Stewart Granger, who remained in his neutral corner, breathed a huge sigh of relief. . . . To squelch those separation rumors, Elizabeth Taylor made a sudden and wise decision, too. She accompanied Michael Wilding to Europe, where he'll make a movie. . . . But Pier Angeli startled Hollywood when she went to Europe to replace the ailing Kathryn Grayson in "Port Afrique." Pretty Pier had to be separated from Vic Damone and baby Perry on three important firsts—their first anniversary, Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Changing Scene: Jeff Chandler definitely decided to leave U-I when his contract expires in August. An unknown radio actor when U-I turned him into a movie star, Jeff now wants to control his own destiny and produce his own pictures. . . . And Piper Laurie felt she was getting nowhere fast at the same studio, which also discovered her. She asked for and received her release.

Last Stand: Farley Granger's engagement to Janice Rule sure took Hollywood by surprise and also recalled his my-private-life-is-my-own edict. Well, Farley's found a staunch supporter in the non-conforming beauty. Janice didn't cotton to Hollywood—said the town lacked artistic integrity—and her unglamorous appearance was a constant headache to M-G-M

and Warners, who held her contract. The Grangers will headquarter in New York, where they met when they appeared in a play together.

Switcheroos: Ben Cooper hasn't an etching to his name, but he does invite his girlfriends to "come up and sample my cooking." Popular Ben isn't kidding—and one of these days he plans to publish his own cookbook. . . . And instead of Southern fried chicken, Fess Parker and Marcie Reinhardt go for Shrimp Jambalaya at the popular new Oyster House. Hollywood thought "Davy Crockett" was going to pop the question when he bought that new house in Benedict Canyon. But instead Fess sent for his folks in Texas! . . . Marlon Brando's playing the field these days (and how!), so Josiane Mariani, his erstwhile fiancée, is free to be wooed by David Schine, who didn't use that license he took out to marry Piper Laurie.

Pride and Prejudice: Cameron Mitchell's torch no longer lights up the Hollywood skies. His four-year-old son's birthday, plus time and rest, convinced Cam he wanted to return home and remain there—forever. . . . Gloria Vanderbilt walked out on Frank Sinatra and "Johnny Concho" with a terse statement to friends: "I don't have to take this kind of treatment from anyone!" Personal or professional, Frankie's pals still think he got a lucky break. Gloria was too inexperienced, they say, for such a responsible role. . . . The Van Johnsons have had it—living in Hollywood that is. They put their Beverly Hills home up for sale and, when Van isn't making movies in Europe, that new home in Palm Springs will be their permanent address.

(Continued from page 47)

vanished behind them as they headed into the desert night. Vic, the considerate husband, insisted that Pier snuggle down and sleep during the long trip to Los Angeles. She acquiesced. Then, as soon as she was comfortably settled, Vic said in a lonely voice, "Talk to me, darling."

Pier gave up all thought of sleep for the night. But the monotonous drone of the motor on the smooth, deserted highway kept lulling her to sleep. She is terribly frightened of coyotes (she has yet to see one), so Vic would keep saying suddenly, "Oh, you just missed a coyote!" Then her large green eyes would fly open and she would be very much awake.

Finally, they settled on a successful "keep awake" diversion. "Columbia wants us to do a record—a duet," said Vic. "You used to sing as a child. Let's sing together and see how we do." So Pier sang a little Italian folk song. Then Vic started explaining the fine art of technique. Before long they were singing "I've Got the World on a String" in full voice with coyotes, sagebrush and sand as an audience.

Some hours later, as the sun was making its way up into the morning sky and people along the Sunset strip were hurrying to work, Vic and Pier, yawning and weary, drove through the west gate of Bel Air and wended their way up the quiet road to the highest hill. Opening the door of their house, they hastened together up to the second floor into a room filled with the sweet, warm atmosphere of a baby. Smiling proudly, they looked down into the bassinet, and there smiling happily back at them was Perry. He was the reason for their sudden journey through the night—and he is well worth any trip.

A beautifully built baby with a happy disposition, Perry is a startling combination of Pier and Vic. His intelligent, alert eyes are Pier's, and his face is a miniature replica of his father's.

As they stood looking down at their son, it seemed a climactic moment in the whirlwind year that fate prescribed for the Damones. The prescription has included one-part marriage, one-part near tragedy, and two parts baby boy. This heavy dose of living would not guarantee happiness for any couple—except the handsome boy from Brooklyn, and the beautiful girl from Italy. Both fully endowed with sensible basic values and the youth to retain them, plus philosophical wisdom 'way beyond their years, Pier and Vic have admirably mastered the tremendous and near-tragic events in their short life together.

That morning they returned from Las Vegas was the beginning of Vic's first vacation since they were married in November, 1954. Exhausted from their long drive, they slept till six o'clock that evening. But they made sure they were up in time to jiggle and poke, cluck and chuckle over Perry before he ate a hearty dinner and was put to bed.

The next day, as Vic sat on the patio, looking over the seemingly entire expanse of Southern California and the Pacific Ocean, he reflected, "You know, I used to read articles in which mothers and fathers talked on and on about their kids, and it didn't figure. Now I understand exactly how easy it is. Especially," he added with a grin, "when you have a very unusual boy. Now, take Perry. . . ." His chest stuck out a bit more as he put his arm around his volatile wife's shoulders. "He is an exceptional boy. Not just because we think so. Oh, no. Others have told us. Martha, his nurse, turned down

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several other cases to stay with Perry."

"Martha said that this was a happy house and we are two nice people," Pier added with guileless joy.

"And," explained Papa Damone modestly, "Martha has had twenty-five other baby cases and she says she has never seen a brighter baby. We didn't ask her, she just said it. He noticed things long before most babies do."

"He is going to be a ham," Pier said. "When he was five weeks old, the photographers, from all over, came and took pictures of him for five hours. The pictures were for newspapers, wire services and magazines. And do you know? Each one got a different pose, because Perry kept changing his expression. For five hours, Perry put on the biggest show. He is worth everything," she finished softly, looking at Vic in quiet happiness.

Perhaps, at that moment, Vic and Pier were retracing the events of their tumultuous marriage. Perhaps they were remembering the prayers—and the pain—which had finally resulted in the near miracle of Perry's birth. Perhaps they were remembering back to the very beginning of their life together.

The second day of their honeymoon, Vic opened at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas. It was one of his first starring shows since leaving the Army and, justifiably, he was nervous and tense. Pier, being an actress, understood. All during that hectic honeymoon they built a happy wall of understanding and tolerance between themselves and "things." When they returned to their modern, rented home in Bel Air, they were delighted with its high hilltop aloneness. Then they discovered they were going to have a baby. Overjoyed, they practically shouted the fact from their hilltop home. Plans for the baby became the major topic of conversation.

"For some reason," Pier says thoughtfully, "all men seem to think little girls are more affectionate. Vic said he would like a little girl, too. I thought I would have a boy. One night, we went to see 'The Little Kidnappers,' and I just fell in love with the little boy in it. Vic looked at me after the show and said, 'Yes, Anna, I think you will have a little boy.' Once he'd decided it would be a boy, he started making plans for golf. He would teach him to play golf—and to caddy.

"That's when we decided," Pier remembers, "to take a house in Palm Springs for a month. Even though Vic had to make an appearance in Chicago, he would be able to come back and finish the vacation with me. We rented Joan Davis' house. It was lovely, with a pool and everything. We had two days of our vacation—that was all." Pier stopped, and her graceful hands gestured a dismissal of the subject.

It was on her return to Palm Springs by plane that she fell when the plane hit an air pocket. She was rushed to the hospital, but it was days before anyone knew whether her baby would be saved or not. Vic flew back from Chicago and sat white-faced by her bed. Prayers went up from all who knew them—and many who didn't. For weeks Pier lay flat on her back, unable to move. Her mother and sister, Marisa, joined the anxious group in Palm Springs. Pier's quiet courage and ability to stay immobile had a lot to do with the doctor's final, miraculous decision: Pier and the baby would be all right.

Then, as good fortune would have it, M-G-M cast Vic in their production of "Kismet." Now he could stop traveling, work, and still be with Pier.

The next few months were fraught with careful consideration of Pier's condition.

And her adoration of Vic became greater than ever during that period. He was tender, considerate, and wonderfully protective.

"One day," Pier reminisces, "Vic came home from the studio and said, 'Let's go out and celebrate tonight.' But I couldn't warm to it. You know how a woman gets when she is pregnant. I was so tired of my clothes, I couldn't stand to go out where there were beautiful women in beautiful clothes. Vic understood immediately. So? He put me in the car and off we went to the maternity department of a store. He made me sit down, then he scouted all over the place finding lovely dresses and bringing them to me for inspection. So we went out that night to celebrate—and in my new dress I felt beautiful. Vic is always surprising me with a present. Sometimes they're silly—like a rose and a crazy card saying 'Are you a happy groom?' or something wonderful like my cashmere coat. . . . and always stuffed animals.

"At night," Pier continues dreamily, "he would brush my hair for me and talk about the baby. He would dream of taking him on-stage with him by the time he was three or four, and teaching him to sing and act. Trying to be a wise wife, I



hold my counsel and hope that when our boy is three or four his father will not feel this way. But when Vic decided I should cut my hair, there was nothing left to brush. Now that he thinks it was a mistake, he helps me brush it a lot so it will get long again faster."

It was in Pier's sixth month that her friend, Dorothy Kingsley, at M-G-M—planned a baby shower. When the group gathered on a Sunday afternoon, they found that the guest of honor had been taken to the hospital at three that morning. No one knew whether the baby would be saved or not. But again, in some miraculous fashion, Perry was still stubbornly planning to be born.

"I hated missing the shower," says Pier now. "Dorothy Kingsley took the gifts to Mother, and every night at seven Mother would bring me three of the gifts. Oh, how

I waited for seven o'clock! Such lovely baby clothes, and the cake all iced with frilly little pink things. Everybody, but me, still thought I'd have a girl.

"Poor Vic," she adds. "When I came out of the hospital, I was on crutches and a nurse had to help me. Vic had to do everything. We had decided to find a real home, so he had spent all of his time running from place to place trying to find just the right one. When he saw this one, he knew. He took me to see it, and we looked carefully through the rooms and went out on to the patio, which seemed to look out over the world. This was our house and we knew it."

So they moved in with all their worldly possessions—a king-sized bed and a grand piano. Vic was rehearsing a new act and learning to dance, so it was just as well they had no rugs. On their second day in the new home, Pier left for the hospital. This time to give birth to Perry, a happy, handsome, healthy boy. She was in the hospital for a week. After a week at home, Vic again was off to do a show—in Reno. Pier had just gotten comfortably settled with Perry and Martha, his nurse, when Vic phoned at the end of his Reno show. "Please, honey," he said, "meet me for my show in Las Vegas." So three and a half weeks after Perry was born, Pier and Vic were back at the Sands Hotel, where they had honeymooned. Almost a lifetime of living had been crowded into the months in between. Again Vic was entertaining, and again Pier spent her days with him and her nights watching him as he sang—but there was a difference.

"I would call home every three hours," she says, "to talk to Martha and ask about Perry. But every time I called he was sleeping. So finally I said, 'Martha, make him cry or something so I can hear he's all right!'" Pier grins. "But I couldn't stay away too long. I would drive down to see him. Then I would drive back to Las Vegas and report to Vic."

Although dashing back and forth in the three-dimensional role of wife, mother, and actress, Pier has still managed to carry out her decorating plans for their home. She has combined colors and furniture in excellent taste. Blue-grays and pink are predominant throughout. She has mixed modern and traditional with an expert hand, and the finished product should be labeled 'Early Pier Angeli Damone.' It's distinctive and elegant, still in quiet good taste. The master bedroom has a fairy-tale look. It is completely done in pale pink, including the furniture.

"When I come in here," Vic grins, "I tiptoe. It's sort of fragile."

Upon which, Pier reminds him, "You have the study all done up in man's color. It has light-brown walls and pine-wood paneling and a swivel chair of pea green. There is no desk yet," she explains, "but Vic sits in his pea-green chair and swivels anyway. He is practicing for the desk."

With which they both laughed and went on down the hall to the nursery. Since Master Perry was sunning himself on the patio, the room became the center of interest. Perry is sure to acquire his mother's love for stuffed animals and his father's love for music. Dozens of novels and adorable animals were strewn around the blue room, and each had a musical tummy.

In the hall, a group of boxes perched precariously near the banister. "Those," explained Pier, "are my latest gifts. Vic brought me six pairs of Italian pumps, three Italian leather purses, a huge clown and two cashmere sweaters. When I protested that it was too much, Vic grinned

at me and said, as always, 'When I go, I go good.'"

It is amazing to look at Pier and realize that, a little over a year ago, she had steadfastly refused to accept the responsibility of her own money. She insisted that her mother take care of everything. It was not too long ago that she grabbed her friend Esme Chandlee by the hand and said, "Come with me. I have to write a check."

"Why," countered Esme, "do you need me?"

"Because," explained Pier anxiously, "I don't know how."

Pier had the customers and tellers in stitches while she made out a check for fifty dollars. It was her first check book and her first check.

"I didn't know how much money I earned until I was married," she admits. "Then all of a sudden the responsibility of running a home with a maid and a nurse, the baby, decorating and keeping everything running smoothly . . . well, sometimes it makes me nervous."

More sheltered than the average American girl, Pier has, nevertheless, underneath her sensitive, quicksilver personality, a solid strength which has—and can—endure any situation. She handles her household as competently as matrons twenty years her senior. Her last personal appearance was at Sears & Roebuck—buying a washing machine.

"We don't," said the lady of the house, "know what language Perry's first word will be in. Martha is German, the maid is Italian, and we speak English. He will probably be like our parrot, Pretty Boy, who spoke English with an Italian accent."

He has a good ear," Vic said proudly. "One night he started wailing for his dinner. I said, 'What do you think if I sing to him?' Then I stepped up to the bassinet and started singing. Slowly, his roar turned into a small gurgle, and then quiet. I started to back out of the nursery and *wham!*—he started roaring again. So I went back in, looked at him, and sang 'Strangers in Paradise,' full-voice, right at him. Now mind you, he was hungry and wanted his dinner, but he went right off to sleep while I was singing.

"When I whistle," Vic continued, warming to the subject, "he puckers up and tries, too. He's a real boy. We don't tiptoe around, and we don't want to raise him by the book. I was the one that was too careful with him. Anna, so tender and sensitive—she rolls him around and plays rough with him. I was afraid to pick him up. So one day she practically threw him at me!

"We don't want to make plans for him," Vic added. "When he's school age, he'll go where he needs to. I want to be honest with myself about him. If he needs a certain school, that's where he'll go."

There was movement in the baby carriage, a sleepy gurgle from its depths. Vic and Pier lit up like Broadway marquee lights. "He's awake," Vic said as he reached in and took a firm grip on his son. Master Perry looked contentedly around the patio. Vic tossed him up on his shoulder and patted his back a few times.

"How about that?" questioned Vic, exhibiting his son proudly.

The three of them, high on their hill-top, experiencing the joys of living and loving, deserve every bit of it. Vic and Pier are a proud addition to Hollywood's young-married set. The standard of courage and faith they have lived by with dignity is inspiring. Perry Rocco Luigi Damone is a very lucky boy, for he lives with two beautiful people in a happy house.

THE END

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all purpose cream



Kim Novak—Stabbed By Scandal

(Continued from page 55)

for my spending money when I was growing up in Chicago, too. Saturdays and during my school vacations I clerked in dime and department stores. Once I ran an elevator. I enjoyed typing in high school, was competent over the phone, so my favorite job was as a receptionist for a dentist.

"I never liked modeling, because I hate to dress up. Posing was a pain for me, for it was so artificial. I like reality. I applied for jobs in offices, but didn't get far. When someone in my sorority at college suggested I could attempt to be a model for advertisements, I went out hesitantly. I was amazed when I made excellent money for this kind of work, and then as a demonstrator for a new washing machine in a country-wide tour of large stores."

Kim's parents, who still live modestly in Chicago, remember those early days, too. "Kim was a very quiet child," Mrs. Novak recalls. "She seemed to keep things within herself." Realizing that parents can very often be blind about their children, Mrs. Novak says she has always sought a closeness with her children through love and understanding. She admits that, as a child, Kim was also "a dawdler." She walked slowly about her tasks and to school, did everything in a dreamworld. "But," adds Mrs. Novak, "from the time she was little, things came to Kim. In modeling, she wasn't at all like the average girl who had to run around looking for jobs. The jobs came to her. And that was fortunate, because Kim's not the kind to ask favors—she's too shy."

You may remember that Kim supposedly was whisked into the movies right after Louis Shurr, a leading actors' agent, saw her bicycling down a Beverly Hills street. Presumably, Shurr had reached a downtown corner when Kim breezed to a stop there for the traffic signal; he immediately introduced himself properly, if unexpectedly, and invited her to his office.

To her utter dismay, this was the story that was created by an over-anxious publicist who could not resist "a great gimmick." From then on, everything about Kim's first six weeks in Beverly Hills before she signed with Columbia was reduced to a bit of magic. A new Cinderella from Chicago, with such incredible instant luck, was a delight to the press and the public. Kim, however—who was brought up to be a straightforward person and has remained as sincere a human being as she originally was—was terribly disturbed when she heard about this version of her discovery. "I don't want that silly sort of

thing said about me!" she declared definitely at the time. Literally, she dissolved into tears—and was ignored. She was made to seem an absolute amateur behind the scenes; why build a mountain out of nothing? Whenever she acted doubtful, she was reminded she was a newcomer to show business—after all no business was like it!

"So this is Hollywood!" Kim wrote bewilderedly in her letters home, and said to the friends she gradually made as she stayed on. Because nothing that means anything to her has ever come easily, she hated the whole fabrication. "If a thing is simple, I really worry," she says. "It doesn't appear right to me, so there's no satisfaction in it."

"The truth is this: I did ride to Louis Shurr's office on a bicycle the day he introduced me to Max Arnow, executive in charge of talent at Columbia. That in itself wasn't false. I always rode on my own bike a lot in Chicago. When I went to Wright Junior College, I rode to the campus and to sorority meetings. My bike was my escape whenever I'd felt too emotional. Getting away alone on it, using up energy in the fresh air, seemed a wise way to calm down. It still does," Kim continues with a grin. "Nobody writes about it, but I have two bicycles now—one's for long distances. The only drawback is Los Angeles traffic!"

"But I did not miraculously meet Mr. Shurr on a street," she says, with all the hurt indignation she felt the first time she heard the story. "Why should other girls be given hope with such fantastic accounts when the truth could be so much more helpful! I had an appointment. It was made for me by Wilt Malnek, one of the agents in Mr. Shurr's office. I didn't step into a lead opposite Fred MacMurray overnight. I always objected to making my Hollywood break sound that much of a snap. It wasn't, as my friends knew all along. The truth is, I first did a small bit in a Jane Russell picture, 'The French Line.' I was a model in a scene that was made at RKO. Since this was done at another studio, it was just skipped by those who put together my 'official' biography."

"Frankly," says Kim, "I had no desire to be an actress until after I was signed at Columbia and, through dramatic coaching there, saw what might be ahead. When I was in grammar school, my folks gave me and my older sister—who is now happily married—piano, singing and dancing lessons. I didn't like them, was scared to show off at all, so Mother sent me to a community center where plays were put on. My

family isn't aggressive, and I'm not inspired by competition. I wasn't interested."

And, apparently, Kim's parents had no intentions of pushing her into something she didn't care for, even after the dramatics teacher at school suggested to Mrs. Novak that Kim receive special training. "We never had anyone in our family with dramatic talent," explains Mrs. Novak, "and at the time it didn't seem important. It sounded foreign, and we didn't do anything about it."

Then, too, says Kim, "I didn't want to do anything I had to do when it was ordered. My parents weren't too strict; I was born with an independent urge, perhaps. I remember how they tried to make me write right-handed at school. I'm still left-handed and like it. I deliberately failed in arithmetic so I wouldn't have to take algebra. Of course, I've since learned you have to add, subtract and multiply accurately, no matter what you do!" she grins. "But memorizing what couldn't be debated didn't appeal to me. However, I was thrilled to win a scholarship at the Chicago Art Institute for several years in a row. I love art, so studying after regular classes was a wonderful treat. I was speechless when some of my pictures went on display there."

In addition to her talent in art, Kim showed a flair for poetry as a young girl. "She was good at art, and she wrote many little poems," says Mrs. Novak, who still carries in her purse a ragged copy of one Kim wrote to her. Kim was in the eighth grade at the time and she had earned money baby-sitting to buy her mother a gift, a wallet. Accompanying the gift, she wrote:

"Oh Mother, Mother, can you forgive
This brat, your child, who just
wants to live,
A kid like me who knows it all,
Who thinks that 'Anon's' first
name is 'Paul,'
A girl self-centered with charm, no
grace,
A lass who lives to survive her
face.
My main intent in writing this poem,
Was to say I'm grateful for our
home."

Although she showed definite artistic ability, Kim continues, "I never tried out for any plays in school. Maybe I didn't want to be embarrassed by being turned down. It's not true that I was fat in my teens. Why, I was always anxious to get over my thinness! It is also wrong that my mother was a history teacher before she married. It was my dad who taught school—in Oregon. When he moved to Chicago, he fell in love with my mother. He'd have had to go another year to college to teach in Illinois, and he wanted to get married. So he took a job in a railroad office, where he still is."

"One impulse I had to tone down was to act everything out. All the kids in my literature class were upset because I dramatized my book reviews. I'll never forget being bawled out in the principal's office when they sent for my mother and asked her what was the matter with her daughter who got so carried away. From that day on, I had to write all my reports."

"At home I wasn't afraid to be myself. I reacted wholeheartedly to everything. And, if there was nothing going on, I would look in the mirror and react to what I imagined at the moment. One afternoon, Mother came home and saw my expressions of horror in the mirror. She thought something awful was happening until I reas-

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sured her I was only amusing myself. "School was no fun for me until I reached college. Mother warned me I'd need better grades to be accepted, so I made the honor roll in the nick of time. To me, college meant a chance to choose before I settled down. I wouldn't go near any history or math. That was too black and white. I reveled in music appreciation and introductory psychology. I took one drama class because it seemed uncomplicated. I was so uninterested I didn't try out for the play they staged that semester. They had to find something for me to do, so they pencilled in a girl and one word for me to utter in 'Our Town.' I walked on and exclaimed, 'Hello!' I was much more intrigued with having a good time if I could. I loved my sorority, Alpha Beta Mu; I even liked the pledging tests that showed how much hazing we could take without a whimper.

"When I finished junior college, three other girls and I got the job of touring as demonstrators for electrical appliances. Naturally, I was excited. We roomed together, so we weren't lonesome, and we earned over \$75 a day, plus all our expenses. When the tour ended in San Francisco, two of the girls had jobs back in Chicago and headed home. Peggy Dahl and I had our train tickets re-routed via Los Angeles, and Peggy's mother hurried out from Chicago to be with us for three weeks of vacationing. (I never did get to use that ticket home. I've always been rushed to a plane. When some flights have been breathtakingly bumpy I've longed for a train!)

"Peggy, her mother and I shared a room at the Beverly Hills Hotel. We took turns sleeping on the floor so we wouldn't have to pay for an extra room. On our first day, Peggy and her mother visited M-G-M. They had a letter of introduction and were up in the clouds. They described everything they'd seen. I didn't feel left out because I've never been a watcher. If I can't do something myself, I'm not much concerned. Besides, I've never wanted fame or glamour. Superficial triumphs don't over-impress me. That's why it's absolutely not true that I'm so desperate for a career. I expected to be married by now to some nice boy in Chicago, saw myself staying home and bringing up a family of my own.

"It isn't the customary thing to say," Kim admits, "but I never saw many movies. I preferred the outstanding European films for their fine acting. I figured all Hollywood wanted was pretty people. It was a pretentious place, I presumed. No, I never wanted a career of any kind at all until Columbia made me aware that acting as a profession was possible for me."

During that first week at the swanky hotel, Kim met Mac Krim, the tall, dark and handsome Beverly Hills businessman she may marry in the future. Each day, when she went down to the pool, she swam



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and laughed and sunned with no inkling of love or stardom.

"After one week," Kim continues, "Peggy had to return to Chicago. She'd received word of a job there. The one I'd anticipated was cancelled, so I decided to remain a bit longer. It was summertime, my first genuine vacation, and I adored California. I moved to an apartment temporarily, because it was less expensive."

Next, Kim promptly rented a bicycle for handy transportation. "Then, so I wouldn't go into debt, I went over to the Caroline Leonetti agency in Hollywood to see if I could get a few jobs modeling for ads. It has an A-1 reputation. They set me for a couple of things, and then phoned about my doing a bit as a model in a picture. I had to join the Screen Actors' Guild for this lark, even though I was only one of a group and was seen for the quickest flash. To my astonishment, it took two weeks to film that."

"The truth is it was Billy Daniel, who was the dance director on that picture, who said I ought to think about the movies. 'You're different,' he informed me. Not better, just different. I knew I wasn't the glamour type, and that I knew nothing about acting. If I'd been bitten by the acting bug, I wouldn't have come to Hollywood. I'd have tackled a dramatic school for solid training and then Broadway. But I don't believe a closed mind is healthy; I listen."

"He called Mr. Malnek, who said he'd like to talk to me if Billy Daniel recommended me. Then I met Mr. Shurr. I was in his office when Mr. Arnow happened to drop by. 'You should meet him,' Mr. Shurr told me. 'You never can tell—he might think you have potentialities for Columbia!' I said I'd already met Mr. Arnow once, socially, and he hadn't been the least bit enthused. When he came into the office, he didn't remember me. But, because we met under businesslike conditions this second time, he asked me to come to the studio."

Remembering her screen tests, Kim shudders. "I was two hours late that day!" The crew of fifty waited and the overhead ran into thousands of dollars. She was forgiven when her apology was so sincere she couldn't be coldly reproved. "If I'm on time always," Kim says now, "it's because, that soon, I suffered through my most embarrassing moment up to then! I had no notion of how many people were involved. When I recognized what I'd done, I was in despair!"

But she had to go on. Contrary to a report that she took special lessons, she had no coaching at all for the two sequences she was assigned to do. "Bob Francis worked with me in a scene from 'The Moon Is Blue,' reading the off-stage lines. He was so considerate," says Kim. "But the untold truth is that if I'd had only that test I'd have gotten no place. I didn't register well in it because I was attempting to act for the first time, and I was miserably self-conscious. Fortunately, I was also given a monologue from the play 'The Devil Passes.' It required an earthy girl who stood before a fireplace and told what she really wanted from life. What she said rang a bell within me. I agreed with her, so I was practically myself." Columbia was so pleased, Kim was signed—at less incidentally, than she'd been earning as a model—for her try-out first six months.

"It was Mr. Arnow's secretary who suggested the Studio Club as a convenient, safe, inexpensive residence," Kim says. "I wired Mother to come out and see what had happened. She did." Since then, letters, long-distance calls, and flights back to Chicago have kept her parents well-posted.

"The movies were not what I expected," Kim confesses candidly. "I didn't know

you learned to act in Hollywood. On the stage, yes; but I didn't think it was necessary for pictures."

How misinformed can a person be? For her six leads so far, no one has ever wanted Kim to be herself. She's been handed a slick screenplay and asked to be ready to test on a certain day for a challenging role. She's then had to characterize most convincingly or be a conspicuous failure. "I've had to test for each part at least twice," she says. "I tested six separate times for 'Picnic' before they were sure I qualified. Josh Logan didn't want any Hollywood actress in his cast full of Broadway veterans. After he saw my test run off, he said I might get by on my looks, but that up against true professionals looks aren't enough. I know that only too well! I believe all beauty comes from inside, from character. Mr. Logan didn't like my short haircut, said it wasn't feminine. So to suit him I wore almost shoulder-length red hair in his picture. I still don't concede that a woman has to rely on longer hair to

TO REACH THE STARS

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Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood 38

RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood 38

Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood

20th Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 35

United Artists, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

Universal-International, Universal City

Warner Brothers Pictures, 4000 West Olive Avenue, Burbank

seem softer. You shouldn't depend on that prop.

"It's never been easy for me to adjust," Kim continues ruefully. "But I'm discontented if I'm out of step with those I admire. Anyhow, there's no alternative here. If you're given a break, you don't dare drift. I've had to adopt Hollywood's work habits."

Kim knew that the results of her amazing swoosh into films could be spoiled by fumbles. Obviously, she had to catch up with the class of actresses she had suddenly joined because of her skip through the intermediate grades. This called for a concentration that once seemed impossible. But she didn't have golden rewards as an incentive until lately. And since she's become a keen student, the hours of every day are jammed. She wins tests for each new role because of her acting performance in her previous assignment.

"I owe so much to Benno Schneider,"

Kim says. He is Columbia's splendid dramatic coach who was a director on Broadway for the Theatre Guild. "I told him the first day I reported to him that I'd never been in even the tiniest little-theatre group."

Kim's carriage was correct and, since she had no off-beat accent, she didn't need diction lessons. "But my voice wasn't right. I talked without proper breath control, needed clearer tones. I had to become conscious of this, and do something about it. Benno taught me to love my work, taught me so much about myself. He doesn't teach newcomers how to act, by the way. A cut-and-dried memorizing of lines and bits of business isn't what is wanted in Hollywood. Instead, Benno has you read plays with others and then discuss the motives you detect in the characters. His aim is integrity. You must take apart the person you are portraying. Then it's a process of becoming another individual, of expressing that woman's feelings under various circumstances. I don't come on a set with a mapped-out conception of exactly what I'm to do. A director detests that; he wants flexibility. You have to be spontaneous though prepared, must respond to last-minute changes the director wants. But always as the person you are playing would."

Soon Kim added Batomi Schneider's twice-a-week evening classes to her daily coaching from Benno. Batomi—Benno's wife—is a famous private coach for young professionals who gather every Tuesday and Thursday evening for probing group-play reading. Kim still attends whenever she can. Her gratefulness to both the Schneiders for their invaluable training is unlimited.

"The truth is I had three months of intensive coaching before I was terrified with the news that I was to be tested for Fred MacMurray's picture, 'Pushover.'" Kim had to portray a particularly worldly woman, someone far from herself. "I had to test four different times, with four different directors, for my first role. I knew experienced actresses were being considered, that all the departments at the studio and the New York office, too, had to be satisfied." When she was okayed, she was petrified. "I always doubt the impossible!" she quips with a smile that spreads to her green eyes. Although the Manhattan reviews of her film debut were a wave of applause, the girl who'd never had nerve enough to visualize herself as an actress still hasn't been able to relax.

Her first name had to be abandoned because it was Marilyn and, with that name, she would have seemed imitative. There's been a misunderstanding about how she got "Kim." What happened was that Columbia came up with three names—Kim, Lynn and Kit. Studio personnel voted and Kim won.

Hollywood has been called heartbreak town by those who haven't what it takes to succeed. But Kim has had it. She remains the only star who walks to and from work, by her own choice. After two years of her name in lights, she still doesn't own a car—she hasn't had time to learn to drive yet. And she doesn't need a car, since she chooses to live in the center of Hollywood, just two blocks from Columbia studios. It isn't the most fashionable spot, but she'd rather go on happily sharing a dormitory setup with ninety-three other girls who don't treat her as a queen, but as one of them. She's found lasting friendships because of this choice.

Kim's wardrobe has become increasingly chic, but she'll never be a slave to fashion. She is dazzling at premieres when it's her duty, but her dread of overdressing is what brings her many nods of approval from the discriminating. She doesn't want fussy ef-

ects. She can overflow with glamour, but doesn't get a kick out of it. With her friends—and the press “because the truth is you don't have to pretend with the reputable writers”—she's strictly herself, often wearing old blue levis, a plaid shirt, but always well-groomed. “But let's face it,” she says. “This is me! I feel inadequate, insecure, when I'm working at looking just o. You're usually on the spot in Hollywood, but you're not always on parade!” In her crowded little closet there isn't a single fur cape. “I'm glad my mother taught me to be realistic. I'm too young to appreciate a mink. I have my youth now, and that's enough. I'm even glad I had to wear braids till I reached an age where it was important to cut my hair. I never want to have anything more than I need—that's how you become jaded.

“I don't agree diamonds are a girl's best friend, either. I wear a minimum of make-up because men like a fresh complexion, and I just personally don't care for a glob of jewelry.” She's never worn earrings with her short hair, is indifferent to necklaces, has only a couple of rings in her dresser that have sentimental value.

The social swim has been a problem so far because Kim has worked so steadily she has been able to tarry but briefly at only a few elegant parties. “But I look forward to going out more when I'm not working,” Kim says, refusing to be dubbed a recluse. She hasn't had time to give a party yet and has been to few night clubs because she doesn't depend upon being seen with the right people at the best places. “Hollywood isn't half as crazy about display to prove prominence as its critics have claimed. From the beginning, I've been advised repeatedly to live within my income, to save as much as I can. So I've stuck to my budget by having my sav-

ings taken out from my pay-checks.”

On her long days at the studio Kim gets up at 5:30 in order to be there for two-and-a-half hours in the hairdressing and make-up departments before reporting on the set at 9 A.M. Her hair has to be washed, set and dried and combed out every day she faces the cameras.

“And,” she says in mock disappointment, “I haven't met my favorite actor and actress yet—Alec Guinness and Garbo. So it isn't a fact you can meet all the stars if you get into the movies yourself.

“Falling in love with your leading man is a fable,” says Kim. “I'd never met Frank Sinatra until I was assigned to do ‘The Man with the Golden Arm.’ I respect Frank more than any actor I've met yet. He's real. He gets into trouble because he's so honest. But that makes him a man!” During production, they had half-a-dozen dates—he took her to two premieres, to two of his recording sessions, and to a formal party at the Gary Cooper home. Will she go out with him again? “Possibly, if Mac doesn't mind my having Frank as a true friend. But,” she adds, “the gossip item that said Tyrone Power and I had dates while making ‘The Eddy Duchin Story’ was absurd—somebody's pip of a mistake. Tyrone is fascinating, but our relationship was strictly professional.”

Kim has continued to date Mac Krim mostly and she receives an understanding of her work from him. But it isn't likely they'll elope. Kim wants a church wedding when she marries, and, she says emphatically, “It is not true that I'm secretly married now!” She dreams of a happy, normal home in her tomorrows. “A small, cozy little ranch house type with a place to keep a horse to ride.

“I like Dave Brubeck's jazz, but swoon over the show tunes I collect for my rec-

ord-player,” Kim laughs. “That's not at all important, I realize. But now you know there are no secrets left in my life. I wanted to tell the whole truth here.”

Although, since settling in Hollywood, Kim has not been able to see as much of her parents as she would like, they are still a closely knit family. Mr. and Mrs. Novak think very highly of Kim, they are proud of her achievement. The scandalous story about her filled them with indignation and shock. But they have taken it all philosophically and feel they can adjust to any notoriety, present or future. “We know it isn't true,” says Mr. Novak. And, he observes, “I think it's like jewelry—some people think the only kind of jewelry is what they have on a dime-store counter. All right, let them buy it. Other people know the value of better kinds. Anybody who wants to buy and believe that kind of trash is going to buy it.”

Says Mrs. Novak, “I don't let myself be bothered by it—I can't. I have noticed a difference, of course. A lot of people have come to me with sympathy . . . these are the people who know Kim. And a lot of people associated with her in Hollywood feel the same way . . . a number of them have written to me, saying that they know Kim and it was all nothing but a lie.

“When Kim called us and told us about it,” says Mrs. Novak, “she was more worried about what it would do to us, than what it would do to her. We are just ordinary people, living our own lives, not spectacular in any way. Of course it makes us unhappy to have notoriety, but we can live with it. We have faith in Kim, and so does anybody who really knows her.” With wisdom and sincerity, Mr. Novak adds, “It makes me sorry that some people can be taken in by that kind of thing.”

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We're Not Too Young to Marry

(Continued from page 45)

we're not exactly hoary with age. But we've given the question of early marriage a lot of thought. As a matter of fact, we were both against it at first, because of tragic youthful marriages we'd either heard of or read about. But kids like that regard marriage as a guest does a party. At a party you may have to do a little work as a guest, like rolling back the rug and passing the refreshments. But marriage is a party in which you are host as well as guest. Therefore, it is work and real effort if you want a marriage to become a success, rather than a divorce statistic. Then, too, I know what I want out of life. I'm not floundering around trying to decide what career I want. And I'm able to support a wife. We feel that, because of special circumstances, we are mature enough to understand just what marriage means. After all, it isn't the calendar years you've checked off that makes you grown-up. . . ."

And Russell Irving Tamblyn, whether he realized it or not, was repeating the views of such experts as Dr. Paul Popenoe, for thirty years a national authority on marriage. It is Russ's opinion that "marrying very young doesn't necessarily mean a marriage won't survive. What's important is the emotional maturity of the seventeen-year-old girl or the twenty-one-year-old young man. Some girls and boys are more emotionally mature and grown-up at seventeen than many men and women of twenty-seven. If I had a daughter, I'd hope that she'd wait until she was able to vote before marrying, but if she had a completely realistic sense of what marriage means at seventeen, I'd give her my blessing."

It's highly probable that, if Dr. Popenoe had listened to the views of Russ and Venetia, he would have found real maturity in this eager young pair, glowing with love's bright young dream.

First of all, having been a professional for most of his twenty-one years makes Russ more than a little different from other boys his age who are either starting junior year in college or painfully getting a foothold at the bottom of the ladder in the business world. Where they have just arrived, Russ has long since been. Where

they are still frantically beating out R & R, Russ says, "When I was in high school all I went in for was rhythm and blues, same as the kids do today. I'll admit I still like it—but now I've let my kid brother talk me out of most of my rock-around-the-clock records. Brother Larry listens to them, and I spend more time listening to modern jazz."

True, many youngsters haven't yet outgrown R & R at Russ's age. While they still have a frantic need to be noticed, he has an air of quiet self-assurance, dresses so conservatively that he might be typed as a budding stockbroker. While they are still in the grip of a late adolescent mania for speed and are still fooling around with chopped-down hot-rods, Russ is through with all that, and drives a modest '54 Ford—carefully. And while they are still engrossed with seeing how many girls' phone numbers they can chalk up in their little black books, Russ has settled for one. And he was, for some time before that, a one-woman man.

"Since I was six I've been in some form of show business," explained the lad with the nimble feet and whiplike dancer's body. Neither self-consciousness nor theatre ushers could prevent him from climbing out of the audience and onto the stage of the Granada Theatre in Los Angeles to do an entirely spontaneous and unrehearsed dance. "Right there," says Russ, "when the kids applauded I lost my amateur standing and became a full-fledged ham. I think a person grows up quicker in the entertainment world than elsewhere. It's a sophisticated atmosphere and you have to pick and choose friends and associates, learn to make decisions, to budget your time, your money, learn how to work with an eye on the future and profit from mistakes, career-wise. The youngsters who don't, fall by the wayside. Between picture assignments I went back to North Hollywood High, became head cheerleader, took lessons in voice, dramatics, applied myself at juggling, tumbling, acrobatics, practiced a magic act, played piano and drums. I learned the value of time and, when I was on a picture, I packed up my books and went to the studio school and studied between takes. When I was sixteen and on location

for 'Retreat, Hell', a special high-school tent had to be set up for me. I saw how busy actors learned to conserve their energy by taking cat naps, anywhere and everywhere. I learned how to 'recharge my batteries' in the same way. I've been in plays, radio, vaudeville and had part in seventeen movies. You grow up fast when you're on your own, trying to open doors to a career. Like a lot of other young actors, I've known the value of money ever since I took a newspaper route to pay for dancing lessons." And Russ learned more about how to manage money when, a couple of years ago, he took his own apartment in order to be closer to his studio.

While Russ talked, the beautiful girl whose choice nodded agreement to his idea. Quietly self-possessed, with a smile as fragile as the Venetian glass she might have been named for, Venetia's unusual background has given her, at seventeen, a wisdom and maturity which few girls her age can equal. Born in England, the daughter of English actress, Anna Lee, a director Robert Stevenson, Venetia was brought to this country as a baby. Her parents, divorced when she was eight, have each remarried and each has a family of small children. Since her mother lives in New York and her father in Los Angeles, Venetia moved from coast to coast. Though her parents tried hard to give her a proper home life, Venetia decided, at fifteen, she would be better off in an apartment of her own in Hollywood where she could combine high school with photographic and fashion modeling. Because of her maturity, her parents consented, and she's managed beautifully ever since, supporting herself with a loan from her father. In New York, visiting her mother, in London on a trip with her father and in Hollywood on her own she has worked at modeling steadily, and has been a cover girl many times.

Shyly, Venetia expresses her ideas on marriage. "I think a girl who has been on her own, who has had her own apartment, comes to marriage better equipped. I like modeling—it's a fascinating way to earn money, but I'm not fired with ambition. What I want is a home of my own, a husband and a family. I think that's the best thing any girl can hope for. Maybe because I come of a broken home, I know better than most girls how important it is. And I think it'll make me work harder to make a real marriage and to hold on to it."

"Venetia has the instincts of a corporation executive," Russ grinned proudly. "She's a wonderful manager. When I went on location to the Black Hills in South Dakota to make 'The Last Hunt', she wondered what arrangements I should make to take care of my bills and salary checks. Venetia offered to do it. She got my checks, paid the bills and installed them on my car and TV, sent money home to my family, to my church and my brother in Germany, and managed much better than I can. By the middle of September she'd even added more to my savings account than I'd been able to do. I see who will be the financial genius in our family, and who'll take care of the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker."

Is Russ extravagant?

"Well," replied Venetia, "I think maybe he's a little more extravagant than I am. He doesn't watch values the way a girl does when he shops, and he doesn't plan ahead quite as much as he might. And he buys me too many presents," she beamed at him, her eyes alight with affection.

A puckish grin curved Russ's lips. "Look who's talking! Venetia came back from England with all kinds of presents for me. Cashmere sweaters—and you know how much they cost. She designs her

Is my husband being Unfaithful?

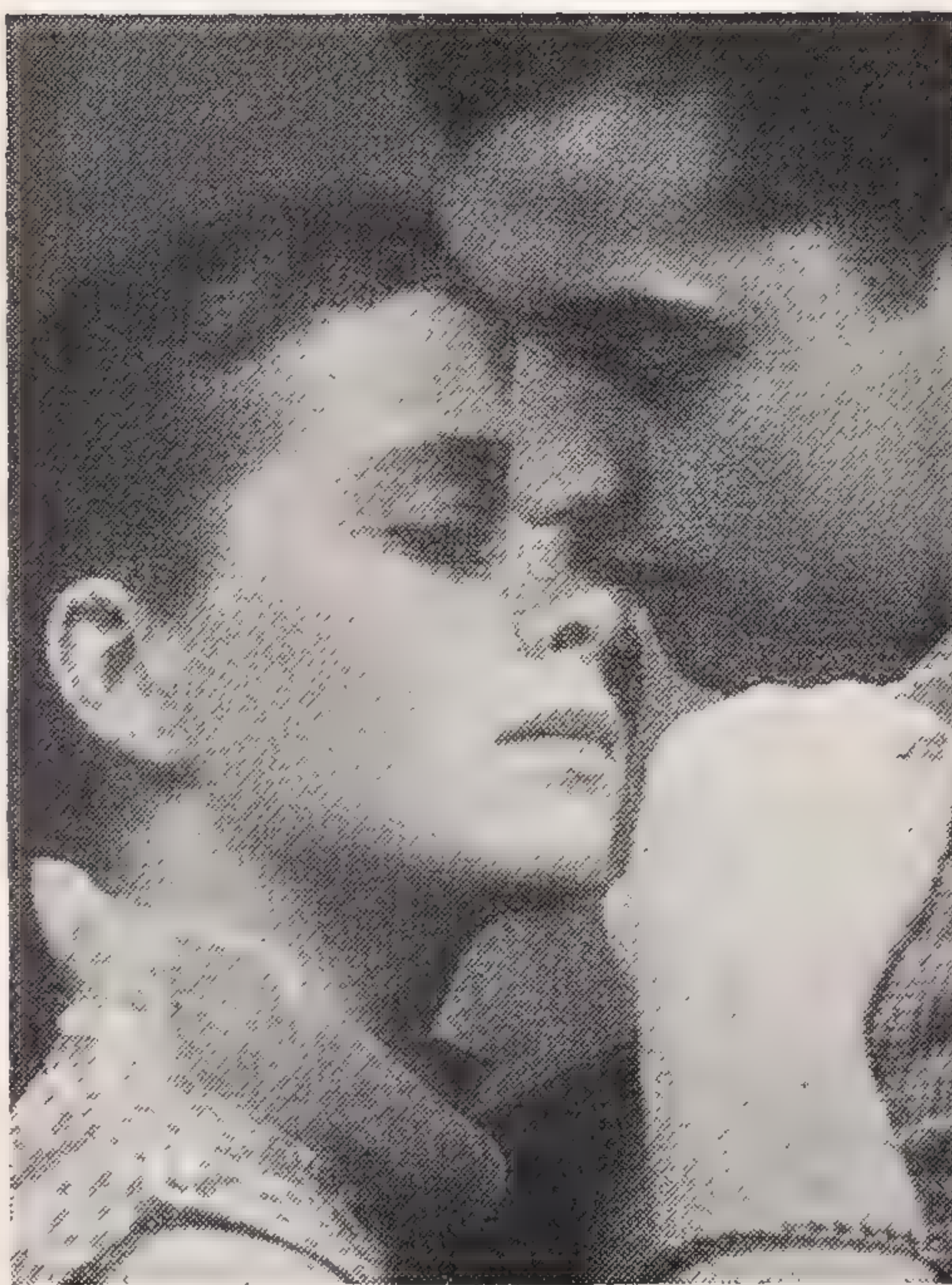
Agonizing doubts and fears are likely to creep into anyone's mind. That's why so many people are thankful for the radio program "My True Story." It deals frankly with such deep emotional difficulties. With stories taken right from the files of *True Story Magazine*; it shows you how other people have triumphed over life's most disturbing problems. So don't miss these helpful and exciting stories.

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clothes and makes a lot of them, and a do-it-yourself fan. I build furniture made a mahogany coffee table and rec- shelves for my apartment. When I t got my apartment I didn't think the ow rugs or the draperies quite ex- ssed me. So I dyed the rugs, went to wholesale house, bought material and ther made my curtains.

I don't think we'll find money a prob- n when we marry," Russ continued. e've both learned to manage pretty well to now. When I signed my contract at G-M I was under age and required by y to put fifteen percent of my earnings saving bonds. But I decided to put ay thirty-five percent of my salary in- ad and just make do with what re- ined. As a Mormon, I've always be- ved in tithing and saving, and after ring my fixed expenses, my agent, my igation to my family, I didn't have too ch left. Venetia showed me a series of icles in a magazine on families with omes of \$3,000 all the way to \$40,000 ear. Each article explained the terrible e each family had in making ends et! Poverty depends mainly upon what a think it is. Venetia and I have no ns for fishtail Cadillacs or estates in Air. When I reached twenty-one last cember, I was eligible to collect the 000 in bonds, accumulated over the rs from my salary.

But after we furnish our apartment— the Valley, we think—with livable dern, not too abstract and cold, we'll ve the rest in the bank for the family plan to raise, for emergencies, for vel and maybe much later for that in of malt shops I'd like to own as an estment. Anyway, Venetia and I don't for night clubs and dinner at Roman- s."

s a good thing we don't," Venetia sed. "They'd never serve you those xtures you make—eggs and tuna fish ambled with hot dogs, mustard and sup."

Oh, that's all in the past—with the illa ice cream on top of scrambled s—kid stuff," Russ informed us, as an y grin crinkled his fawn-like eyes. enetia and I like to swim, to drive to beach, to go to drive-in movies, eat za or charcoal-broiled hamburgers, and listen to music. The apartment I have way up in the hills behind the Holly- od Bowl. You have to take a 200-foot vator ride, then a flight of stairs to get re. But the view is worth it and so is music during the season. On summer hts we'd fix a picnic supper, then climb hill to a good spot, and listen to every- ng from Bach concerts to Gershwin. d all for free."

f it hadn't been for one reluctant blind e and two accidental meetings, the venson-Tamblyn *affaire de coeur* might ver have happened. And that would be great pity, for seldom has Hollywood n two youngsters so completely, so iantly in love yet so realistic in their roach to marriage, so well suited to h other and so untouched by the ical outlook and false sophistication of cinema capital.

One night some three years ago, a friend Russ's phoned to ask him to take a d date to a party for Debbie Reynolds. ss had had a quarrel with the young ely he was currently soda-popping and s ready to consign her whole sex to the pest part of the Pacific. No, thank you, didn't feel like squiring a blind date. ll do you good to get out," his friend ed. Russ finally agreed. The girl was uteous blond Venetia. "Wow! Is she utiful!" thought Russ in the midst of noisy party. "But the cat's got her



OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

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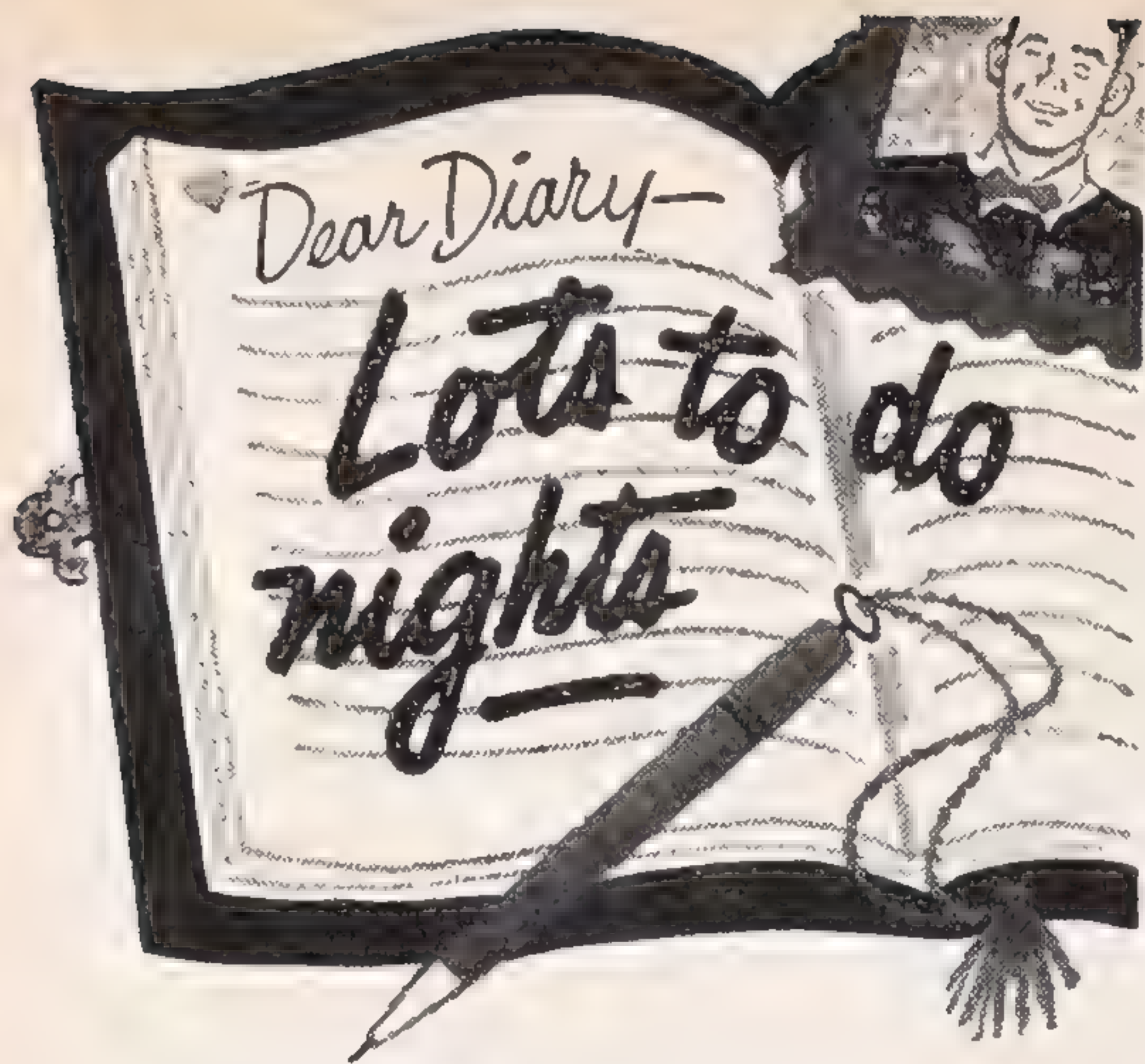
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MORE CLASSIFIED ON PAGE 92



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MORE CLASSIFIED ON PAGE 91

tongue. Never met such a quiet girl. Maybe she's bored." After that night, Russ patched up the quarrel with his girl and Venetia left for New York. And that seemed that.

Next time they met was October of last year at Debbie Reynolds' huge engagement party to Eddie Fisher. Venetia came with a date and so did Russ. In the midst of the hundreds of people milling about, he spotted Venetia, stopped to chat with the smiling but reserved girl, noted the glances she received from the appreciative stagline and again said to himself, "Beautiful girl; cute figure, but so quiet she must be a little dull. Oh, well..."

The following night, Russ was in his apartment listening to a few of his 1500 records—ranging from classic to ultra progressive jazz—and he felt the need of a little sustenance. He whizzed up to his favorite drive-in on the Sunset Strip. At about the same time Venetia decided she just had to have a hamburger and guided her car into the only remaining spot in the parking area. While waiting for service, she heard a masculine voice in the next car. "Glass of milk, order of hot cakes with catsup on top." "Catsup on hot cakes?" faltered the carhop. "Sure," deadpanned Russ, "doesn't everybody?" He glanced at the saucy blonde in the next car, recognized her and they enjoyed their snacks together. This time he left with her phone number.

On their first real date—a drive to the beach—Russ changed his mind completely about Venetia. "I thought she was different from any girl I'd known. She didn't try to be always 'on,' she had no line, she was relaxed and fun to be with. In a few minutes, her natural English reserve melted and I felt I'd known her a long time. She's gentle, sensitive, has a fine sense of humor and she loves to listen more than to yak away herself. But when she talks it's worth listening to."

At first Venetia felt quite calm about Russ. She neither liked him nor disliked him—a neutral feeling which began to change and, before a month passed, they were going steady. Naturally there were quarrels and misunderstandings. Russ wouldn't phone her for some days and when he did she was busy. "But always, like a bad penny, I called again. I just couldn't be angry with her, and soon I knew she was the girl for me." In December, when she gave him a surprise birthday party, Russ was more certain about her.

And in February, he was dead certain that he wanted Venetia for his bride. That happened at the Cocomat Grove when a large party from Metro went to Vic Damone's opening. Metro producer Joseph Pasternak eyed Venetia appreciatively. Finally he came up, was introduced, and said to her, "I think you have picture possibilities. I'd like to test you."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Pasternak, but I don't want to be an actress," Venetia smilingly told him.

Pasternak almost reeled back. "Well, young lady. That's the first time I've heard that. What do you want to be?"

"I want to be a wife and mother, to have a husband and a home."

It was all Russ wanted to hear. "I'm old-fashioned, maybe—selfish, maybe, but I don't think you can have a good marriage when a wife is all wrapped up in an acting career. I've seen the disastrous results when a husband and wife place their careers first and marriage a poor second. Actors are inclined to be self-centered, for acting means constant attention to one's self. Two acting careers in one family is murder, not to speak of the frequent separations when both are off on

location to the four corners of the world."

"Mother gave up show business when she married twenty-five years ago and she says she has never regretted it because she found more fulfillment in raising family. If, after Venetia and I are married, she told me that a studio had offered her a co-starring role with Marlon Brando I couldn't care less. Because I know that we couldn't concentrate on two careers in one family. Modeling—that's fine, because it's not a twenty-four-hour-a-day way of life. Venetia can take it or she can let it go. And I don't think it will be a shocking experience for her."

With Venetia and Russ there was never any formal proposal of marriage. While driving, swimming or munching hamburgers they found themselves talking about marriage and an apartment, about children and the Mormon church, about church wedding and where to go for honeymoon. "When Russ gave me my engagement ring last summer," says Venetia in her soft little voice, "we planned a long engagement and decided on a June wedding. Russ's older brother, Warren, will be back from his missionary work in Germany by then and we wanted him to be best man."

"But June is so far off," Russ added dolefully. "When I was away in South Dakota on location and when Venetia was in England, we were both miserable and lonely. We know a long engagement considered insurance for a good marriage but we are so certain of the way we feel now. I'm lost when I'm not with Venetia. We spend all our spare time together. Why wait until June?" The impish grin of Van Johnson's newest successor seemed to invite the whole world to share in happiness. For nothing is more true than "all the world loves a lover." "We picked St. Valentine's Day for the wedding and wouldn't it be nice if my next picture would be made on the island of Capri or Venice or Paris? Then we could honeymoon in some romantic spot."

Venetia and Russ may not know where they will honeymoon, but they do know their wedding will be in a church. "I plan to wear white," says Venetia dreamily, "and I want a real wedding—one we'll remember forever, not a slapdash elopement to Las Vegas."

The Bishop of the Mormon church is promised to marry them, but not in the Mormon Temple itself. This is because only active church members are allowed in the Temple and Venetia—although she is studying—is not yet a member. But the Bishop has told them that he will marry them in any non-denominational church of their choice. Naturally, the young lovers are proud of this, though Venetia voices one tiny reservation: "I've always thought that a champagne toast is part of a wedding, like the wedding cake and bridegroom. But Mormons do not drink alcoholic beverages, nor tea or coffee."

It's apparent that although young Tablyn hasn't yet voted, he's far closer to being a man and ready for marriage than many players this reporter has spoken with who are much older. It is when Russ, with great natural dignity, is discussing his church that the listener is most impressed with this acrobatic, fast-rising actor who has vaulted up the hill to stardom. "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" and "Hit the Deck."

"My religion," he says without the slightest degree of youthful self-consciousness, "is a rock that has steadied me my whole life. It's not just a religion—it's a philosophy and a way of life. It influences every phase of living for its members. It stresses mutual helpfulness and social consciousness. Much as I'd like to devote

self to the church, show business—w...
extra demands on my time—makes...
possible for me to be the real Mormon...
like to be. Next best is helping my...
other Warren, who is twenty-two and...
a mission for the church in Germany...
s my idol. He is one of the thousands...
young Mormons who go out every year...
foreign missionaries without compensa-
n, giving a year or more of their time...
spreading the teachings of the church...
en Warren returns, he will go back to...
medical studies at Brigham Young...
iversity. Venetia agrees that if I can't...
vote the time to church work I'd like...
an, at least, make a financial contribu-
n in seeing my brother through school...
e desire, that I don't think I can ever...
fill, is to do as much for others as my...
other and my parents do."

As Russ, seated at the luncheon table in...
e studio commissary, discussed his deep...
yalty to his church a strange thing...
ppened. Directors, actors, studio per-
nel, seated at near-by tables, ceased...
eir aimless chitchat and listened to the...
ung lad, deeply moved. It's easy to see...
at Russ has a genuine liking for people...
unaffected, vital enthusiasm for every-



Color portraits of Carol Ohmart, Shirley Jones by...
Avery; Pat Crowley by Ornitz; Martha Hyer by...
Stern; stills from "Alexander the Great" by United...
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Stewart Granger by Carpenter; Jean Simmons by...
Avery.

ing. It comes across on the screen—you...
t it in his friendly grin, his eager, quick...
ice, and you return this liking immedi-
ely.

"In church," Russ continued, "you're...
ought to get up on your feet and express...
ur ideas from earliest Sunday school...
d to teach classes. Just the other day at...
urch, Venetia made the best talk on...
enagers to a group. She amazed me with...
w well she did. I'm naturally an extro-
rt; Venetia's an introvert. We have much...
give each other. She's showing me the...
rld of books and I'm helping her gain...
f-confidence and understand all forms...
music.

"When I was in high school," Russ re-
led, "I'd listen to the problems of the...
ls and try to help them. It wasn't a...
tter of solving the problems—it was...
st letting them talk things out. More...
d more of them came to me, and pretty...
on we started a club for girls and one...
boys. I became a kind of a teen-age...
ychologist and I learned to love—not...
st like—people. But it wasn't until I...
t Venetia that I began to understand...
at love is all about.

"I know I still have a lot to learn," Russ...
eded, his hazel eyes sparkling. "But some...
ights, after I've taken Venetia home and...
ome back to my apartment, I feel so...
ppy about our future that I just have to...
e outside and look at the stars. If I...
n't, I think I'd just explode—like a...
all-size atom bomb!"

THE END

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(Continued from page 77)

come part of the mold. High school, I think, is a little too early to start forming the inevitable little groups which are so much a part of our security. It's so easy to be sneering or lack understanding of others when you have a select little clique that breathes 'amen' as long as you conform. I've seen a lot of girls hurt because they weren't asked to join—but I've seen a lot hurt more by joining.

"I guess I'm a non-conformist," Debbie adds. "Everything in me rebels against going with the mob just for the sake of public opinion. In high school, those date-bait queens were pretty sickening to me. They had to be very popular or they were miserable. They talked of nothing but their dates, their clothes, their make-up—and other girls! They were just as empty-headed when they graduated as when they first entered school. They were the main reason," admits Debbie, "why I romped around in gym blouses all through high school. I detested the whole idea of 'sweater girls.' I don't think I wore a single sweater while I was in school."

Of course, Debbie was the extreme opposite of these giddy queens of manland. As a future gym teacher, she spent an hour during the school day and two and a half hours after school with sports. Her interest in boys was restricted solely to the stripes he had on his letter sweater.

"Some of my most wonderful memories include being asked by ten or twelve fellows to join them to go to an out-of-town game. I always took my cowbell. (It's been in the family for generations and I feel like it's an heirloom.) We'd sing songs and cut up and have a first-class ball. The boys treated me like another fellow and I loved it—and besides, I had the cowbell. But, when I did occasionally go to a dance like the Aloha, they treated me like a girl instead of a regular fellow. I still think boys treat girls the way the girl expects to be treated."

Debbie and her brother, two years older, used to have a constant debate about Debbie's immaturity. She considered his boyfriends "very fast" and he considered her girlfriends very slow.

"Out of all the girls I could have had for a sister," he'd wail, "I have to get a square tomboy. Look, Sis, I'll fix you up with Jack for a date."

"Oh, no you don't," unworldly-wise Sis would respond. "I've heard about him. He took Myrtle home from a date and kissed her!"

The shock and disapproval in Debbie's voice would send her big brother away groaning in despair. Debbie was growing up in her own time and would not be rushed, even by a big brother. While he was trying to con her into dating, she was blithely living her teens as she would have them—irrepressibly.

"It's a good thing I wasn't shy or sensitive," she laughs. "The day of Girl Scout meetings, I would wear the whole outfit to school; the uniform, the badge sash—with forty-seven merit badges on it draped over my shoulder—the hat, socks and shoes . . . the works. The boys would yell down the corridors, 'Here it comes, men.' As I'd pass them, they'd come to attention and salute. Me? I'd return the salute and say, 'At ease, men.' If I'd been shy I wouldn't have lasted under that barrage. But I loved and believed in Girl Scouts, so I could take it as a joke."

What Debbie believes in she works for. Today, at her tender age, she can look back on fifteen years in Girl Scouts. Her mother was a Girl Scout leader—right up through the Brownies to the graduation

class. Mrs. Reynolds, a delightful and wise woman, has at least thirty foster daughters from her Scout work and knows a few hundred foster grandchildren. "Belonging to the Girl Scouts," Debbie says seriously, "is wonderful for learning to be a nice person and being able to live with others. I wouldn't have missed a minute of it. When I have a family, I probably be a Den Mother for the Cub Scouts and leader for the Brownies and then Girl Scouts. So many women become leaders when their children grow to that age. But the women who have been trained in scouting are so much better leaders. One of my friends, Carolyn has made it her profession."

"I do believe in doing what you want to do," says Debbie. "If you have a yen to join the art club, join it—regardless of whether it is or isn't in the class. I got a lot of yal because I took folk dancing for three years. But I loved it. Even now I prefer a square dance to a rhumba. High school is one place where learning practical anything is wide open. If we don't take advantage of it, it's our own fault. We still have security in high school and some still have it in college. It's the only time to learn without the additional choice of making a living."

Debbie knows what sudden turns fate can take, because at sixteen she suddenly had her planned future tossed out the window of her ivory tower. As Miss Burbank of 1948, she performed a mad impersonation of Betty Hutton. She not only clicked with the natives, she clicked with Warner Brothers studio. Everyone was thrilled but Debbie—she wanted to be a gym teacher. She worked half-heartedly at the job of being an actress. But her effervescent personality continued to bubble. The non-conformist was still using her tricky, double-jointed knee for fun. She would walk down the sidewalk with her friends, suddenly drop and let her knees turn so that spectators would gasp and run for an ambulance. Then Debbie and her chums would tear off madly down the street. In 1952, she showed up at the premiere of "Singin' in the Rain" in a rickety Model-T with no brakes. The bunch of kids in the car had to push most of the way. When they arrived at the theatre and the irrepressible Debbie emerged from the jalopy and strode up the red carpet, murmurs of "Well, really" echoed behind her.

Debbie loves to go to the movies. She also laughs the hardest and cries the most at a picture. During that still-young stage of her career, she didn't realize she was being carefully watched by the critical eyes of the press. One evening, she went to a preview armed with her usual equipment: a box of popcorn, two Cokes, and two candy bars. The next day, a columnist who had sat in front of her at the preview wrote a down-beat, cluck-cluck article about Debbie's movie habits—and she's never lived it down.

"Now when I go to a press preview," she says, "I don't eat popcorn, never laugh or cry out loud—and never, no never, speak to my companion. It doesn't do any good, of course," she sighs. "I'm still thought of as that rambunctious teenager. But, when I pay my own way to a movie, I still load up with popcorn, Cokes, candy bars and take my shoes off halfway through. I laugh when it's funny and cry when it's sad. But that's only when I pay."

At eighteen, Debbie suddenly fell in love with her work. While making "Two Weeks with Love," she realized that she was experiencing the same joy of living that

she'd had in school. With a philosophy of 'what happens, happens,' she knuckled down to giving her all to movie-making. She also realized she'd have to check the impulses which had made her a born comedienne in school.

"Now," explains Debbie, trying to look solemn, "I am very conservative. There are restrictions on players in pictures. I used to resent the fact that I had to temper my impulsive nature and think twice before I said or did anything. But I visited Jeanette—who did become a gym teacher—one day at school, and I suddenly realized that there are restrictions in any phase of work. Jeanette has them, too. No matter what job we take, we are expected to bend our individuality to a degree. It's sad in a way, and yet it's an important part of growing up."

On the M-G-M set for "The Tender Trap," a more mature Debbie was in evidence. Her laughter was slightly subdued, her pranks a little less mad, and her conversation occasionally two-sided. But her boundless spirit is still noticeable. The Reynolds individualist is still in the saddle when it comes to debunking popularity. Popularity in essence is an inside job, and either you have it or you don't.

"Trying to be popular is like chasing the wind," muses Debbie. "It's an intangible substance not found in the 'How To . . . ' books or the commercials or the girl next door. In the accepted sense, I wasn't popular. I learned early that you can't expect everybody to like you. But you can be popular with your friends, you can be honest, and you can enjoy growing up without the frenzy of false values." . . .

Debbie sat quietly for a moment in the M-G-M commissary, idly fingering her huge, square-cut diamond engagement ring which now has a companion in her wedding band. "Trying to be popular," she said thoughtfully, "quite often means trying to push time. Girls try to look older than they are; they wear heavy make-up, sophisticated clothes and severe hair-dos. They lean heavily on popularity with boys. Invariably they try to copy some woman older than themselves. It's such a waste. If it comes naturally, it comes in time. But pushing time eliminates those wonderful years of learning and fun that we call youth. It also halts the opportunity to know and understand yourself at an early age. 'To thine own self be true and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.' Those words debunk a striving for popularity far better than I can."

True to her own nature, Debbie, the demure and docile, suddenly flashed a mischievous smile. "I still have the wild urge to show up at a premiere in a scratch wig, weird costume, teeth blacked out and to roll up the red carpet as fast as they put it down and swing from the rafters. "Of course," she added with an exaggerated sigh, "I'll never do it. I'll have to get it all out of my system on Halloweens. I take an hour and a half for my clown make-up and, when I'm sure no one can recognize me, I really let loose. I am," she said with a noticeable show of modesty, "an excellent clown."

It's true. With or without make-up, on stage or off, Debbie is a wonderful clown. She has been since she was born. A clown and an individualist. Growing steadily into wholesome maturity, Mrs. Debbie Reynolds Fisher is living proof that popularity is an inside job.

THE END

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My Boy—Bob Wagner

(Continued from page 49)

Not such a coincidence, I told him, since he just happened to be my son and namesake. Well, the electrifying effect was the last thing I expected. Suddenly the good man was back again. It seemed he did have a table for two after all! With apologies for the "oversight," we were escorted to the choicest spot in the room. My wife and I sat there grinning at each other throughout dinner and later, when R.J. came home, we relayed the story to him. He always gets a great kick out of kidding me and, of course, this time I was really asking for it.

"Just use my name any time, Dad," he said soothingly. "After all, *someone* in this family has to make an impression!"

It's been this way from the beginning. R.J. and I have always shared a fun-loving and respectful father-son relationship, and this close-knit family tie works to the advantage of us all.

For another example, most of my time is spent in La Jolla where I handle my San Diego accounts. However, I also have an office in Westwood, and my secretary (after twenty years I call *her* boss!) phoned R.J. one Friday to say she was driving down to see his folks and did he want to send a message.

"I sure do," he said drily, "just tell Dad that if he needs any money, get in touch with me!"

Now, a word of explanation before I continue this discourse on one man's family—which is my initial effort, because I've refrained up to now for obvious reasons. One can easily become a big bore extolling the virtues of someone close to his heart. And yet, if my thoughts and feelings for Robert John Wagner, Jr. were anything less than biased, I would indeed consider myself a poor parent. PHOTOPLAY sweet-talked me into writing this piece while my son was in Chamonix, France, making "The Mountain" for Paramount. I hope he won't be too surprised and shocked when he sees this in print!

Instead of losing a son to fame—which can happen in Hollywood—my wife and I find that R.J. has remained singularly unchanged and, if anything, we all are even closer. Despite the fuss being made over him, the love and approval R.J. receives from us continues to mean more to him than the rewards of personal achievement in his dedicated life. The faith instilled by his mother has also served as a great levelling influence on R.J., and Mrs. Wagner and I both know we are very fortunate parents. Our gratitude is eternal.

As long as I have the floor, may I take this opportunity to correct a wrong rumor that has caused us considerable embarrassment. Reports have been circulated that I am a millionaire, that R.J. was born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth and was showered with indulgence and luxury. I don't think he gives this impression—do you?—but he has suffered as a result of it and has taken the short end of the stick many times because of this mistaken belief. R.J. has never complained, because he's got guts and has preferred to live down such implications by working hard and proving his worth.

For the record: After years of hard work, I am comfortably situated. But I must still work. I started out as a newsboy and bettered myself gradually—and that's the story.

As a youngster, R.J. enjoyed whatever advantages a father could give—which is usual, generally speaking, and not exceptional. But he always took summer jobs and worked like a beaver setting up pins in bowling alleys, currying horses, shin-

ing shoes, selling magazine subscriptions. He also washed dishes at the Bel Air Hotel and was a bus boy around Westwood Village while going to school. I can still see him returning home with his hands split and bleeding and his mother applying first-aid and admonishing him to be careful. But anything R.J. has ever attempted has been given the full treatment and, invariably, he'd turn up with his hands split and bleeding again.

It's generally known that I wanted R.J. to assist and eventually succeed me in my business. He tried it, too, for eight months, but his heart wasn't in it. He preferred to build his own success in his own way and take his chances where the setup wasn't assured. So I gave him my blessing and never urged him to stay.

Now, I must confess I was disappointed—and, still holding hope in my heart, I kept the job open for three years! Who am I to tell a boy he can't do the work he loves? He'd never be happy, it was his life, and every father wants his son's happiness above everything else. So, after I spoke my piece, I dropped the subject.

First, I carefully pointed out to R.J. that I didn't want any part of his racket, mainly because the movie business is not my cup of tea. I am the ordinary layman where movies are concerned. I like putting my money down at the box-office and seeing pictures, but I know nothing about them and won't pretend that I do. Then I said I hoped he'd always keep his feet on the ground and, if he couldn't be tops—and instead was always just around the corner, never quite making it—I hoped he'd get out. Aside from feeling disappointed, Mrs. Wagner and I have never harshly punished R.J. Consequently, he has never been afraid of his folks, or of speaking his mind.

"I want to remain in the movies for as long as I live," he'd answered, "even if I become a good prop man. I love this business and I want to be a part of it. I just have to, Dad."

Today, the compensations are more than I ever could have given R.J., but this isn't what impresses me. To me, the best part of his success is the way he conducts himself. R.J.'s success is still mediocre, but the important thing is that he's building for his future. I think he has a long way to go, but it's still gratifying and I'm proud of what he's accomplished so far. You can't draw his kind of money and not put effort behind it. This R.J. knows, so he really tries. On the side, he works with a dramatic coach; he listens and watches more experienced people. And, of course, he is very fortunate in having a friend like Mr. Zanuck, who sets him straight on everything.

When you treat a boy like a man, he becomes a man. We've always let R.J. think for himself and have backed him up if family help was needed. Take for example the time someone shot out the light bulbs in the tunnels of the Bel Air Country Club. Old John, the caretaker, found out it was R.J. and his friend, Bob Green, who were armed with air rifles. Everyone was annoyed—especially me, since I was on the board. It never happened again and now R.J. belongs to the club!

While I realize my son's faults are conspicuously missing in this report, I must also confess that I'm aware of few. I would say that R.J. is much too generous and that's his biggest fault today. He loves to spend money on others, but he can keep this up. Morgan Maree, his business manager, finally had to limit R.J. to fifty dollars a week spending money and investing the balance. Maree summed up the situa-

tion: "Your son is okay—as long as you keep him out of stores!"

You don't dare admire anything, such as a pair of R.J.'s shoes for example. I happened to do this one day and, the next thing I knew, we were driving up in front of Saks. I got the shoes! Mrs. Wagner finally called a halt when she ran out of closet and drawer space for his generous gifts. Every time R.J. discovers a new recording—which is every week—he sends a disc to all his friends.

When he's working on a picture, R.J. calls us every other night. Whenever time permits, he hops into his Thunderbird and drives the 120 miles between La Jolla and Beverly Hills. On one of these trips he placed a solid gold lighter on my desk. I needed a gold lighter like a hole in the head and, believing he was giving up his own, I kicked up quite a fuss.

"Why don't you turn it over, Dad," he suggested quietly. This I did and discovered it was a new lighter he had bought for me. On the bottom was engraved: "With great love; from R.J." Now what do you say after that?

Although he's still quite impulsive, I've noticed during the last year that R.J. is taking everything more seriously. He's getting older now and I'm glad he's outgrown wanting to do what he wants to do when he wants to do it. He used to wade right in and we never interfered because we knew he had to make his own mistakes and learn his lessons himself. Now he thinks before he acts. Before he furnished his present apartment, he had wanted to buy a house. But he travels a lot making pictures and, being very popular with his friends, he has many invitations. Owning his own house would require a gardener and servants, extra taxes, insurance, utilities, and so on. Wasn't it wiser, he was advised, to wait and buy after he settled down? R.J. listened to me, he was perturbed—but he didn't buy the house.

As a youngster, R.J. was also sports-crazy. He was captain of his baseball team, he learned to sail, ride, and swim. During the summers, we rented a cabin in the woods which helped toward giving him a good, wholesome life. Today, he cores in the 70's on the Bel Air golf course where, as a kid, he caddied for Clark Gable, Fred Astaire and Randolph Scott. He used to drive them nuts at times; with his questions! Even then he dreamed of becoming an actor.

Aside from loving my son, R.J. and I have always remained close friends. There are no barriers between us, no self-consciousness, no taboos. We have talked many times about many things, and on one of these occasions R.J. said to me:

"People are always trying to push me into marriage. But you know, Dad, I want to be independent first. I won't marry until I can give a wife and children the best of everything. So I want to take my time and be very sure of myself. I won't marry until I am thirty!"

Being well aware of what happens to a man's heart when the right girl comes along, I predicted R.J. would be married when he was twenty-four or twenty-five. Upon hearing that, he began to grin.

"Let's make a bet," he said. Then, taking a piece of paper out of his pocket, he wrote on it: "If I marry before I'm thirty, I agree to give \$200 to my dad."

At the time, my son was a teenager and that was a big bet for him to make. Well, we've carried that piece of paper in my wallet ever since, and I thought I was going to win. Now it looks like I won't. R.J. will be twenty-six on the tenth of February—and nothing gives him a greater kick than putting one over on the old man!

THE END



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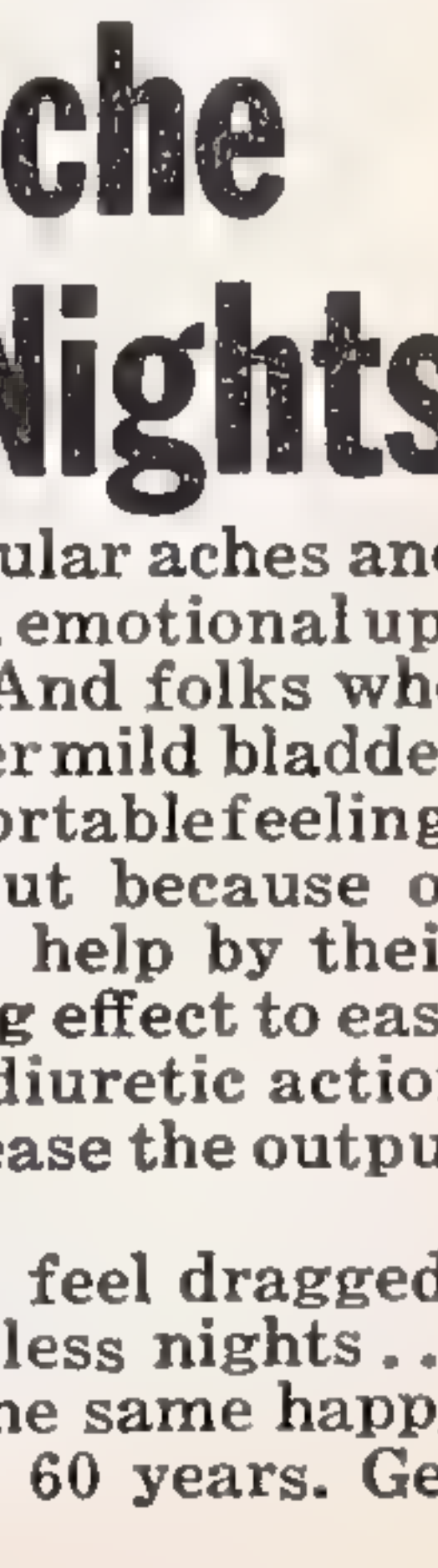
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GENEROUS
TRIAL
SIZE**

(Continued from page 62)
fessed, "I've never worked with anyone quite like her. I've got a halfway crush—a regular schoolboy type crush—on the girl."

Veteran actor Charles Coburn—who, in his alternate role as a summer-theater producer, has a reputation for his keen evaluation of new talent—calls Dana, "One of the three young actresses to be cast in the dramatic mold of Bette Davis."

While it is obvious that few young women have come to Hollywood so impressively endowed, Dana herself has a way of ignoring the deluge of praise. She is adept at helping a reporter sift through all the superlatives to find the foundation on which her character is so solidly built.

She was born in London and grew up during the blitz. One day she arrived at school to find that, courtesy of the Luftwaffe, a bomb crater existed where Rosary Priory once stood. But Dana had few qualms about it. "I was always on the verge of being kicked out," she explains. "I was just too much of a tomboy for them, I guess. I hated school and I always seemed to be breaking some silly rule. I was glad when it was over."

College was a different thing altogether. Graduated from London Collegiate School when she was only fifteen and a half, Dana had to enlarge a bit on her age in order to enroll for a course at London University.

She intended to study medicine, which was a natural choice. Her father is Dr. Peter Wynter, a renowned surgeon. "Father never did believe in pampering me just because I was a girl," says Dana. "I was always following him around. I can't remember a time when I wasn't helping bandage or wash out wounds or listening to people talk about their ailments."

Her attitude toward the more grim phases of medical practice was pretty well illustrated when, during a recent visit to New York, a well-meaning interviewer asked if the sight of blood bothered her. Dana, whose normal way of speaking is never profane, looked down her nose and said succinctly, "Hell, no."

Dr. Wynter's continuing study—he holds degrees from universities in France, Ger-

many and Switzerland—was responsible for Dana's travel as well as for her first name. She was christened with the Danish name "Dagmar," but changed it to "Dana" after she went on the stage. She pronounces it with a soft "A" so that it sounds almost like "Donna."

Her mother had had a distinguished career as a coloratura soprano, but retired from the concert stage after her marriage. From her, too, came the kind of teaching which has always been helpful to Dana. While she has no ambitions about her own voice—"Mother has such a beautiful voice that I've always felt self-conscious about trying to sing"—Dana credits such early instruction with making it easy for her to learn languages. "When you have an ear for music," she believes, "a foreign language comes easy."

She also says, "They're a wonderful family. Mother and Father are both so young in their ways, so willing to try new things."

This included a new continent. About the time Dana had magnified her age in order to enter London University, Dr. Wynter was called to Africa to perform a special operation. He fell in love with Southern Rhodesia and, in Dana's words "being a bit weary of the wealthy and demanding patients" of his Harley Street practice, telephoned his wife and daughter to ask them how they would like to give up London for the paradise of Southern Rhodesia.

"We're a family of flexible natures and we love new places," Dana explains, "so a few months later, there we were with 4000 acres at Marandellas. That's a small town about fifty miles from Salisbury, the capital."

On the "plantation" they raise cattle, horses and tobacco. Here again, Dr. Wynter's habit of refusing to pamper his only child just because she happened to be a girl resulted in new and exciting experiences for Dana. "If a worker fell sick when a field needed to be plowed," she recalls, "why I just got up on the tractor and plowed it. There was nothing to it really."

Life in Southern Rhodesia, as Dana describes it, sounds like an Atomic Age updating of America's own frontier.

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We're at 6,000 feet altitude," she says. The air is brisk and stimulating—such a change from London's fog. Both dawn and darkness come suddenly. It is light at 4:30 A.M. We would have the horses brought up and my father and I would begin the day with a ride. By 6:30 in the evening, it is dark. Suddenly, just like that—boom. So we're early to bed. We're staying up late if we're still awake at 9:30."

Since there is a great distance between towns and neighbors, the frontier habit of helping each other is strong. Illness always brought a call for the Wynters. Dana, accompanying her father as he made his rounds at the small hospital at Marandellas or on the long swing around the countryside, learned much about medical care. After two years of pre-medical work at Rhodes University, she would, in a crisis, take such responsibility herself. "We always had some sort of a dispensary," she explains. "If my father wasn't around and one of our African workers had a sore throat, I'd hand out the aspirin. When a baby got colic, I knew what to do. Or if word came in that someone was hurt, I'd pick up my father's satchel and go to give what help I could until he could reach the patient."

There was fun as well as responsibility. The big event of the week," says Dana, "was the drive into Salisbury. Everyone went to Salisbury on Fridays. Years ago, that was the day the mail came in. There's a big hotel there where everyone would meet and have tea. You'd see all your friends. And it was a real event to go to the movies. Only we called it the 'biocope.' We shortened it to 'the bio,' of course."

There was much visiting between estates. "We'd think nothing of driving a hundred miles to go to a party, and when we weren't at someone else's place, we had guests at ours."

It was because of these distances that Dana also took flying instructions at the university. "That's really the only practical way to get around."

Another Rhodesian custom, The Festival of Amateur Dramatic Societies—a sort of tournament for little theater groups which is held every year—was responsible for Dana's career change. She belonged to a group called "Fatso." In their play, "Through the Glass Darkly," Dana had the role of a blind girl and, although she describes her own performance as "terrible," her group won. From then on, medicine and drama competed for her future.

Eventually, she chose drama and for Dana, that meant a return to England. After studying at the Old Vic academy and with private coaches, she got roles in television films with Boris Karloff, and appeared in the *Fabian Of The Yard* series. She also recorded a number of half-hour radio plays for Orson Welles.

As might be expected, Dana met a number of Americans who were in show business, and they soon convinced her that America was definitely the land of opportunity.

Dana, characteristically, set sail. She arrived in New York in November, 1953, with no agent, no letters of introduction and only \$600, the maximum a British subject is permitted to take out of his country.

Recalling her first day in the big city, Dana says, "I knew just this one chap, so I telephoned him to ask my way around. I asked, among other things, where I could go to buy a bit of velvet ribbon. He didn't know too much about it either, so he suggested Bonwit Teller. He gave me the most careful directions how to get there, but when I asked a saleswoman for the ribbon, she said they didn't handle

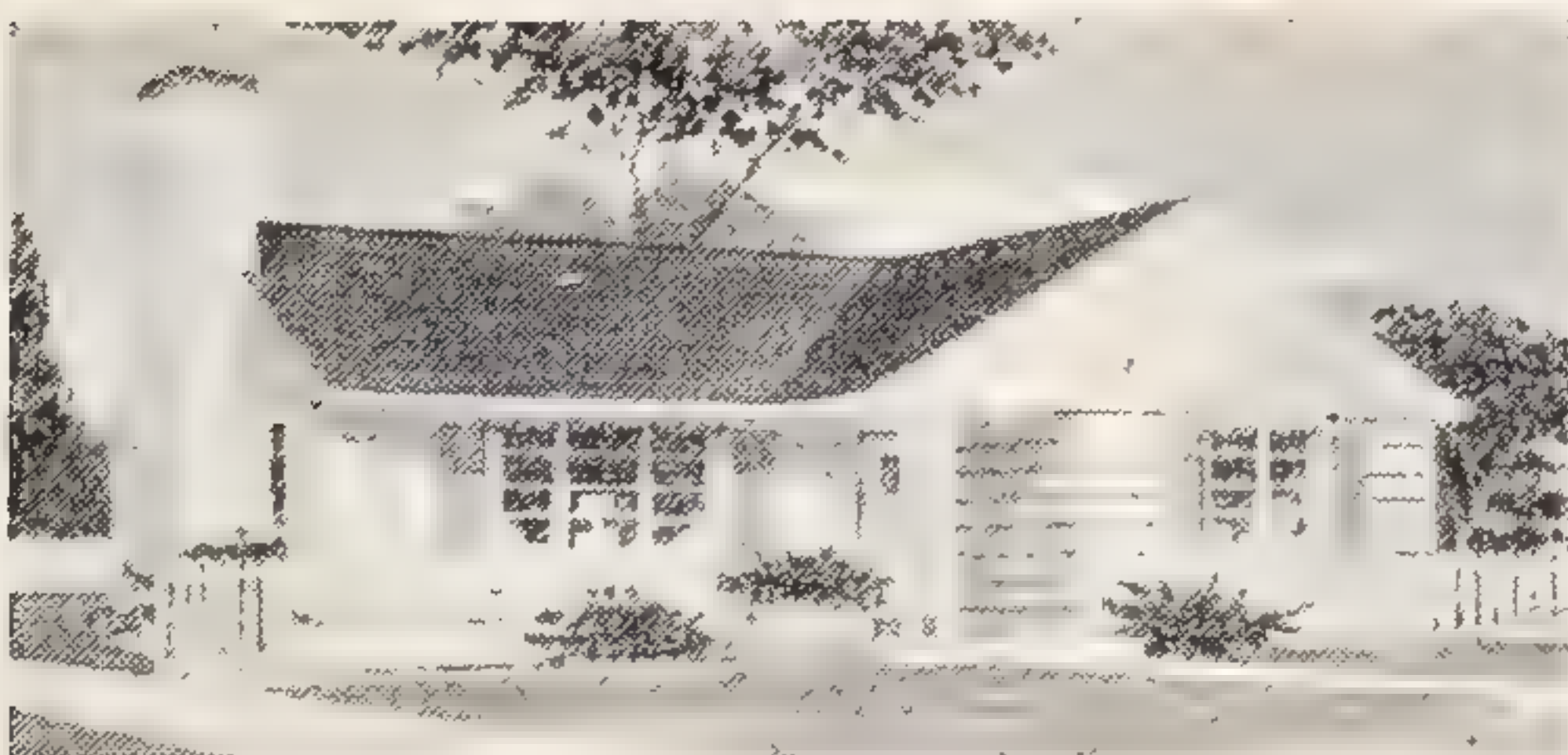
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it, that I could get it at the dime store. 'Dime store?' I said. 'What's that?' Well, she just looked at me. When she saw I really wasn't ribbing her, she said, 'You know, the five and ten.' Well I didn't know what that was either, and I realized that I truly was in a strange place. I didn't understand about the money or anything. I got all fussed, so I started walking down the street. And then I made up my mind. It's funny the different things women do to give themselves courage. I bought a hat. And it was quite a hat, too, I might say."

Since then, Dana and her hats have caused a fair share of comment. Even Richard Egan has noticed. "You know," he says, "no one wears a hat in Hollywood. But there's Dana in something big-brimmed and crazy. And on her, it looks good."

Dana's first encounter with television reflected the courage of ignorance. When asked what sort of program she'd like to try for, she replied vaguely, "Oh, something like the Robert Montgomery show."

She credits Norman Felton—then the Montgomery show's producer and now with the Theatre Guild—with creating her first strong impression of the United States. "When I read for him," she says, "he asked if I had ever done a television show before. I, of course, said yes, I had done lots. Well, it didn't take him long to discover I'd never been in a TV studio. He certainly took a terrible chance on me, but he gave me the lead in a play called 'The Soprano and the Piccolo Player,' which called for singing. You know what I think of my voice. So they had another girl pre-record the song, and I just pantomimed it. And pretty embarrassed I was the next day when the phone started to ring and people offered me singing parts."

Dana makes another confession: "I went through the show calmly enough. I tried not to let anyone know I was nervous. Then, the moment it was over, I gave the secret away—I fainted."

But her entry into television had been achieved. Subsequent roles on *Studio One*, *U. S. Steel Hour* and *Suspense* caught the attention of motion-picture scouts. By Christmas—only sixty days after she had arrived in the United States—Dana was flown to Hollywood to be screen-tested. No role materialized, but shortly all of the major studios were courting her. She signed with Twentieth Century-Fox. On a loan-out to Walter Wanger, she made her first picture (but the second to be

released), a science-fiction production titled, "They Came from Another World."

Since arriving in Hollywood, Dana has settled down in what she calls "a little English cottage" just outside Twentieth's gates. "I can dash right out of the house and onto the set," she says happily. Her first big purchase was a convertible.

Dana's way with cars has created even more conversation than her way with hats. There's a very impressive sample of her driving in "The View from Pompey's Head," where she whips a Thunderbird down the road with great speed and greater skill. She takes sharp curves as deftly as a race driver and pulls up suddenly in front of the porticoed Southern mansion with never a squeal of brakes. At that point, her passenger, Richard Egan, says with considerable feeling, "Do you always drive that fast?"

Mr. Egan, it should be remarked, was not acting when he asked the question, his emotion was real. Later, in a sequence which ended up on the cutting-room floor, he had had an even more hair-raising demonstration of Dana's ability. "The script called for a dangerously precise trick," Dick explains. "Dana was to pass one truck and miss, by the thickness of a coat of paint, a second truck which was approaching us. It was so near a thing that I once thought we'd had it—that an altogether too real crash was inevitable. But do you know that girl never flicked an eyelash—and she actually drove better than the stunt man who showed her how to do the scene."

Dana, with a wry touch of humor, supplies the sequel. The shots were made when the company was on location near Savannah, Georgia. The usual crowd of fans and friends were standing around watching. Naturally, they gasped. "When I drove that one," says Dana, "certainly I expected someone would at least say 'Well done!' But what did that crowd do? Everyone rushed over to Dick and asked 'Are you hurt?' No one thought of me."

Or so she believed at the time. Her real tribute came a few days later from those sharpest of sharp-eyed critics, the production crew. When the script next required Dana to get behind the wheel, she eased the car out to what should have been a smooth start only to hear a clatter which sounded as though the whole automobile were falling to pieces. Her horrified expression brought a shout of laughter. The crew had paid her its highest kind of compliment—a practical joke. They had filled the hubcaps with nuts.

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ts and stones. Dana shared their laugh. something like that eases the tension," she says. From then on, she belonged. n a gentle private joke of her own na gives a hint as to how she was able keep her British A's unscrambled from Southern A's in the picture. "I have ne friends in New York," she explains, older couple who have taken me un- their wing, so to speak. They come m the South, and when they learned vas to have the role of Dinah, the wife on the phone." Here Dana's voice ame Dinah's. "Now honey," she cau- ned me, 'don't you go overboard on y Southern accent. That's not right, u know. We don't really have any ac- at all in the South.'"

Off-screen, Dana's speech pretty well tches the unaccented standard set by io and TV announcers. Some typically glish word patterns continue, but she has de a conscious effort to talk American. is is a direct reflection of Dana's state mind, for she is in the midst of a pas- sionate love affair with the United States. She's brightly brisk about the phase of which concerns American men. "I'm d about them. I intend to marry one neday." At the moment, she's keeping en" a collective noun, not specifying y particular one and taking care to ep her name from being linked in gos- columns with that of any particular nimir. "I haven't time, just yet," she s seriously. "Those first few pictures too important."

Dana will discourse at length, however, what she likes about American men general. "They pamper their women. ey're proud to see their women well- ssed and happy. And the women rest it. American women are beautiful. at's not true in England. There, men t of stick together and pay less atten- to their women and women are con- sequently drab and listless."

Of America itself, she speaks with the l of a crusader. "You who have always ed here don't realize what a wonderful ntry this is. In no other place in the rld do you find those in authority so ling to give young people a chance. ere's opportunity everywhere. If you're actress, it's not undignified to work in rugstore until you get a part. No one ks down on you. But in England, ple would say, 'Hmmm, she can't be ch of an actress.' I don't know what y expect young people to do. Unfor- tunately, it seems one must be middle- d over there before they take you ously in the theater. But I know what e decided to do." Defiantly, Dana thrust her tiny, triangular chin. "I have ap- ed for American citizenship."

Her action has prompted sharp criticism England where, belatedly, the British ss has concluded that perhaps young sses, like old castles, should be placed custody of the National Trust. There been considerable complaint that, to loss of the British motion-picture in- try, young talent has gone to Holly- od.

Let them say what they will," Dana orts. "America has been most kind to n Simmons, Joan Collins and me. I'm n trying to persuade my parents to grate. Mother and Father would love ifornia. This is such a wonderful land h such great opportunity."

s Dana says it, it's no Fourth of July ech. It comes from the heart. It makes stop and remember that, in almost y family, someone, some time between terday and three hundred years ago, ched the same conclusion—and, like na, acted on it. That, deep down, all us—like Dana—truly believe, "This is vnderful country."

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"Don't Be Too Big to Believe!"

(Continued from page 60)

unusual honesty and candor. "But things are not always what they seem. The money from my first starring role and a few smaller parts had long gone with the wind. The tuxedo and those too-tight shoes were rented. In my pocket was exactly four dimes and three pennies. If it hadn't been for Debbie's mother and her fabulous enchiladas, I'd have been hungry that night. And, if it hadn't been for an earlier admirer, Debbie wouldn't have sported that beautiful corsage of orchids.

"I was a star—without work," Tab muses, "an actor who wasn't given a chance to act, recipient of hundreds of letters every week from a public which had seen me fleetingly on the screen and yet remained loyal. Little did they know how uncomfortable and insecure I felt as I handed the boy who brought my—and the finance company's—beat-up buggy a slip of paper on which I'd written: 'I.O.U. one dollar. Please hold until I get a job!'

"Behind all my troubles was the notion that becoming a movie star couldn't be very hard if I'd done it. Breaking into pictures had been a cinch—with the fans, if not with the critics."

Somehow, you don't expect words like that from this handsome, All-American type fellow named Tab Hunter. The scattering of freckles over his cheekbones, the dark, extra-long lashes, the blue jeans and casual sport shirt just don't match up with the intensity of his words. Because he looks more like a high-school senior instead of a man of twenty-four, you're not prepared for the story of a young hopeful who became a movie star and just about broke his heart doing it. Even during the many months spent without making a picture, Tab Hunter didn't give up, or toss his stagnating screen career into the ash can and hop a freight for Bluemont, Virginia, where a job had been promised him jumping horses.

He didn't, Tab admits, because no matter how rough the going, he was sustained by a belief in himself—by the Biblical words: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

"When you're a kid," says Tab, "you hear your mother saying things like that over and over. You think they're going in one ear and out the other, but that's not true. When you need them, they come to the fore to sustain you. I never lost faith in myself. When I was turned down for the role of the young Marine in 'Battle Cry' because I didn't look old enough to make love to a married woman, I didn't give up. I convinced them on a second test, because I just *knew* I'd get it.

"Maybe things just happen; maybe some people would call it luck. But I prefer to believe that our lives are worked out according to a divine plan. Right thinking is a very definite part of the plan. Thoughts are things. If you think right thoughts, the right things will happen. You can achieve anything you want in life if you believe strongly enough.

"But sometimes," Tab counters, "it's not easy to hold a belief in yourself. An actor's work depends on his ego, his self-confidence. If his ego is tortured too strongly by criticism, he can lose faith in his ability unless he has a solid religion behind him. While 'Believe that you have it, and you have it' are words to live by, the opposite works just as readily in failure. I'll admit that when I saw a sneak preview of 'Sea Chase,' shock set in. I had forgotten how small my part was and I had to fight a feeling of depression. But

that was nothing to what I felt when I saw myself in my first picture—'Island of Desire.' Then I could only groan, 'No no no!'

That first film, which brought Tab stardom, also haunted him for a long time. Long after he met Lori Nelson, she gave him her reaction to "Island of Desire": "I saw it with my mother," said Lori, "and I leaned over to tell her, 'Oh, the boy is *such* a bad actor! He's really terrible! But he's the cutest thing I've ever seen!'"

Luckily, Tab was able to draw on his inward strength and beliefs, in another experience which could have been shattering. He was told that a certain producer was in the habit of running "Island of Desire" on his home projector for his friends so they could watch Tab's performance—for laughs!

"However, by then," says Tab, "I had discovered how to keep yourself from being torn to pieces by such knowledge. Once, I had a director who seemed almost sadistic in the way he treated me. It happened to other young actors, too. The man seemed allergic to me in the same way that some people are allergic to ragweed. If I'd permitted it, I could have become tense and miserable, filled with smoldering turmoil. If I'd decided just to 'grin and bear it,' I would have kept my antagonism bottled up. That's no good either. Instead, I closed my mind to criticism and the sarcastic remarks. I learned to relax—to let go. I told myself that a gnat cannot sting a rhinoceros. I developed a thick skin as far as he was concerned. I took from him what he was offering, listened with compassion to his cruel words and then blotted them out as if they had never been said."

It's Tab's feeling that most of us run into such problems in our daily living—and that we can learn to cope with them. As a youngster, he says he was a "monster"—frequently fighting with his brother, Walt, barely a year older. They disagreed over the usual things, but they fought mainly because they were brothers and therefore available, and much to each other's hair. "I wish I'd tried to get along with my brother," sighs Tab. "It would have saved my mother a lot of heartbreak."

In Tab's case, heartbreak has undoubtedly molded and strengthened his personality. As a little boy he experienced many heartbreaks—frequent separations from his beloved mother who, as a show nurse, sailed away to Australia or Honolulu to earn their keep; a father he never knew; a brother he loved dearly but quarreled with for no real reasons. At seven Tab acquired a stepfather. Another boy to an insecure childhood was when his stepfather died, just as they were getting to know, understand and love one another. Tab's own father had walked out on his family when Tab was two.

Tab knows that it doesn't pay to look back, that one must live in the present where there are problems, too. But he has his faith to sustain him in his daily living; otherwise, he would probably blow his top. For, without consulting a calendar, Tab knows it has been fourteen months since he made his last picture.

In his curiously appealing and throaty voice, he explained how he felt about this long barren stretch of time. And when he talked, he gesticulated with his hands even pounding the table now and then to make a special point. "People say, 'So you're under contract—he gets a check every week.' What's he stewing for? I

ould sit home and get a check from my
 boss I'd be the happiest guy in the world."
 "Those people don't know that when an
 actor isn't acting, he's only half alive.
 When he hears of fine roles in fine stories
 and he is not working, it's hard to keep
 from feeling crushed. An actor's per-
 sonality isn't the most stable in the world;
 it were he likely wouldn't pick acting
 as a profession. There have been parts
 here at the studio that I wanted and
 didn't get. There have been parts I
 couldn't take. And there have been parts
 we wanted outside the studio but, for
 one reason or another, the studio wouldn't
 loan me out. But I won't let myself get
 bothered over it. I know this period must
 be part of 'the divine plan' for me and,
 sometime in the future, I'll understand it
 and profit from it."

At the beginning of Tab's career he
 so didn't understand that, while getting
 to pictures was fairly easy, staying in
 as the hardest job he'd ever tackled.
 Back in those sitting-on-top-of-the-world
 days he was so elated, he just had to have
 a fire-engine red convertible—whether or
 not he had the money for the second
 payment.

or did he know that a young actor
 needs study, study and more study. In-
 stead, Tab spent his time perfecting his
 ice skating. As he explains it, "Friends
 told me, if I wanted to make the grade as
 an actor, I couldn't devote myself to
 anything else. Maybe I concentrated on the
 sport then because I didn't have real
 faith in myself as an actor. I don't know.
 But when I finally determined to work at
 acting I realized I just didn't have time
 to practice at the rink."

"I owe that determination," Tab admits,
 to my good friend Dick Clayton. Time
 after time he talked to me like a Dutch
 uncle. He pointed out that an actor's life
 calls for tremendous self-discipline and
 hard work. I knew he was advising me
 honestly, but I wasn't ready for it. Up
 until then, the only self-discipline I'd
 known was in my skating. I'd been a
 wonderer; I'd never held a job long be-
 cause I got bored. After I got in movies
 I worked with a dramatic coach, took voice
 lessons three times a week for six months.
 Then maybe I wouldn't study at all for
 a year. Finally, I sensed a change in my-
 self. I realized I really wanted to study
 acting the same way I'd wanted to perfect
 my ice skating. I guess it was a step in
 growing up—a new maturity. But you
 can't force changes like that; you've got
 to wait until they develop.

I think seeing such dedicated actors as
 Marlon Brando, Monty Clift, and the late
 Jimmy Dean—all of whom were stage-
 trained—helped me in my determination
 to learn my craft. I saw how serious they
 were—how hard they worked. Now I
 study every day. I work out improvisa-
 tions here at the studio with other actors,
 read Broadway plays, see all the movies—
 American and foreign—that I can.

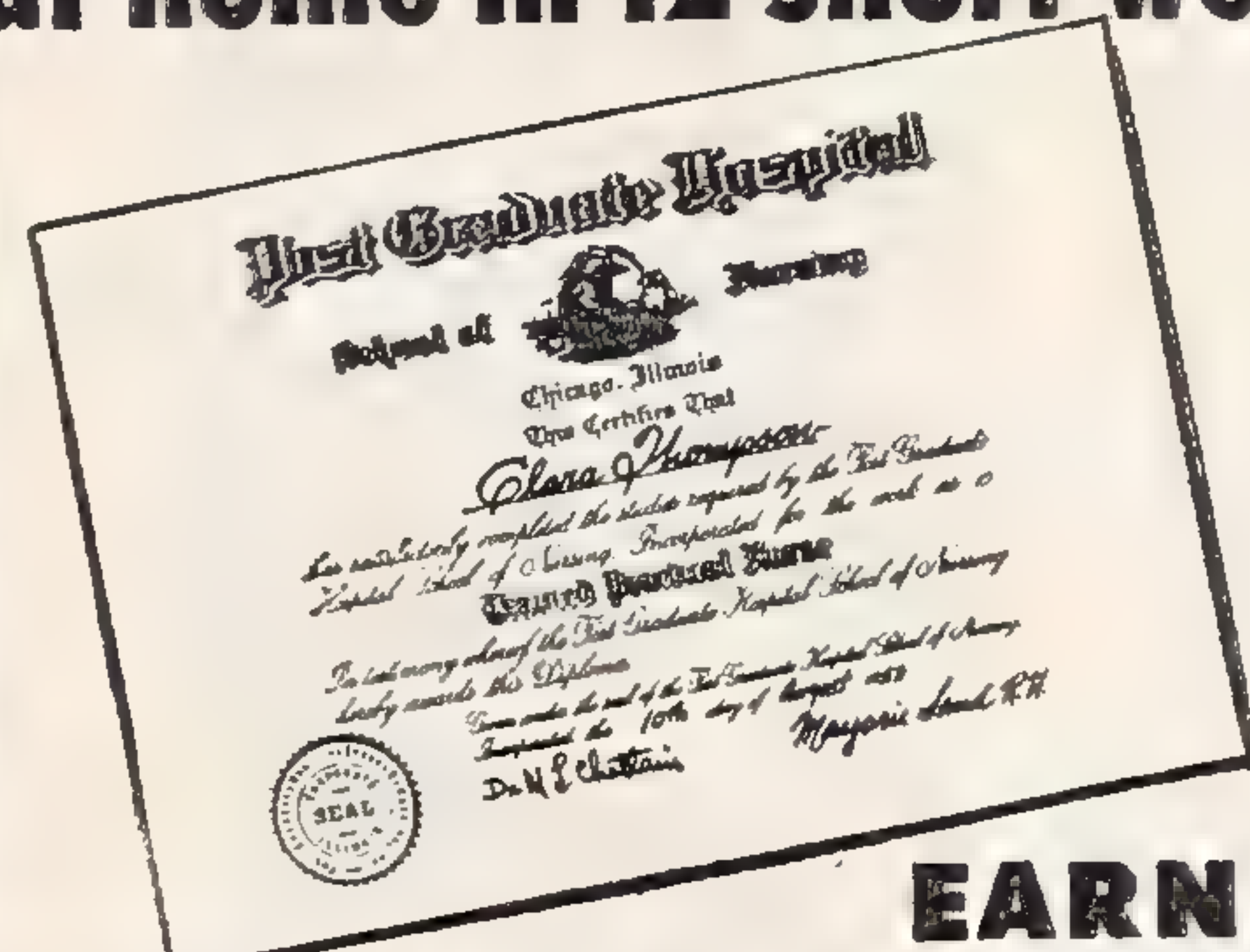
Dutch uncle Dick gave me a jolt, too,
 when he said, 'Look, kid, you're just too
 trusting, too naive. You're being assured
 by fair weather friends that you're "the
 next big star" and you've found no reason to
 doubt it. You've been misled by the in-
 consistency, the artificiality of Hollywood.'
 Now Dick was right. By nature I'm
 an extrovert. I love people, I'm frank and
 open and honest and I expect everyone
 else to be the same. I knew only too well
 that before I made 'Battle Cry' my perfor-
 mances were mediocre in most of my
 pictures. Yet after every preview, I was
 told that I was wonderful."

As he changes in Tab Hunter during the
 last fourteen months are still too close to
 him to be properly evaluated. But later,
 as he gains perspective, he will be grate-

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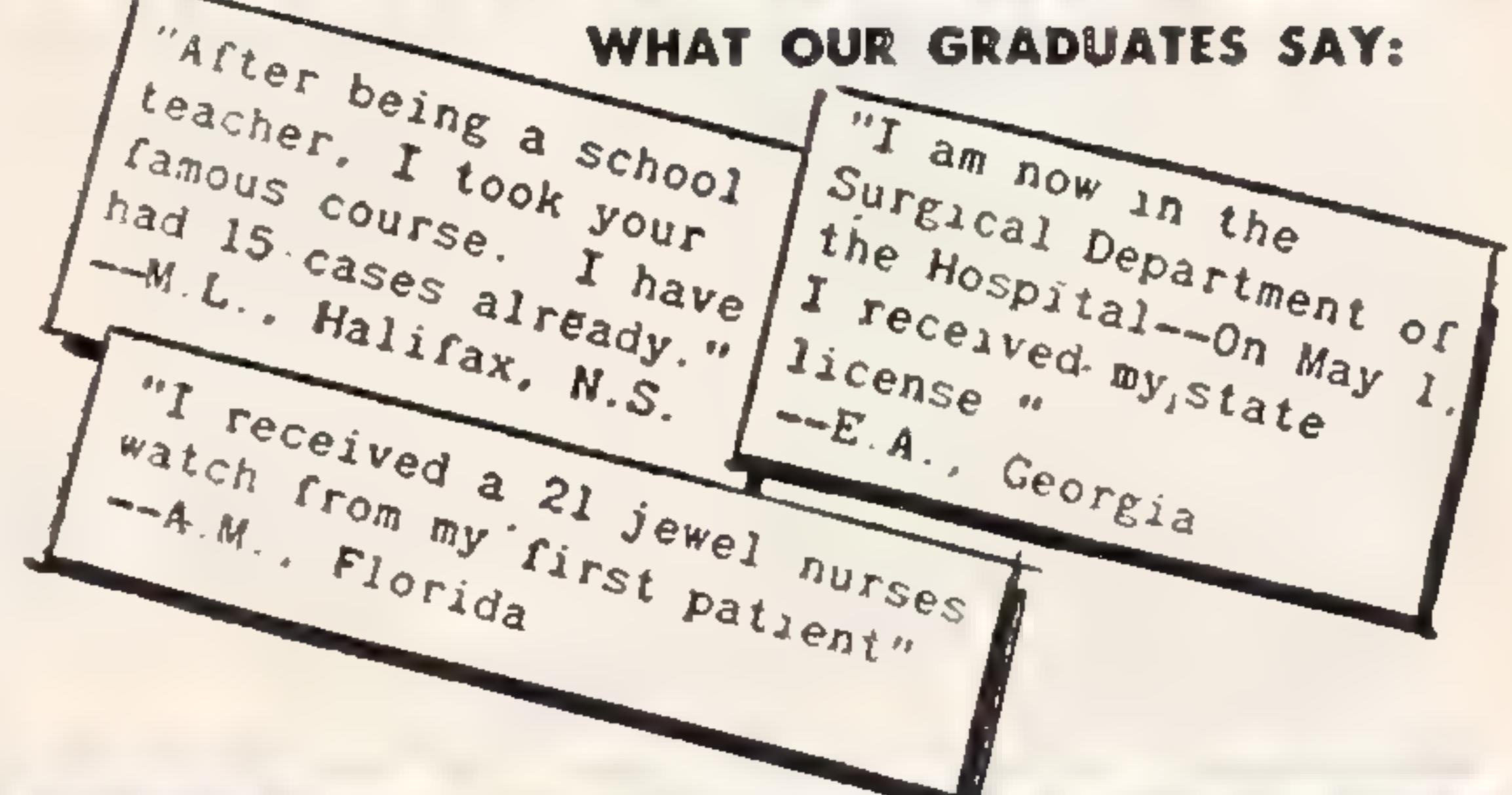
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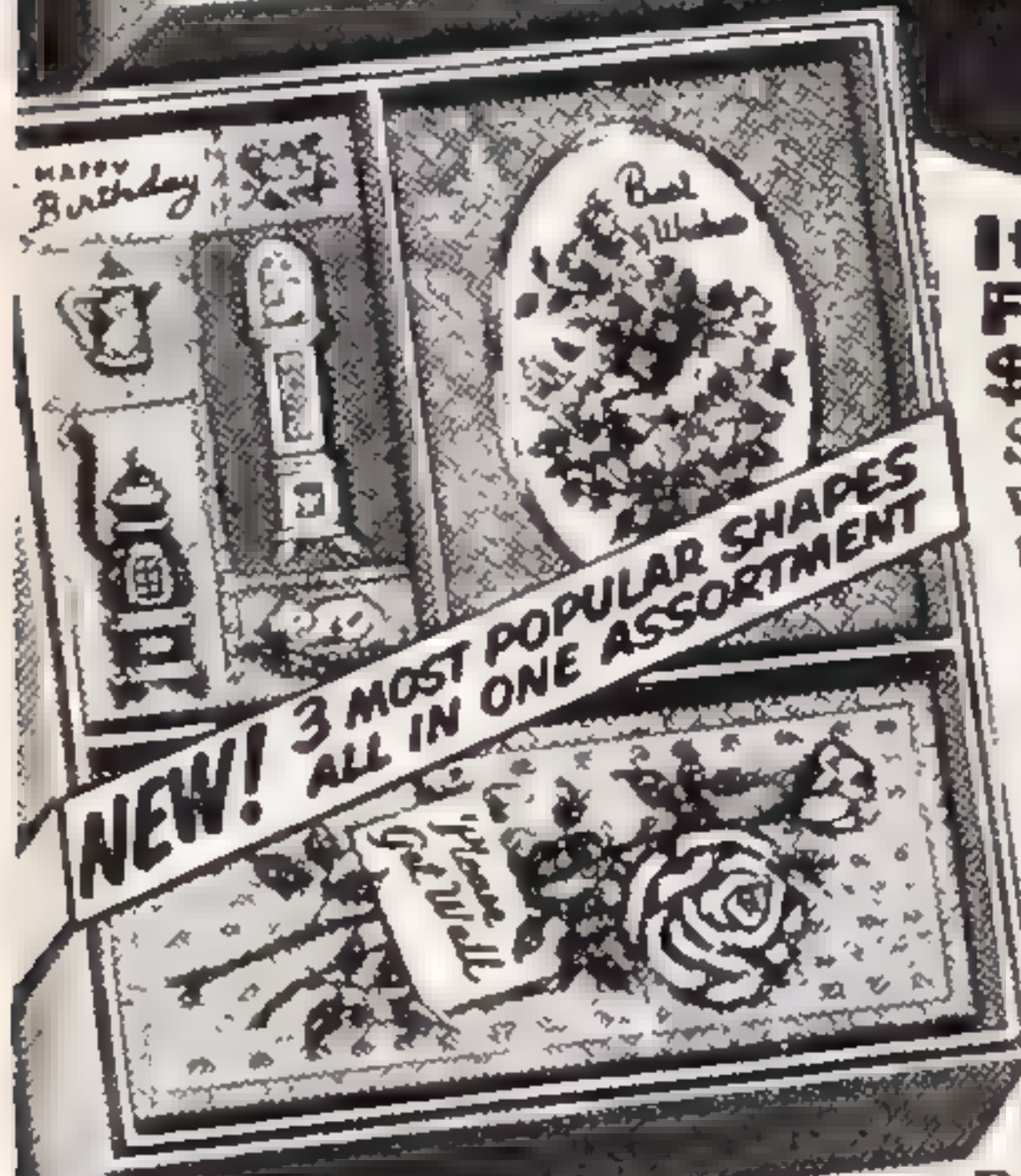
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ful for the pause in his career which has brought him a step closer to maturity. He deeply believes that everyone can change. And to illustrate his point he recalled reading a newspaper account recently about a sixteen-year-old boy who was arrested as a juvenile delinquent. "I'm no good," the boy told the judge. "I've been a bad penny since I was born. I can't change." It was the judge's belief—and Tab's, too—that the boy was one hundred percent wrong, for change is possible to everyone, if he will only believe. The power of the mind over the body is terrific. It can be achieved by religion best of all.

"That boy up before the judge," Tab feels, "shouldn't set his sights too high, he doesn't have to become a saint. Just respect himself, even with all his shortcomings and failures, and trust himself to master the undesirable traits of his character. If he will tell himself that he can change and, if he says it often enough and prays often enough, he will change. If he only knew that his negative thoughts are just as magnetic in attracting troubles to him as are the constructive and positive thoughts in attracting positive results, he'd be well on the way to a good life."

Achieving a good life isn't easy for one who has stumbled and lost his way. This Tab knows. Looking back on his adventurous early days, he realizes that only the faith instilled in him has helped him.

"Mother worked at every kind of job she could get to support us," Tab recalled. "When she worked on the ship, we were boarded out with friends. Walt and I had plenty of time to be wild Indians."

Looking back on those days isn't pleasant for the husky young star. He brushed a tense hand over his unruly blond hair and bit his lower lip in unhappy recollection. "Why did we behave like that?" he asked. "What drove us to it? Parents can keep telling their children what's right and what's wrong, but they have to learn for themselves."

Mother Gertrude Gelien, in the short intervals she was with her sons, instilled in them her own deep faith in the power of good. It steadied her in times of stress and she knew that it would do the same for her boys—if not at the moment, then

later in their lives. But, in those early days, truant officers were frequent unwelcome guests. There was also the time Tab smacked a baseball through a stained glass window of St. Paul's Church. And in one single day, he broke eight windows! "I have told lies, I have filched from the grocery money, I even went AWOL from the Coast Guard Training School for a weekend fling," says Tab. "I did these things, but I didn't do them easily. And because it wasn't easy, time I stopped doing them."

Tab Hunter didn't realize it at the time, but it was his mother's faith in him that made him emerge from his hard-scarum boyhood into decent, honest, respectable manhood.

Today, Tab is conscious at all times of his spiritual affiliation. "At any time," says Tab, "I am apt to pray. If this sounds a little stuffy, I should make it plain, perhaps, that to me prayer is not the formal thing others too often take it to be. To me prayer is just being 'in touch.' When I drive, for instance, I talk to St. Christopher a lot. If I have a close call, I am, quite naturally, to speak to him. I guess friends have heard me burst out, 'Oh, thanks, St. Chris!' No matter how tired I am at night, I pray—even if I am so tired I know I'll never finish. What a better way of falling asleep than in the middle of your prayers?"

Last summer, shortly before his twenty-fourth birthday on July 11, Tab was in New York. When asked by a high school reporter what he wanted for his birthday, he laughingly said, "I wouldn't mind a solid gold Cadillac with the Hope Diamond in the glove compartment."

But Tab was joking. What he really wants is a plum part in a fine motion picture—one in which he can demonstrate the powers—that-be all he has learned these past fourteen months. And it looks now as if that time is at hand, for he is slated to make—not one, but two forthcoming films: "The Yanks Are Here" and "The Girl He Left Behind."

"Don't ever regret anything that happens to you," is another wise saying Tab's mother often repeated to him. Now, Tab can be glad he waited—and believed in himself. He has proved, to himself and the world, that there is magic in believing.

THE END

Confession of a Husband in Love

(Continued from page 67)

escapades, and manages somehow to jam them into this house, where there is barely enough room for two people, and make them comfortable while we look for a new and really large place. The only position I'm left in is playing Mr. Barrett—you know, the stern parent of Elizabeth Barrett, who finally was rescued from her father's cruelty by Robert Browning."

Stewart stopped talking and strode around the room. Then he looked squarely at me with his gleaming eyes, which always have laughter in them.

"This is my domestic situation," he said. "As for my professional standing—well, you saw what happened the other night."

I had seen it, indeed. It was at Santa Barbara after an ultra-exclusive showing of "Guys and Dolls." Sam Goldwyn, who does all things elegantly, had brought up some twenty people—of which I was one—from Hollywood to see the preview of his pet film. After the picture, he had a reception at the swank Biltmore Hotel.

Jean Simmons stood at the end of the receiving line. Next to her stood Goldwyn, next to him Marlon Brando, then Mrs.

Goldwyn, and finally—far down the line—Miss Simmons' husband.

Stewart Granger, as unshy a violet as ever bloomed, was calmly and happily Miss Simmons' husband that evening. With his sharp sense of drama, "Jimmy" Granger knew this was his adored young wife's evening, that his perfect role for the hour was to recede quietly into the background. And he was living up to it with his customary intelligence and humor.

For of course he knew—as did all of the very small, carefully selected group of writers attending this showing—that the very hottest of rumors about him and his separating had been circulating furiously all during the shooting of "Guys and Dolls." He and Jean had never given the rumors the grace of a denial. During their five wedded years there has never been a time when similar rumors haven't been circulated about them. In fact, even before they were Mr. and Mrs. Granger, they were supposed to be separating. Nevertheless, the whispers during "Guys and Dolls" were the worst yet.

Thus, as I approached Stewart that evening in Santa Barbara, he grinned at me.

sed at me like the villain in a melo-
ama. "Remember what I told you in
ndon? See, it's coming true tonight and
haven't disintegrated a bit."

The London reference occurred last
ril, when Stewart was wretchedly fin-
ing up "Bhowani Junction." It was one
those miserably foggy days in old Lon-
n town, not one bit like the song. It was
d and dreary and Stewart had been
parated from Jean for months on end.
had also just been informed that his
st wife didn't want to consider giving
n full custody of his children so they
ld live in America. And he was trying
work out a compromise that would per-
s allow them to spend four or five
nths each year with him and Jean in
itzerland.

His dilemma that dark and dreary day
show he and Jean could manage to be
l his son Jamie and daughter Lindsay.
t too many people know how seriously
ewart considers the importance of fa-
rhood. As Stewart has observed, and
ely so, "The treasures of all our nations
our children." His own father was fifty
en Stewart was born, and he recalls,
e were always two generations apart in
ws and habits. We never had any inti-
cy at all. My first real memory of my
er is when I was nine and he died."
another thing not too many people
ow about this star is how very generous
l considerate he has been toward his
t wife, Elspeth March. I certainly didn't
r about this from him, but in London
re are many people who knew "Jimmy"
l Miss March "when," and they told me
his gallantry toward this once-fine ac-
ss who has been in the most wretched
lth for years. Last spring, her health
deteriorated so much, she really
ldn't look after her children properly.
n, naturally enough, she dreaded the
ught of having them so very far away
n her. And "Jimmy"—worried over
m, worried over her, sick with home-
ness for Jean—would do nothing to
ce her decision.

till, it was so like him, in this downcast
od—when he knew I was coming
und to do a story with him—to dress
self up like a Californian, just to make
laugh. There he sat, in a gloomy Lon-
hotel flat, before a burning fire, gaily
ssed in sun shorts and a sport shirt, his
clad in loose, open sandals. And his
t words were, "Tell me some news
ut my darling."

hen, before I could utter a word of
ely, he started laughing. "I can see
n's face if she heard me making that
mark," Stewart said. "I couldn't possibly
ke such a remark to her directly. It's
er like my playing love scenes with
as for instance I did in 'Young Bess.'
n convinced that love scenes are writ-
e in a manner unlike any a man uses
ven he speaks to the woman he loves.
Also, with a girl with a sense of humor
h as Jean's, it is well-nigh impossible
olay the heavy, flowery lover. I remem-
one scene in particular in 'Young Bess'
ere I took her face in my hands and
al a lot of elegant things. Try as I would,
ould hear my voice sounding complete-
yphony. And, when the scene called for
en to turn her back to the camera, the
ie minx rolled one eye up at me, as if to
a. "So this is the way you talk to other
ven when you are in love with them!"

Stewart rose suddenly to that six-foot-
be height of his, a handsome man by
standards. "Why we men cannot say
h very things women want to hear to the
ven we love the most, I don't know,"
esighed. "I think in Jean's and my case,
h must be the source of those original ru-
ns that we were separating. For instance,
ven we were quite new in Hollywood,

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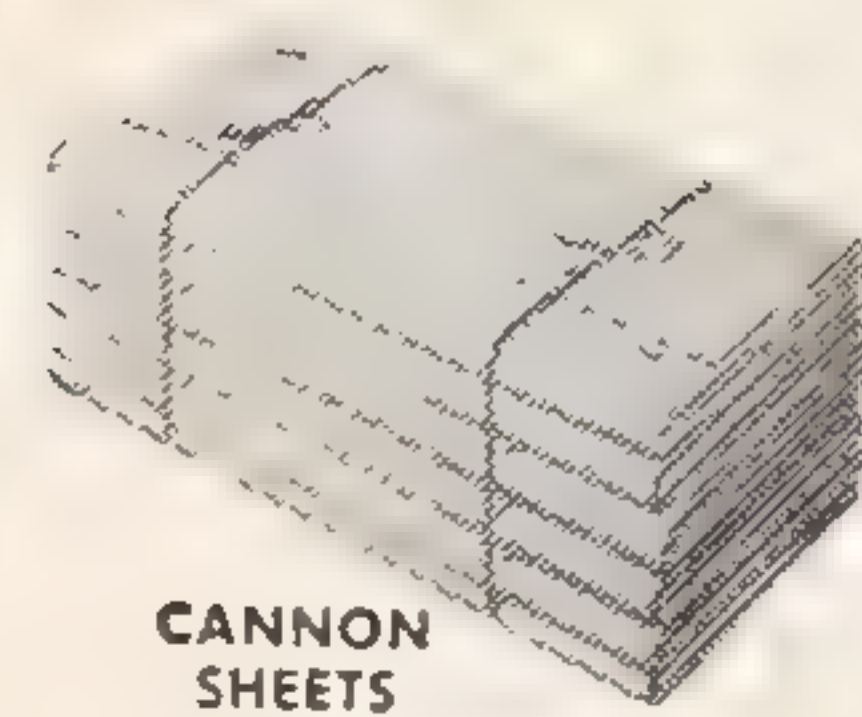
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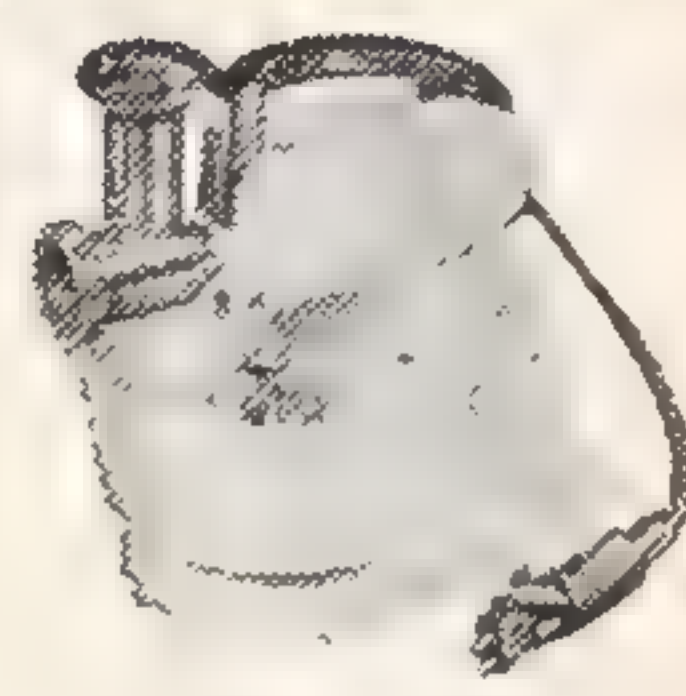
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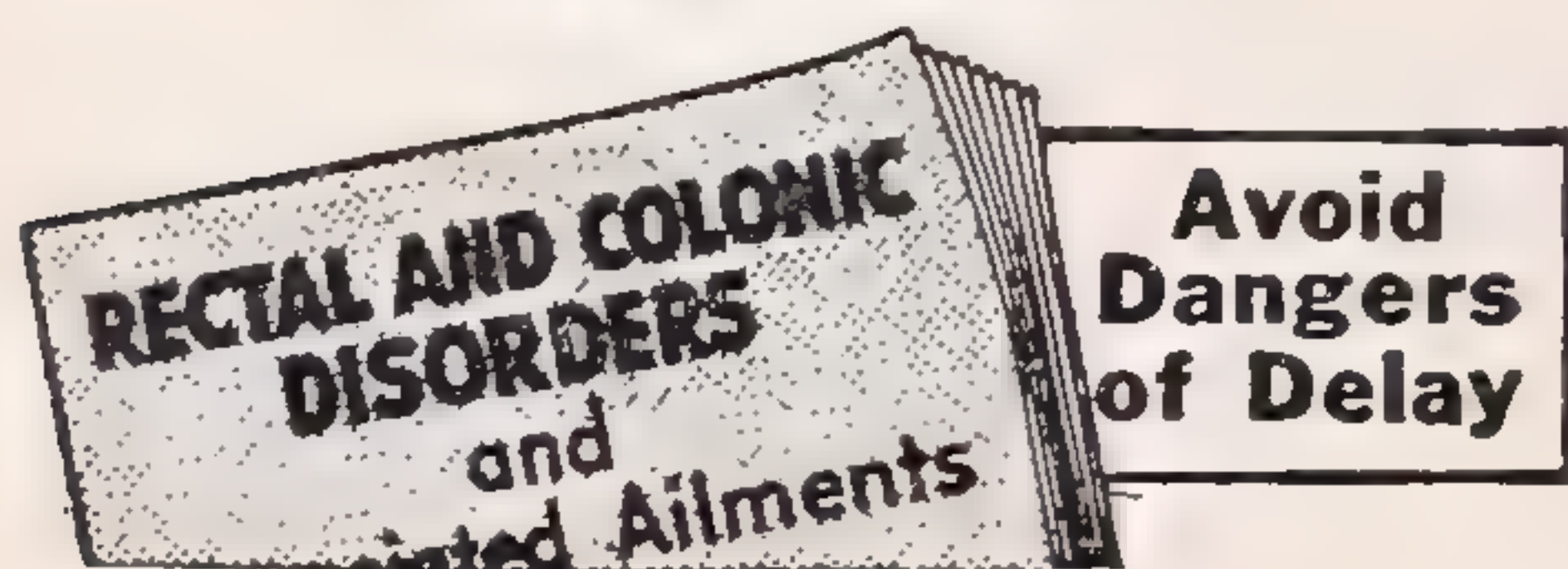
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before we were married, and immediately after we became man and wife, we used to dine out quite a bit. But, when we are in public, we are quite casual with one another.

"Now we go out less," he continued. "Perhaps we have both grown lazy. I know, certainly, that I have. We have a few very close friends, notably Elizabeth and Mike Wilding, Cary and Betsy Grant, Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley—you know, the casual ones, who like good talk and interesting food and not many night clubs. They come to our place, we go to theirs, and Jean undoubtedly will cut someone's hair, including her own, during the evening—she's incapable of letting hair alone.

"But, in the beginning, as I said, we did go out to the conventional places to dine. Literally, we went out to eat—but we never could persuade the film colony of that. We didn't hold hands. We didn't gaze into one another's eyes. We knew, of course, that we were there together, and many a time we didn't even bother to talk. It wasn't necessary. We'd talked at home—and even at home we do not chat, chat, chat continually.

"Therefore," Stewart went on to explain, "as simple Britishers we were knocked slightly amidstships when we saw newspaper and magazine headlines that asked how we could be happy and not show it publicly. In our innocence, we had thought that when two people had fallen in love, been engaged, become married, and were observed together in quiet contentment, it would seem to imply that they were quite suited to one another.

"Not in Jean's and my case, however. We even had moments—when all the publications seemed to be proving that only Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh were happy—when we hoped we might be forgotten in this romantic atmosphere. We genuinely admire the dash with which the Curtises live their lives. The only trouble with us is that we make each other laugh when we get too romantic around one another. It is only by long distance phone, when we are very much apart, that we can use the proper cliches. Only then can I tell Jean how very much in love with her I am, how very much more I've grown to love her since we married. I can say just those very words, and she responds with equal lavishness—but not when we are looking at one another."

There in London, I learned how desperately Stewart had missed his wife. When "Bhowani Junction" was being filmed in Karachi, Stewart had been prepared to spend twenty-one hours flying to London, fourteen hours more to New York and still nine more to Los Angeles, just to be with Jean for one day. The cost was fabulous, but Stewart had arranged it all, with extremely high-priced timing. He'd paid to have the New York-bound plane in London delay its usual departure a half-hour until the one he'd be on from Karachi arrived. He'd also fixed it for the Los Angeles-bound plane in New York to wait for the incomer from London. This way, he would have just twenty-four hours at home, then do the forty-four straight flying hours back—and just make it so that he wouldn't hold up production.

Taking off from Pakistan, "Jimmy" was excited just over the thought of seeing Jean. And he felt relaxed because he knew the picture scenes between Ava Gardner and Bill Travers would take several days to shoot. As the plane winged its way west, he visualized Jean's reaction when she would see him. Childishly, he wanted to surprise her.

The plane came to its first stop in Lahore—which is also in Pakistan—and the passengers were told there would be "a slight

delay." Hours later they learned the plane had broken down. The substitute plane finally rolled out on the flight line, could possibly make London until three A.M. the next day, hours after the New York flight would have had to take off. There was no plane back to Karachi for another day.

There was nothing Mr. Granger could do but sit there and take it.

"How could I know," said Stewart, "somehow the papers had learned of leaving and printed that I was arriving home? Since Jean hadn't heard from me, she realized I was trying to surprise her, and, like a child who had long since found out about Santa Claus but doesn't want to disillusion her parents, she pretended not to let me know she could have been less surprised. As for me, however, there was no point cabling her I wasn't arriving, since I hadn't even taken her I was taking off. So she went through a day of agony, when there was no thought of me. And what the 'Bhowani Junction' company saw next day was this poor fellow stumbling back there to receive a cable asking if I was all right."

"Jimmy's" reaction to this was characteristic: As soon as he had cabled an answer to Jean, he sent another wire to the agent giving orders that under no circumstances was he to arrange for any further films for either of the Grangers who would mean they would again have to be separated.

"I know now," Stewart said that day in London, "that I can take being separated from Jean for a week or so, but to be away from her ever again for six weeks more is intolerable." He paused, then stated, in the simplest tone, the kind of avowal which must completely win the heart of any woman: "You see how in love with Jean I am, how much my love for her has grown, each month, each year since she has been my wife."

I asked, wanting to hear what he would say—knowing no matter what he replied it would be a good answer, because his answers always are good—"Why do you love her so?"

He didn't even have to think about it. "Who can count the ways?" he replied immediately. "All loves that grow are the sum of compatibility, the sum of maturity, the sum of charm and of sharing."

I want to point out here that few actors—few men anywhere—would have thought of that reply. But this Mr. Granger, thinking—as well as a feeling—man, rather sharp in his opinions, completely honest and quite fearless. He loves life, with intellectual as well as a sensual enthusiasm, being both the kind of doer who dotes on big-game hunting and the kind of thinker who has opinions on virtually every subject. This annoys a lot of people—in Hollywood and elsewhere—who do not think fast, study so much, or feel so accurately.

When I mentioned some of this to Stewart said, "I believe it is better to arrive at most things intuitively, as I do. I spent so much of my teens in the twenties simply rebelling—rebelling against schools and rules, rebelling against the Army, when I was in uniform. Even now I frequently rebel, sometimes over nothing more than the interpretation of a role."

"When I get a new part, for instance, I start harrying it. I want to know exactly what the character is like, how he got that way, who his parents were, what his relationship to other people is and should be. Take the man I portray in 'Bhowani Junction.' He's a fascinating, complex human being."

"Now when Jean gets a new role, she never says a word about it. I ask her, 'Darling, have you thought about this?' She hasn't. I say, 'Do you think she will

talk quite this way?" Jean shrugs. Often I read a few pages of her script to her and Jean just sits there, looking dreamily at me. Then the first day of production arrives. Jean goes on the set and into the role, no fussing, no fretting—and she is absolutely accurate in her interpretation. And she always steals the picture.

"This is why I believe she will go much further than I shall in my career—as an actor, at least."

I asked him if he wouldn't hate that, if and when it happened.

"Not in the least," said Stewart. "To begin with, I hope I shall eventually get away from the swashbuckling roles, which seem to me slightly ridiculous for a man of my maturity. 'Bhowani Junction' does give me a straight characterization—praise be—and I hope for more of them. I should also like to get into direction, possibly acting-direction, such as some other performers are achieving these days. This profession of mine definitely intrigues me.

"However," Stewart mused, "Jean's instinctive rightness is the real gift. With all the obstacles which she has had to her career—like that bad contract with RKO and the like—she has still conquered everything before her. And she's only in her mid-twenties. It's like the arguments I had with her when she was a mere fourteen and about to play *Ophelia* to Larry Olivier's *Hamlet*. I pointed out to her it would be absolutely fatal to take such a part, so long before she was ready for it. So she listened to me, did as she liked—and all that playing *Ophelia* did was reveal her genuine acting greatness."

Again, Stewart was omitting half the story—his half of the story. He didn't point out that, when Jean was struggling to get out of her RKO contract, he took on the role no one else in Hollywood has ever tackled—the mighty Howard Hughes. Stewart's testimony, in spite of considerable mud-slinging from the other side, undoubtedly swung the case in Jean's favor. Granger not only had wanted to do this for his young wife, but he had also felt he was on the side of right and justice.

This was all of a piece with his saying, as we parted in London last April, "See you at home—Jean's home," and both of us laughing again. This was a frivolous

episode in the overall pattern of his devotion to Jean, just as the RKO incident had been the deeply serious one. The point was that, when they both agreed to do "Footsteps in the Fog," they took on this small-budget picture because it was the only way they could get back to England together.

It was Jean who wanted to return to England at that time. She even was considering pulling up all stakes from Hollywood. "I'm a London girl," she insisted. "I miss its atmosphere. I miss my friends, and I can hardly bear it going any longer without seeing my mother."

Unfortunately for such nostalgia, the Grangers arrived in London in the early winter. Jean had forgotten about English food. She had forgotten about the lack of heat in English homes. She hadn't remembered how swiftly dirty the falling snow became. So after a brace of long, reminiscent talks with her mother, after scores of dinner parties with their English friends, she snuggled up close to her husband and said, "Oh, I do so miss my home."

"What do you mean?" Stewart said. "This is your home."

"How you talk," said Jean. "How can you be so hard-hearted as to insist upon keeping me away from California?"

The important difference between a love affair and a marriage is the quality of growth that always marks the good marriage—the continual deepening of common interests, of stimulus and appreciation, blending into a mutual happiness.

That's why, at the preview of "Guys and Dolls," Stewart Granger didn't mind in the least being Mr. Jean Simmons for the evening. His individuality is so highly organized he will always be entirely himself—an artist, a gentleman, a distinctive personality.

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Many-splendored, that's what it is, this marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Granger—and a lovely thing to look upon.

THE END

Luck Is a Lady for Brando

(Continued from page 41)

emphatic in everything—including his faults. A very complex individual, he has tremendous force, expression and originality. Although on one hand he is an extrovert, he is also very much an idealist—too much so, at times, for his own good. Because of his high ideals, he cannot abide anything that is conventional, ordinary or sneer-laden. A pioneer, a "me-firster" when it comes to competition, he does his best when challenged most. Whatever he does will always have his own stamp of originality on it, because everything has to be different with Marlon—and nothing will ever stand in his way of achievement. Although he has consistently fought personal publicity, Marlon loves to be praised—but not being different. He doesn't want to be beleared or classed with everyone else. Actually, he would like to be written up in a magazine—if it were completely devoted to him!

One of the most important aspects of Marlon's personality is his aloneness with himself. Within himself, he lives on an island and in a dreamworld no one will ever completely penetrate. In this inner dreamworld, some of his best ideas are nurtured, then brought out into the open for the

world to know and praise. There, too, reside his greatest emotions, which go very deep and remain buried. Marlon is constantly growing and he has matured a great deal. His acting "The Slob" a few years ago was just part of his growing up—he felt it was his way of being different, but he eventually realized it was the wrong way.

According to his horoscope, Marlon's love life is one big "if." The girl of his dreams will always be a dream girl. Marlon will never find just the right girl because the kind he wants doesn't exist! And he can't seem to step outside his dream-world long enough to find the girl for him. Basically, Marlon wants someone to love who is unsophisticated, unworldly, who is not just like everyone else and who would be happy to remain in the background. And she's got to stay that way! Once he marries, Marlon will make a good husband and a wonderful father, for he loves children. Along with this, he would be very good at training children and discovering new talent.

As for the future, Marlon's horoscope shows that Lady Luck will continue to stick by him. In his career this year, he will become bigger and better than ever.



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There will be a new Marlon Brando in 1956. As for romance, he could very likely get married around July or August. Whether or not he will marry Josiane Mariani cannot definitely be said for, if she decides to pursue an acting career, as she has stated, this might not set well with Marlon. He could very well marry someone older than himself, someone more mature. All in all, "the best is yet to be" for Marlon. He holds the sun, moon and the stars in the palm of his talented hand, and he is destined to use them to the very best of his advantage. . . .

How does this compare with your ideas of Marlon Brando? Does it really sound like him? Let's look at the record and see.

Time was, not long ago, when Marlon could be seen anywhere and everywhere in faded dungarees and a much-worn T-shirt. His living quarters filled the barest needs, his usual means of travel was by motorcycle, and one of his best "friends" was a raccoon. When he moved to Hollywood to make "The Men" and later "A Streetcar Named Desire," his ungentlemanly dress, his uninhibited actions—such as playing bongo drums in the middle of the night—and his outspoken words brought forth an angry deluge of criticism. He avoided social gatherings like poison, said Hollywood was just a place to make quick money then pull out again, and kept proclaiming that he had to have his freedom and independence, that he hated conformity. In 1952, after he had been nominated for an Academy Award, he didn't even show up at the theater on Award-giving night. Instead, he sent a chauffeur to pick up his Oscar, in case he won it.

Although much that was written and said about Marlon during those years emanated from publicity offices and gossip mills, Marlon himself was responsible for his share. Apparently, however, once all the publicity had served its initial purpose of attracting attention to him, Marlon began to realize that the whole thing had been pushed too far. Since then, he has admitted this was a very unhappy time for him—that he felt at odds with the world, had wanted to run away. Now, he said, he is less restless and he hopes that eventually people will erase the picture of "The Slob" and come to see him as he really is. Marlon has always considered that picture of himself as greatly distorted; he was deeply hurt by its implications. Now, he is making every effort to correct that impression, and a closer look at him and his recent activities tends to support his intentions.

By way of contrast with his attitude toward the Oscar Awards three years before, Marlon attended the great event in 1955, smiling and friendly, properly and handsomely dressed in a tux. When the ballot was opened and his name was announced, he stepped up to the microphone and made a gracious, heart-warming acceptance speech. It was plain to see that this meant a great deal to him.

Nowadays, too, Marlon not only attends more social gatherings—always well dressed and occasionally in formal attire—but he seems to enjoy himself more. Joan Collins, who is definitely a high-spirited, fun-loving girl, says she's met Marlon at parties and finds him wonderful company.

Apparently, Marlon has also changed his mind about Hollywood being the source of nothing but money and has decided to settle in the film capital for a prolonged spell. Recently, he had a whole load of personal belongings shipped from New York to the house he has rented high in the Hollywood hills. This house, which rises three stories high amid lush vegetation and offers a magnificent view of the Pacific, is styled somewhat like an Italian villa and, inside and out, has a solid, comfort-

able appearance. It's a far cry from the dingy, one-room flats Marlon used to call home in New York.

More tangible than the acclaim he has received of late—and probably just as effective in changing Marlon's attitude—are the very gratifying financial returns he has received for his work. No longer is he irked by the chore of making movies only for the sake of money, and he has happily signed up for several new and varied roles in addition to forming his own company—Pennebaker Productions—in association with his father. (Pennebaker, incidentally was his mother's maiden name.)

Marlon Brando's turning businessman is perhaps the most significant of all his changes. Though never a reckless spender he has always been careless about money and left the management of his finances entirely to his father. Although tremendously generous toward his friends, he nevertheless has a sharp eye for moocher and hangers-on. Actor-friend Karl Malden has said of Marlon, "He likes to receive presents fully as much as he likes to give them—and he gives plenty of them." And although today he is a wealthy man, Marlon's tastes have remained simple. But money has given him a chance to travel more and exercise his freedom, both of which he loves dearly. Now, however, as an independent producer, Marlon is showing much more concern over box-office draws and other financial matters. His first independent picture will be a Western—"To Tame a Land"—and he has been devoting a great deal of his time to it. He has moved into offices at Paramount, hired distributors, and has clearly indicated that he is intensely serious about making his first business venture a success.

In one respect, Marlon has changed little—that is in his love for acting and his good behavior on the set. During the making of "Guys and Dolls," in which he proves himself equally adept in light roles, Marlon was so cooperative that a delighted Samuel Goldwyn—one of the most difficult to please of all movie producers—showed his appreciation by giving Marlon his first cash bonus.

On another occasion, after the completion of "On The Waterfront," Eva Marie Saint told what she thought of working with Marlon. "Other actors," she said, "have told me that Marlon was good to work with but what happened was almost unbelievable to me. He gives so much of himself that he makes it real, instead of just a scene." Similarly, Karl Malden once said "Marlon notices another actor's reaction. It's easy to work out a scene with him. Dramatically, he has an acute sense of right and wrong. This is one guy I can trust."

This, however, does not mean that Marlon has become a veritable angel as far as his actions are concerned. Happily, he has not. He is still the prankster, though never maliciously so, as was witnessed on the set of "Guys and Dolls." One of the scenes called for Frank Sinatra to be eating a piece of Lindy's famous cheesecake while Marlon talked to him. According to eye-witnesses, Marlon blew his lines some seventy-five times in a row, forcing Frank to keep stuffing himself with cheesecake until it almost came out of his ears.

Another time, Jean Simmons was having difficulty getting through a scene. Each time the cameras started to roll, Jean would get the giggles and have to stop. "What's the matter, Jean?" director J. Mankiewicz finally asked. "Look," she giggled, pointing to Marlon who was watching from a corner of the set, dreamily scratching himself like a monkey. "Please tell him to stop before I get hysterical."

Karl Malden provided a good explanation for this youthful mischievousness. Marlon's when he said, "There's nev-

anything mean in any of his jokes, but he does love a prank. I really think it's that quality of boyishness in his character that makes him so likable."

Perhaps this is the key to Marlon's seemingly contradictory character. On one hand, he is highly intelligent and complex, with great artistic depth. Still, he has preserved the ability to look out on the world with the naivete and freshness of a young boy. Marlon has said that, when he enters a room full of people, he can sense if just one person in the crowd is hostile to him. Only a child usually has such keen sensitivity. Marlon also feels most comfortable with children and animals, he loves to dream and dawdle, take long walks in the country and stare up into the sky. A great mimic, he loves to disguise his voice on the telephone and assume strange identities. Showing his playful imagination, he once told a girl friend, "I'm a crow flying to Florida. I won't write because I can't trip a fountain pen in my claws."

Although Marlon's recent behavior has been docile compared with his rebelliousness of a few years ago, he has by no means lost his yearning to be free and independent. Rather, it seems, he has been learning to adjust to the necessary conventions of life and set himself up individually within that framework. "To this day," says Karl Malden, "you can't just tell Marlon to do anything. He hates to be pushed around and chafes under any form of rigid discipline." Most important, adds Karl, "Marlon has a set of standards that may not necessarily jibe with those of a lot of movie people. But plain, ordinary folks never find him hard to take. There's real substance to him, and I for one consider it a privilege to call him a friend." Karl's wife backs him up by saying, "Marlon is really and truly very sweet. I like him a lot. He's been a guest at my house and he's welcome any time. He's a real person. I wish there were more like him."

Perhaps the final test of Marlon's newfound equilibrium will be whether or not he'll eventually settle down to a happy marriage. Although he announced his engagement to Josiane Mariani, who now has her own home outside Hollywood, no move has apparently been made toward marriage. At the time he became engaged to Josiane, Marlon said, "She has a lot of growing up to do yet. Jumping right into this thing (marriage) wouldn't be fair to her." Perhaps, since then, Marlon has realized it wouldn't be fair to him, either. In the meantime, both he and Josiane have been dating others.

Rita Moreno, whom Marlon has dated occasionally for quite a while, said re-

cently, "Any time big Marlon calls up, I'll go out with him."

It's no secret that Marlon has tremendous appeal for women. However, he is not getting any younger. At thirty-two, he is getting past the age where most men usually marry and start a family. And with Marlon's love for children and his apparent need for love himself, there doesn't seem to be any good explanation for his failure to settle down thus far. The youngest of three children, he comes from a warm, devoted family and could normally be expected to follow the same pattern.

Marlon's and Josiane's reasons for not marrying are strictly their own, but whatever they are, the fact remains that Marlon is still "unsnared." He didn't have to announce his engagement unless he really meant it at the time. He must have been in love and ready and willing to tie the knot. Perhaps, in his mind, he does want to get married and settle down, raise a family, but the Peter Pan in his soul won't let him go through with it. It seems to make him pick the wrong girl, or else act in a way the right kind of girl wouldn't tolerate for long. Perhaps, too, his horoscope is right in revealing that he never will find exactly the kind of girl he wants.

In any event, everyone who knows Marlon likes him without exception. No one can stay angry with him because he is without malice, without cruelty, without guile. He has remained loyal to all his old friends—hasn't lost a single one of them—and is making as many more as he chooses. "Other than my husband," Eva Marie Saint once said, "Marlon Brando is the nicest man I know," and she seems to echo the sentiments of all Marlon's friends.

As he enters into 1956, in business for himself, with one acting plum after another falling into his lap, Marlon seems to be sitting on top of the world. He also has limitless scope to do what he likes and does best—act. Judging from the way fans wildly jammed Times Square to see him at the New York premiere of "Guys and Dolls," plus the renewed adulation he has received from his role in that movie, there seems to be no doubt as to Marlon's tremendous popularity. As his horoscope revealed, the one big question mark in his life is love and marriage.

All in all, it does seem that Marlon has become a "new man," and that there is no longer any need for him to carry a chip on his shoulder or rebel so fiercely. There also seems to be every indication that his horoscope hit the nail on the head and that the best is definitely yet to be for this terrific guy Brando.

THE END

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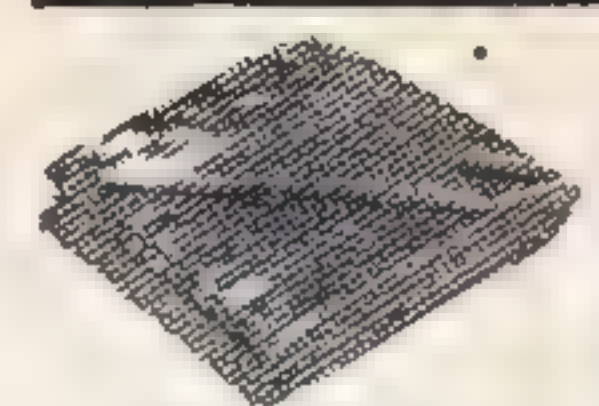
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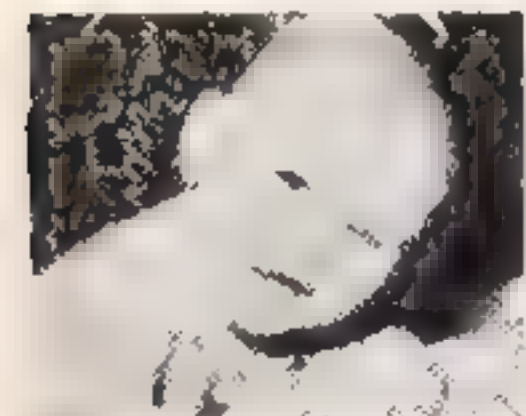
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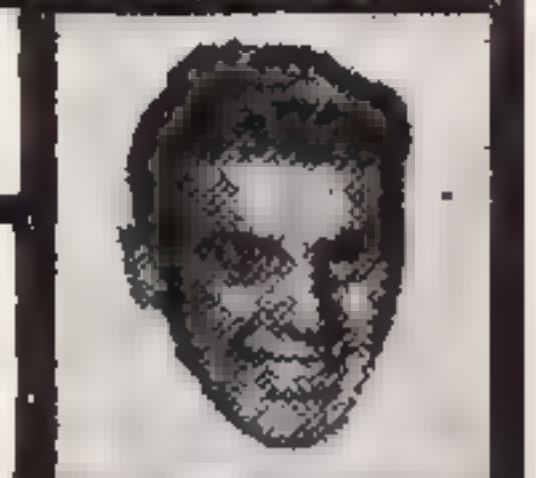
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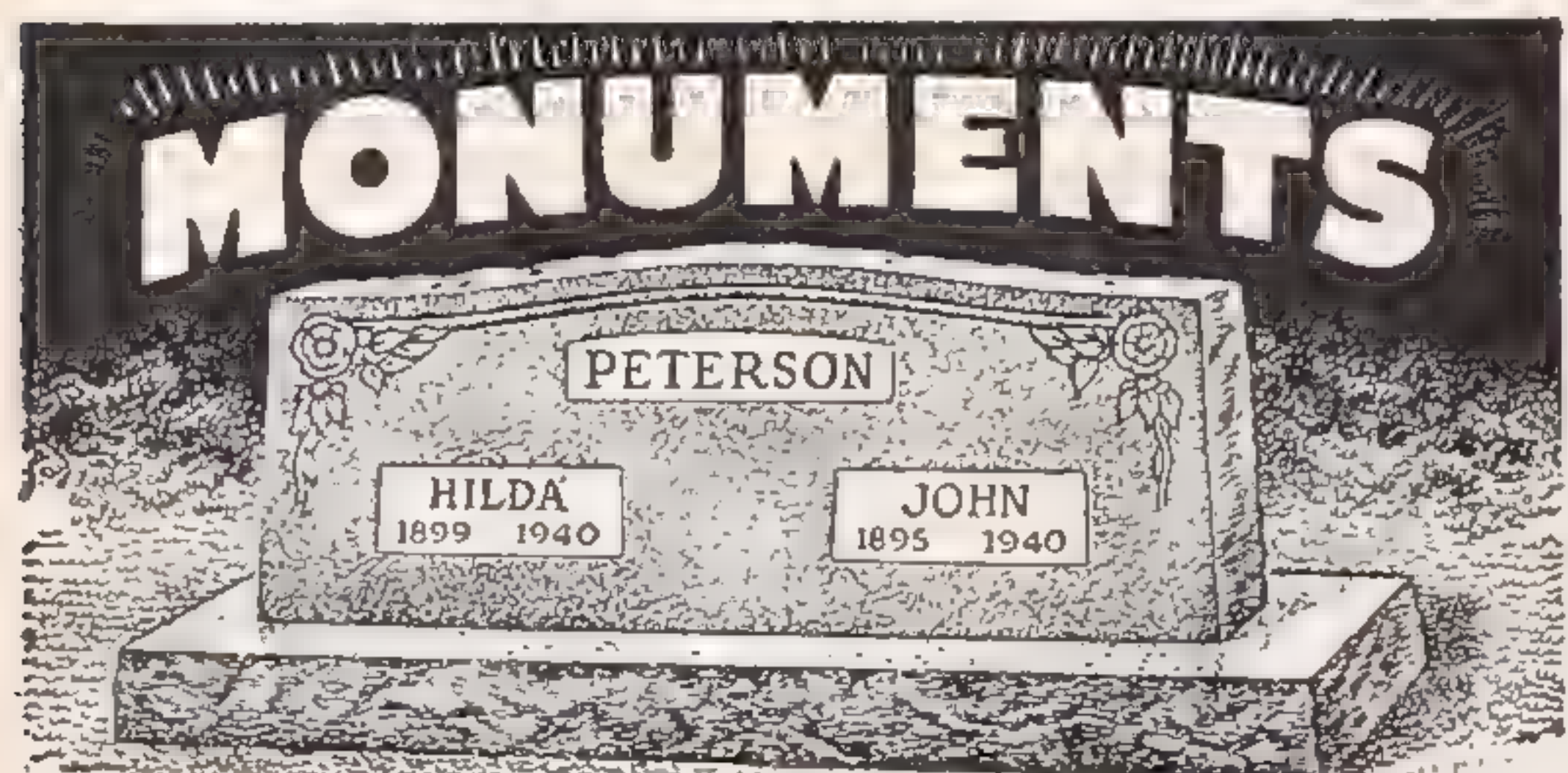
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(Continued from page 59)

Devoted to his work, he relaxes with books, horses and plunges into the Pacific.

Luscious ANITA EKBERG catches every man's eye. Since her birth in Malmo, Sweden, September 29, 1931, she's grown into a big, beautiful girl. Her looks made it easy for her to get a foothold as a photographers' model and beauty-contest winner. Now she rates assignments ranging from Paramount's "War and Peace" to Columbia's "Zarak Khan."

Amiability and solid masculinity are the chief assets of RICHARD EGAN, both professionally and personally. A native San Franciscan, born July 29, 1921, he picked up varied stage experience and taught public speaking before he started slugging away at a movie career. He numbers Bob Mitchum and Jane Russell among his good friends, thanking them for the help they've offered. But he admits to no serious romantic involvements. And his most trusted adviser is his older brother Will, a priest.

Dates with Bing Crosby may have brought KATHRYN GRANT some newspaper space—but she hasn't relied on them to further her career. This Texas girl, born in Houston on November 25, 1933, decided while she was in high school that movies were for her. She has used contacts—like a chance meeting with Roy Rogers' manager—to get interviews. But the jobs she gets for herself.

Also footloose is TAB HUNTER. Born in New York, July 11, 1931, brought up in California, he was a Coast Guardsman and a champ ice-skater before he'd turned twenty. He still skates as a hobby; he's an expert rider, too, and even goes in for the risky sport of jumping. Tab's movie debut, more than three years ago, put him in the promising class, but it took "Battle Cry" to put him in the big time.

Call MARTHA HYER Tab's feminine counterpart: promising for several years, but now—thanks in good measure to you—likely at last to fulfill that promise. Another Texas girl (Fort Worth, August 10, 1929) Martha has been game for any sensible approach: work at the Pasadena Playhouse; roles in Westerns; foreign movies; wearing her hair red, blond or brunette, as the assignment has required. Now she's set for a prosperous future. But what man will share it? Line forms on the right.

The case of SHIRLEY JONES is quite different. Like Doris Day, Shirley was chosen by PHOTOPLAY readers on the basis of just one movie. The little girl from Smithton, Pennsylvania (born March 31, 1934), missed out in 1952's "Miss America" preliminaries. But she came to the attention of the great composing team of Rodgers and Hammerstein. They kept her busy with modest jobs in stage musicals, and she never knew what they were saving her for until the movie version of "Oklahoma!" went into production.

As fancy-free as Shirley, MARISA PAVAN had an unusual handicap to overcome: being identified as just Pier Angeli's twin. But you have spotted Marisa as an individual in her own right. She was born in Cagliari, Sardinia, on June 19, 1932. A gentle, reserved sort of person, she is interested in painting and sculpturing.

Two of your favored players can date a wedding anniversary from the same year as their "Choose Your Stars" triumph. RAY DANTON was married to Julie Adams several months before PHOTOPLAY readers began sending in ballots marked with his name. Ray's that rarity, a native New Yorker, born September 19, 1931. He began as a child actor on radio and in summer theatres, rushed into adult roles because his voice changed at an unusually early

age. Two years in the Army and experience on TV preceded his movie success.

Bride of Ted Briskin (ex-husband of Betty Hutton), COLLEEN MILLER won vote with her soft, dark beauty. She hails from Yakima, Washington, marks November 10th as a special date on her calendar. It's her birthday (1932), also the day that U.S. signed her. Beauty prizes and dancing stints were Colleen's only pre-Hollywood achievements.

Other young happily-marrieds who reaped an imposing number of ballots include WILLIAM CAMPBELL. With her encouragement and at the sacrifice of her own hoped-for career, his lovely Judith is helping him toward fame. Born in Newark, New Jersey, October 30, 1926, Bill earnestly studied acting in New York, did a hitch in the Navy and picked up plenty of stage work before he headed for Hollywood.

As intensely ambitious as Bill, LOIS SMITH also married young. Born Lois Humbert in Topeka, Kansas, November 3, 1933, she spent her teen years in Seattle and became Mrs. Wesley Smith while she and Wes were college freshmen. He's now an instructor at Princeton, and Lois followed her quick Hollywood click with a personal Broadway success in "The Young and Beautiful."

About the same age as many established stars, JEFF MORROW (born January 1, 1917) is nevertheless forging ahead rapidly with his new career. A native of Brooklyn, Jeff got out of there early—because it was too far from Times Square. New York's theatre district gave him solid training and a charming wife, TV and film actress Anna Karen. They have a nine-year-old daughter, Liss.

Another benedict among the chosen twenty is ALDO RAY. He and wife Jeff Donnell have had their problems, but are trying hard to work them out. Born in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, September 25, 1922, Aldo was brought up in Crockett, California, made his first movie in 1951. Like Tab Hunter, he had to wait for "Battle Cry" to get his real break.

Before RUSS TAMBLYN reached his twenty-first birthday, on December 30th, he decided to take himself out of the backlot ranks, with the announcement of his engagement to Venetia Stevenson. A native of Los Angeles, Russ (at first called Rusty) won his first film role in 1948.

But he isn't the youngest of the winners. Among the three talented teenagers that you chose, PAT WAYNE has that distinction. Sixteen-year-old Pat celebrated July 15th as his birthday. Another Angeleno, he is John Wayne's son, but other producers tapped Pat for movies before Dad got around to employing him. Pat's smart as a whip, and his height (six feet one) may qualify him for older roles.

Seventeen-year-old SUSAN STRASBERG also has a show-business heritage. Daughter of stage director Lee Strasberg, she was born May 22nd in New York City, made theatre debut at the age of fourteen. At present, she is drawing stage acclaim as star of "The Diary of Anne Frank."

Now eighteen, NATALIE WOOD began her career even earlier, when she was eight. Born July 20th in San Francisco, Natalie moved with her parents to Santa Rosa, California, where a movie company happened to be locationing. The child was used as an extra—and the director remembered her two years later, when casting an important juvenile role. Long experience accounts for Natalie's poise.

There are your winners. PHOTOPLAY congratulates you on your excellent judgment—and joins you in wishing your favorites the good fortune they've earned.

I Swoon for Frank Sinatra

(Continued from page 65)

We would be gone about ten days to two weeks. He said the trip would be good for my geography, my history and my interest in something to eat aside from a hamburger and a Coke. Family joke—very funny.

Naturally there were plenty of things to do. School finals would be inflicted upon my class while I was gone, so I had to make arrangements to take them in advance, and, in order to take them ahead of time, I had plenty of work to do. I've been awfully lucky so far; I've been able to collect pretty good grades, and I didn't want to fall flat on my face while traveling, so I really worked. Somehow studying was made a lot easier by my Christmas present from Daddy: four pieces of matched luggage in a bright red air-line type. I lined them up in my room to keep reminding me why I couldn't linger on the telephone or listen to my records.

Another thing that made it easy was Mom's taking me shopping for clothes. We talked to some people who had lived in Australia, so we knew that I would need lightweight clothing for January "down under" because January is midsummer for them.

We took off at ten in the morning of a bright January day and flew to San Francisco where we caught the 2 P.M. flight bound for Honolulu, the Fiji Islands and Sydney, Australia—all merely names till then. I don't think I was excited—just plain numb with anticipation from hat to pylons. I had flown before, when Daddy took me to New York and to Las Vegas, but this was different; this was over water, and for thirty-six hours.

Once we were out of sight of land, Daddy settled down for a talk with me. He said that he would be meeting many important people and that I would be interviewed right along with him. I had been interviewed by a newspaper man only once, so I asked Daddy what I should say.

Daddy explained (he's usually pretty good at explaining things) that no one would advise another person what to say in advance. "There are only two things to keep in mind," he told me. "Be natural. Don't pretend to know something you don't. If you're asked a question that baffles you, say so. Next, be honest. Don't hurt feelings if you can avoid it, but don't be insincere either. Don't make a fuss. If you are enthusiastic about a thing, be enthusiastic; if you aren't, don't pretend. Got chicken?"

I told him that I would remember, but to be frank, I didn't think anyone would bother with me. I guess this is as good a place as any to say that I was wrong; I was interviewed almost as much as Daddy was, and I was a little disappointed to discover that most people asked me exactly the same question: "Who is your favorite actor?"

I said Daddy, of course, and stopped. However, in addition to Daddy I have some other favorites, and I'd like to mention them because they have given me a good many hours of pleasure in theatres and I'd like to express my gratitude. For beauty, I think there's simply no one like Elizabeth Taylor. I think she is the prettiest girl I have ever seen, and I imagine plenty of people feel the same way about her. I think Grace Kelly is one of the greatest; she seems both natural and finest, and, since I'm supposed to develop those traits, I like to think of her as an ideal. For acting, it would be hard to find anyone more talented than Barbara

Stanwyck. I admire her and I'm glad she is one of my mother's best friends.

As for my favorite actors I'll just mention their names and drop the subject. George Nader and Marlon Brando.

It was one o'clock in the morning when we landed in Honolulu; after a press conference, we took a taxi to Waikiki and had dinner at a wonderful place called Canlis' Charcoal Broiler. (I had eaten dinner on the plane, but Daddy hadn't been hungry until we landed.)

What can I say about Hawaii? First of all, everybody talks about how breathtakingly beautiful it is, but nobody tells you that the air is perfumed. It smells like pineapple-upside-down-cake, and you can't seem to get enough of it.

Of course there had been a big ceremony when we arrived (all planes are met with ceremonies), so I saw my first real-live hula, and my first honest-to-goodness leis, and I learned to say "Aloha." Daddy finally managed to talk me back onto the plane by saying, "Remember, chicken, we stop here on our way home."

We finally landed at Sydney at eleven at night, and there was a huge delegation to meet us. Since I am supposed to be honest, I will admit that I think a press interview at that time of night, after thirty-six hours in the air, is not entirely fair. I know Daddy was exhausted, and if you want to know the truth, so was I. I had a terrible time thinking up answers and sometimes I didn't understand questions which sounded faintly familiar, but not quite clear enough. You see, Australians pronounce their words somewhat differently than we do. Later, when I was rested, I had no trouble understanding, and I loved the way they said, "al-you-MIN-yum" for aluminum, and "tyke" for take, and "myte" for mate, which means chum or buddy. Still, that first night I was pretty confused and I think Daddy was, too.

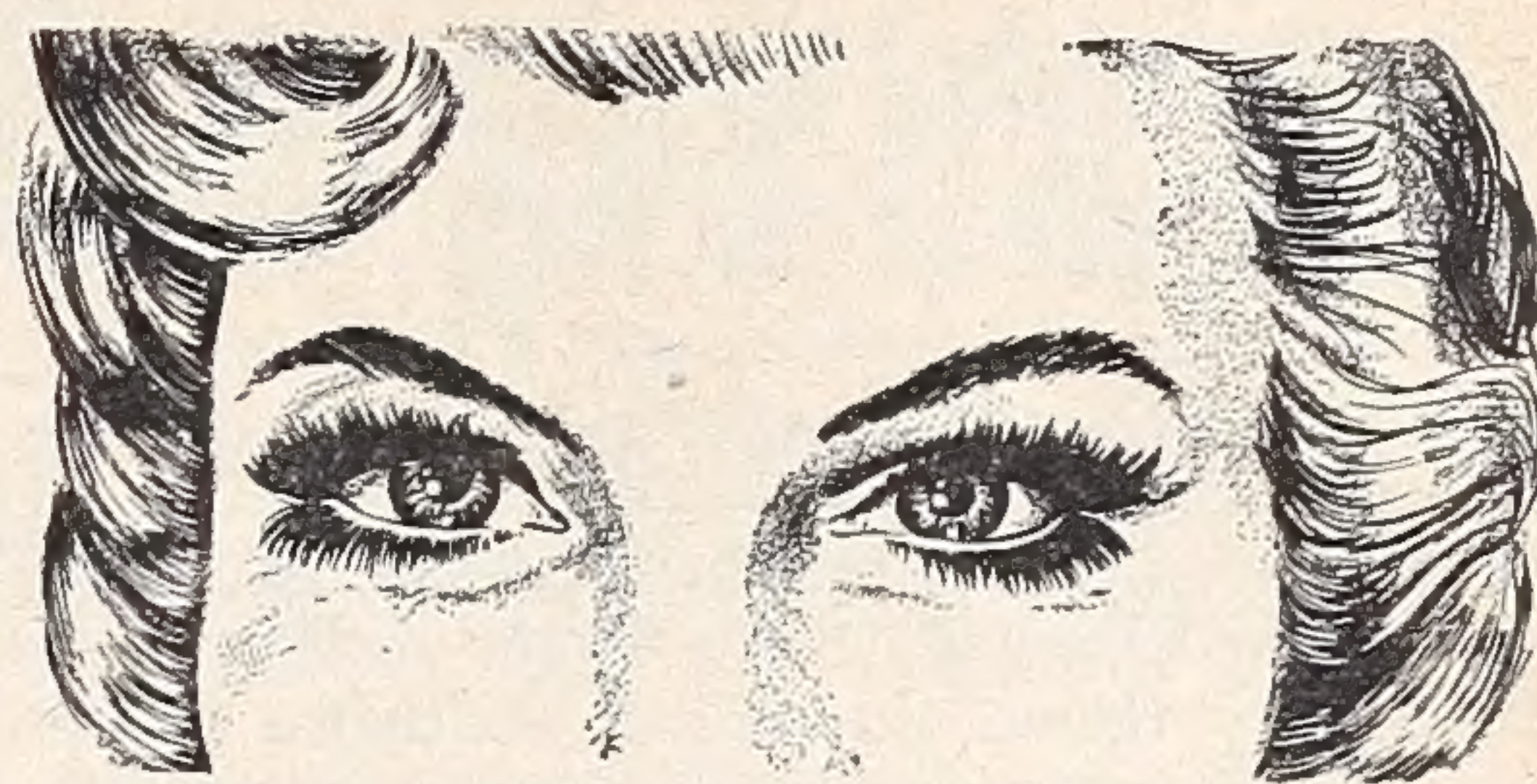
One of the things I have always admired about Daddy is his neatness. He dresses very well (at least according to my taste) and I am always proud of him when we go out together. He has one charcoal suit with which he wears a mint shirt and a white-on-white tie which seems to pick up the green tones of the shirt. I think this is one of his best outfits but naturally he wasn't wearing it when we landed in Sydney. I don't recall exactly what he was wearing but it was rumpled and his shirt collar was open, and—well, I didn't think it was fair for all those people to see him when he wasn't looking . . . well, I think "natural" is the best word. I wasn't looking natural either—not with my arms full of the most gorgeous roses I had ever seen. I felt like a royal princess.

After our Sydney stop we flew on to Melbourne, arriving at two in the morning—I wasn't wearing eyes by that time, just slits—and there was another reception. I was so impressed by the friendliness of the people. Even if the night hadn't been warm, which it was in the midst of Australian summer, the beaming faces of those wonderful people would have made the temperature tropical. How they cheered Daddy! And they presented me with a toy koala bear, my first.

From the airport we went straight to the hotel and to bed. Oh bed! You never realize how comforting it is until you haven't climbed between sheets for three days. When I awakened I looked at my watch and couldn't believe my eyes: It was noon. I went into Daddy's room and woke him up. After we both showered, dressed, we had a wonderful breakfast.

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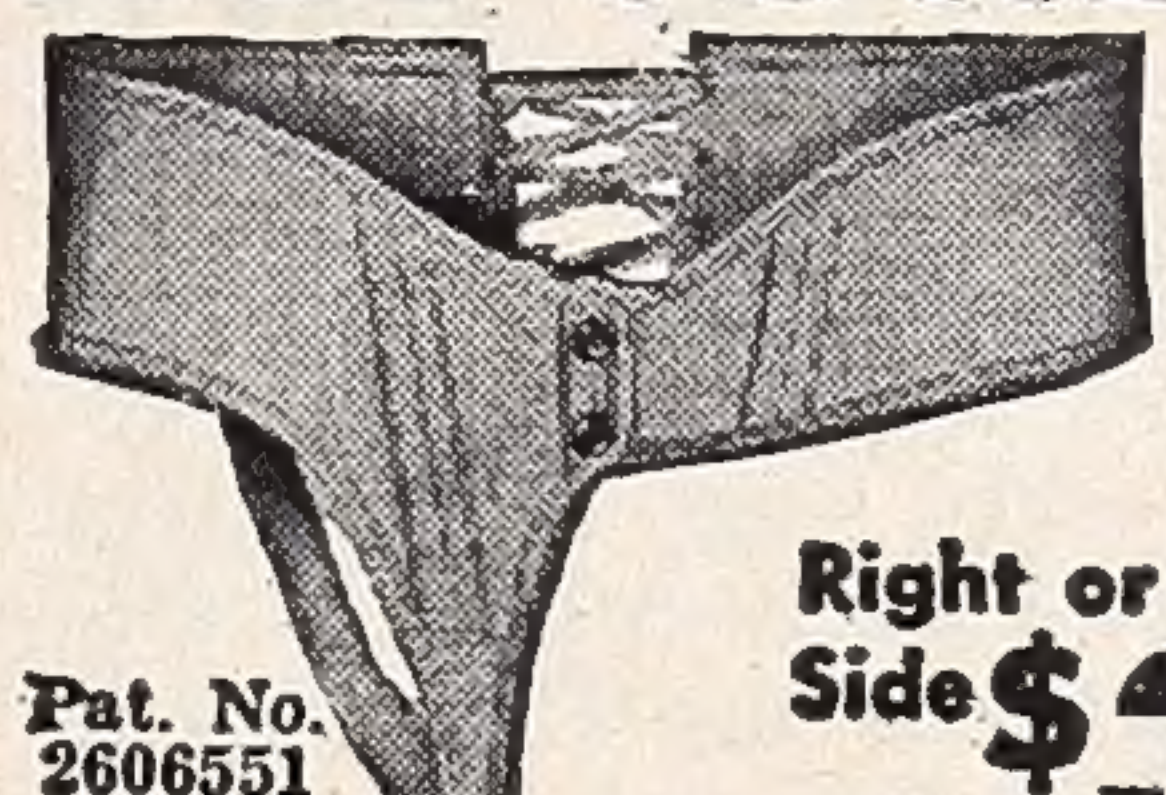
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I'll try to give you some foreground first. We spent four days in Melbourne where Daddy and the troupe were appearing at a stadium seating ten thousand. Next, we spent two days in Sydney, and while we were in Sydney the stadium in Melbourne burned to the ground. Naturally the troupe kidded Daddy about that, saying Sinatra got too hot for the timbers, that one man fiddled down a bridge, but Daddy was the first singer to burn down an auditorium!

When we returned to Melbourne, the troupe had to sing in the town hall which seated only three thousand, so there were many disappointed people who missed the show.

I will admit that I could have gotten more out of the trip if it hadn't been for Daddy's rule that I had to be in bed every night at ten.

Incidentally, one of the worst scoldings I ever got in my life from Daddy resulted from the late-hours problem. I stayed out one night until one-thirty. I was attending a party at a private home, of course; the parents were friends of my parents, so that was all right, but I was supposed to be inside my own front door at midnight. I won't go into the reasons for my lateness (which I thought were fairly good), but when the time came for my weekly report to Daddy, I had to tell him about the over-hours bit. He gave me a Judge Hardy talk over the telephone, all about fourteen being too young for that sort of thing and my having plenty of time for late hours when I was more mature and ended by grounding me for two whole weeks.

Another thing that Daddy is particular about is my writing home. Every day he would ask me, "Did you write to your mother last night?" Or "Did you write to your brother?" Or "Did you write to your sister?" This is the reason I don't believe in writer's cramp—if there were such a thing, I'm sure I'd have it.

Several other Australian experiences stand out: Daddy and I fell in love with the idea of afternoon tea. Every day at four, throughout the length and breadth of the land, apparently, everyone stops whatever he is doing and has tea. I love tea as a beverage anyhow, always have, so this seemed to me to be the greatest.

New honor came to me and I don't think Daddy is ever going to let me forget it. We visited a zoo and I saw for the first time in my life, a real live koala bear, a mother kangaroo and a baby kangaroo who was named Nancy in my—*ahem*—honor.

Daddy and I also did a lot of shopping. Nearly every afternoon we would prowl the shops. We bought Mother a beautiful crocodile purse—maybe it was alligator, I can never tell the difference. We thought it was unusual because it was finished in a soft gun-metal gray shade instead of the customary brown. Perfumes don't bear the duty in Australia that they do here, so we also bought two of Mom's favorite perfumes.

Of course one of the first things I noticed was the stock of terrific sweaters in all the stores; the colors are out of a prize rainbow and the fabric is an angora as soft as a kitten's ear. Ann McCormack, a member of the troupe, gave me a beautiful blue slipover that is my pride and joy.

But best of all the Australian experiences was hearing Daddy sing, night after night, all the melodies I love such as "Old Man River," "The Birth of the Blues" and "Young at Heart." And helping him prepare spaghetti every Sunday while we were in Sydney. The Sinatra singing was expected; the cookery was not, but the truth is that—good as the Australian lamb and beef were—we began to be homesick for the Italian menu.

In Sydney our entire company was living in the twelve rooms of a small hotel, so naturally Daddy had the run of the kitchen. Early Sunday morning he would buy fresh tomatoes, beef that he had the butcher grind (to the butcher's shock), packaged spaghetti, and olive oil, plus seasonings. Most of us nearly drowned while drooling as we sniffed that wonderful spaghetti and tried to control ourselves until dinner was ready.

One might imagine that I would have picked up a lot of show business pointers on this trip, since I think—right now at least—that I would like to be an actress someday. But the sad fact is that Daddy doesn't talk much show business during his leisure hours. What he does love to talk about is baseball, chiefly the Giants. I may never learn a lot about stage presence, voice control and timing from listening carefully to Daddy, but I'll be an authority on Willie Mays, Ruben Gomez and their fellow players.

And so, as they say in the travelogues, we had to say goodbye to glamorous Australia with its fascinating traffic (Daddy and I embarrassed ourselves by traversing a pedestrian tunnel headed in the wrong direction), its vast distances, its dazzling beaches and sharp blue water and its generous, friendly people. Our departing luggage was filled with gifts given to us and gifts we were taking home: books about Australia, maps of the continent, stuffed kangaroos and boomerangs for my brother Frank, koala bears and jewelry for my sister Christina. I received an engraved cigarette case and lighter (you should have seen Daddy's face when I opened them. He has definite ideas about how many years should pass before the set is anything but a beautiful trinket to carry around in my purse).

We reached Honolulu just after noon,

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Kansas City, Mo.—Harzfeld's
Memphis, Tenn.—Lowenstein's
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Omaha, Neb.—J. L. Brandeis
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer's

Fligelman slacks

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Jerry Gilden costume

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison-Paxon
Charlotte, N. C.—The Mellon Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson Pirie Scott
Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods
Indianapolis, Ind.—Wm. H. Block
Philadelphia, Pa.—Bonwit Teller

Sportwhirl sheath

Boston, Mass.—Fredleys

Parade ensemble

Roanoke, Va.—Smartwear-Irving Saks

Parade princess dress

Buffalo, N. Y.—L. L. Berger
Los Angeles, Calif.—Haggarty's
Miami Beach, Fla.—Sandra Post of Florida
Roanoke, Va.—Smartwear-Irving Saks

and the first thing we did was to hurry to a sandwich counter and order a hamburger and a milk shake—oh, what nectar and ambrosia!

Daddy was simply dead, because when he goes out on tour, he goes all out. He has a conviction that when people buy a ticket to hear an entertainer sing, they are entitled to the very best he can give. Daddy knocks himself out to give good measure, and he tries to get to know as many people as possible. He is very good at asking questions that encourage people to talk about themselves and their country, and he remembers what he hears. If I had half his memory, I'd get the best marks of anyone in our school.

Since Daddy had worked so hard, and because his throat had given him some trouble in Australia, we decided to spend a few days in Honolulu, relaxing. In fact, two and one-half days and three nights to be exact.

We stayed at the Surfrider and from our lanai we could see Waikiki from Diamond Head almost to the Aloha Tower. Daddy had spent several weeks in Honolulu when he was working in "From Here to Eternity," and consequently he had flocks of friends to see.

We had dinner at the Beachcomber and I ate so much Chinese food that if I had scratched myself I would have oozed soy sauce. We had dinner at the Halekulani under the hau tree, and we had dinner at The Royal Hawaiian and listened to the most beautiful Hawaiian singing I have ever heard.

We bought Mom a beach outfit of Japanese silk consisting of a shirt and a pair of shorts, gray on which there was a bright yellow pineapple design. I bought a bathing suit and a matching beach coat and Daddy bought trunks—very sharp. He has a slender figure that looks good in the skintights they like to wear so much in The Islands.

One of the reasons Daddy is so happy in Hawaii is that The Island melting pot proves what Daddy has said so often: It is possible for people of all colors and all nationalities to live together happily if we will only accord one another the respect always due human dignity. One of the greatest of Hawaiian singers is half Polynesian, one-fourth Chinese and one-fourth Portuguese. In the schools it is sometime impossible to guess a child's racial inheritance by looking at him, because his great-grandparents (eight individuals) might have come from Hawaii, Samoa, the Philippine Islands, Denmark, England, Japan, Portugal and India. The result, Daddy and I think, is one of the most beautiful groups of people on earth—and most of them American citizens!

Well, well—home again! My graduation gift from Daddy (graduation from junior high, three years to go for senior high commencement) was a powerful portable radio on which I can pick up the Hawaiian music that I love. I let Daddy in on a secret: I said that any time he went out on tour again, especially to The Islands, could be persuaded to go along.

His answer, and I quote: "Whenever it is possible to take you without interfering with your school work, I want you with me. However, the most important thing right now is getting an education. Finish University High, then college, then we'll make further plans."

Because my biggest ambition is to measure up, as much as possible, to what Daddy expects of me, I guess I'll have to settle down to some concentrated homework and try to ignore the call of the planes passing overhead on their way to some glamorous, exciting spot that I'd love. Well—I'll try anyway.

THE END

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